

THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS MIDDLETON

EDITED BY
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IN EIGHT VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SIXTH

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THE CHANGELING

VOL VI

A

*The Changeling As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the
Privat house in Drury-Lane, and Salisbury Court*

Written by { Thomas Mutton,
and
William Rowley } Gent

*Never Printed before London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and
are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Princes-Arms in St Pauls
Church-yard, 1653 4to* In 1668 the unsold copies were reissued
with a new title page,—*The Changeling As it was Acted (with
great Applause) by the Servants of His Royal Highness the Duke of
York, at the Theatre in Lincolns-Inn Fields, &c*

Langbaine remarks that "the foundation of the Play may be
found in Reynold[s]'s *God's Revenge against Murther* See the
Story of Alsemero and Beatrice Joanna, Book I Hist 4"—*Acc of
Engl Dram Poet*, p 371 Reynolds prefixes to the story the
following argument "Beatrice Joanna, to marry Alsemero, causeth
De Flores to murder Alfonso Piracquo, who was a suitor to her
Alsemero marries her, and finding De Flores and her in adultery,
kills them both Thomaso Piracquo challengeth Alsemero for his
Brother's death Alsemero kills him treacheriously in the field, and
is beheaded for the same, and his body thrown into the Sea At
his Execution he confesseth that his wife and De Flores murdered
Alfonso Piracquo their bodies are taken up out of their graves,
then burnt, and then Ashes thrown into the Air" The dramatists
do not follow the prose narrative closely, nor were they indebted
to Reynolds for the underplot

Book I of *The Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*
was first published in 1621

A "Note of such playes as were acted at Court in 1623 and 1624,"
in Sir Henry Herbert's Office book, gives the entry "Upon the
Sonday after, beinge the 4 of January 1623, by the Queen of
Bohemias company, *The Changelinge*, the pince only being there
Att Whitehall"—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol III p
227 Concerning later performances of *The Changeling*, see
Introduction, p lxx

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VERMANDERO, *governor of the castle of Alicant*

ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, }
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, } *brothers*

ALSEMERO

JASPERINO, *his friend*

ALIBIUS, *a doctor, who undertakes the cure of fools and madmen*

LOLLIO, *his man*

ANTONIO, *a pretended changeling*

PEDRO, *his friend*

FRANCISCUS, *a counterfeit madman*

DE FLORES, *an attendant on Vermanbero*

Madmen

Servants

BEATRICE-JOANNA, *daughter to Vermanbero*

DIAFHANTA, *her waiting-woman*

ISABELLA, *wife to Albius*

SCENE ALICANT

THE CHANGELING



ACT I

SCENE I

A Street

Enter ALSEMERO

Als 'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same what omen yet
Follows of that? none but imaginary,
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it
The church hath first begun our interview, 10
And that's the place must join us into one,
So there's beginning and perfection too

Enter JASPERINO

Jas O sir, are you here? come, the wind's fair with you,
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

Als Sure, you're deceiv'd, friend, it is contrary,
In my best judgment

Jas What, for Malta?¹
If you could buy a gale² amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth
As comes a' God's name

Als Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face, 20
I know it is against me

Jas Against you?
Then you know not where you are

Als Not well, indeed

Jas Are you not well, sir?

Als Yes, Jasperino,

¹ "Yet his [Alsemero's] thoughts ran still on the wars, in which heroic and illustrious profession he conceived his chiefest delight and felicity, and so taking order for his lands and affairs, he resolves to see Malta, that inexpugnable rampier of Maïs, the glory of Christendom and the terror of Turkey, to see if he could gain any place of command and honour either in that Island or in their Gallies And so building many castles in the air, he comes to Alicant, hoping to find passage there for Naples, and from thence to ship himself upon the Neapolitan Gallies for Malta Coming one morning to Our Lady's Church at Mass and being on his knees in his devotion, he espies a young gentlewoman likewise on his next to him, who being young, tender, and fair, he through her thin veil discovered all the perfections of a delicate and sweet beauty, she espies him feasting on the dainties of her pure and fresh cheeks, and tilting with the invisible lances of his eyes to hers, he is instantly ravished and vanquished with the pleasing object of this angelical countenance, and now he can no more resist either the power or passion of love"—Reynolds' *God's Revenge against Murder*, ed 1635, pp 46, 47

² "It has been observed by Steevens in a note on *Macbeth*, act 1 sc 3, that the selling of winds was an usual practice amongst the witches"—Editor of 1816

Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not

Jas And that

I begin to doubt, sir I never knew
Your inclination to travel¹ at a pause,
With any cause to hinder it, till now
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
And help to trap your horses for the speed , 30
At sea I've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds ,
And have you chang'd your orisons ?

Als No, friend ,

I keep the same church, same devotion

Jas Lover I'm sure you're none , the stoic was
Found in you long ago , your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that way
What might be the cause ?

Als. Lord, how violent 40

Thou art ! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple

Jas Is this

Violence ? 'tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday

Als I'm all this while

A-going, man

Jas Backwards, I think, sir Look, your servants

¹ Old ed "inclinations to travels "

Enter Servants

First Ser The seamen call, shall we board your trunks?

Als No, not to-day

Jas 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius 51

Sec Ser We must not to sea to-day, this smoke will bring forth fire

Als Keep all on shore, I do not know the end,
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
Ere I can go to sea

First Ser Well, your pleasure

Sec Ser Let him e'en take his leisure too, we are safer on land [Exeunt Servants 59

Enter BEATRICE, DIAPHANTA, and Servants ALSEMERO
accosts BEATRICE and then kisses her

Jas How now? the laws of the Medes are changed sure, salute a woman! he kisses too, wonderful! where learnt he this? and does it perfectly too, in my conscience, he ne'er rehearsed it before Nay, go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk [Aside

Beat You are a scholar, sir?

Als A weak one, lady

Beat Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

Als From your tongue I take it to be music

Beat You're skilful in it, can sing at first sight

Als And I have show'd you all my skill at once , 70
I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition ,
I love you dearly

Beat Be better advis'd, sir
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,
And should give certain judgment what they see ,
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgments find,
They can then check the eyes, and call them blind

Als But I am further, lady , yesterday
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now 80
They brought my judgment, where are both agreed
Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed ,
Only there wants the confirmation
By the hand royal, that is your part, lady

Beat O,¹ there's one above me, sir —For five days
past

To be recall'd ¹ sure mine eyes were mistaken ,
This was the man was meant me that he should come
So near his time, and miss it ! [Aside

Jas We might have come by the carriers from
Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision , we are
at farthest sure methinks I should do something too ,
I meant to be a venturer in this voyage 92

¹ Dyce and the editor of 1816 read—

“ There's one above me, sir —O, five days past

But the change is not necessary

Yonder's another vessel, I'll board her ,
 If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail

[*Accosts* DIAPHANTA]

Enter DE FLORES

De F Lady, your father——

Beat Is in health, I hope

De F Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady ,
 He's coming hitherward

Beat What needed then
 Your duteous preface? I had rather
 He had come unexpected , you must stale¹
 A good presence with unnecessary blabbing , 100
 And how welcome for your part you are,
 I'm sure you know

De F Will't never mend this scorn,
 One side nor other? must I be enjoin'd
 To follow still whilst she flies from me? well,
 Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with sight
 Of her at all opportunities,
 If but to spite her anger . I know she had
 Rather see me dead than living , and yet
 She knows no cause for't but a peevish will [*Aside.*

Als. You seem'd displeasèd, lady, on the sudden 110

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity ,
 Nor can I other reason render you,

¹ So the editor of 1816 for the old copy's "stall " "Stale"=make flat, deprive of zest

Than his or hers, of¹ some particular thing
They must abandon as a deadly poison,
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome ,
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basilisk

Als This is a frequent frailty in our nature ,
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
But hath his imperfection one distastes 120
The scent of roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is and odoriferous ,
One oil, the enemy of poison ,
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general,
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and loath'd
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty

Beat And what may be your poison, sir? I'm bold
with you

Als What² might be your desire, perhaps, a cherry

Beat I am no enemy to any creature 131
My memory has, but yon gentleman

Als He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it

Beat He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so , and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows him

Als He's out of his place then now

[*They talk apart*

¹ Old ed. "or "

² Old ed " And *what* "

Jas I am a mad wag, wench 139

Dia So methinks, but for your comfort, I can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of such

Jas. Tush, I know what physick is best for the state of mine own body

Dia 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe

Jas I could show thee such a thing with an ingredient¹ that we two would compound together, and if it did not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two hours after, I'll ne'er profess physick again 149

Dia A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep

Jas Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that fist, and begin there poppy is one simple indeed, and cuckoo-what-you-call't another I'll discover no more now, another time I'll show thee all [Exit

Beat My father, sir

Enter VERMANDERO and Servants

Ver O Joanna, I came to meet thee,
Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir —

I shall change my saint, I fear me, I find
A giddy turning in me [*Aside*]—Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman, who 160
Left his own way to keep me company,

¹ Old ed "ingredian" Cf *A Chaste Maid*, &c, v 2, "The worst *ingredience* dissolv'd pearl and amber"

And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle,¹ he hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it

Ver With all my heart, sir
Yet there's an article between, I must know
Your country, we use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers, our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts'² tops, but within are secrets

Als A Valencian, sir

Ver A Valencian? 170
That's native, sir of what name, I beseech you?

Als Alsemero, sir

Ver Alsemero? not the son
Of John de Alsemero?

Als The same, sir

Ver My best love bids you welcome

Beat He was wont
To call me so, and then he speaks a most
Unfeign'd truth

Ver. O sir, I knew your father,
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan³ down,
And so continu'd till the stamp of time
Had coin'd us into silver well, he's gone, 180
A good soldier went with him

¹ "He [Vermandero] being Captain of the castle of that City [Alhacant]" — Reynold's *Triumph of God's Revenge against Murder*, p. 47, ed. 1635

² Promontories

³ Old ed. "Julan"

Als You went together in that, sir

Ver No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him,
Yet I've done somewhat too an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar,
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,
Was it not so?

Als. Whose death I had reveng'd,¹
Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me

Ver Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe —
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news, 190
I saw Piracquo lately

Beat That's ill news. [Aside

Ver He's hot preparing for this day of triumph
Thou must be a bride within this sevennight

Als Ha! [Aside

Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent, with speed
I cannot render satisfaction
Unto the dear companion of my soul,
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,

¹ "Boiling thus in the heat of his youthful blood, and contemplating often on the death of his father, he [Alsemero] resolves to go to Val-dolyd and to employ some Giando either to the King or the Duke of Lerma his great favourite, to procure him a Captain's place and a Company under the Arch-Duke Albertus, who at that time made bloody Wars against the Netherlands, thereby to draw them to obedience. But as he began this suit, a general truce of both sides laid aside Arms, which (by the mediation of England and France) was shortly followed by a peace, as a Mother by the Daughter, which was concluded at the Hague by his Excellency of Nassaw and Marquess Spinola, being chief Commissioners of either party."—Reynold's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, p. 46, ed. 1635

And part with it so rude and suddenly,
Can such friends divide, never to meet again,
Without a solemn farewell?

Ver Tush, tush! there's a toy.¹ 200

Als I must now part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth [*Aside*]—Sir, your pardon,
My affairs call on me

Ver How, sir? by no means
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? you must see my castle,
And her best entertainment, ere we part,
I shall think myself unkindly us'd else
Come, come, let's on, I had good hope your stay
Had been a while with us in Aligant,²
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding

Als He means to feast me, and poisons me before-
hand — [*Aside* 210

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,
Did my occasions suit as I could wish

Beat I shall be sorry if you be not there
When it is done, sir, but not so suddenly

Ver I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd
With many fair and noble ornaments,
I would not change him for a son-in-law
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,
And we have great ones, that you know

Als He's much 220
Bound to you, sir

1 Trifle

1 Aligant

Ver He shall be bound to me
 As fast as this tie can hold him, I'll want
 My will else

Beat I shall want mine, if you do it. [*Aside*

Ver But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him

Als How shall I dare to venture in his castle,
 When he discharges murderers¹ at the gate?

But I must on, for back I cannot go [*Aside*

Beat Not this serpent gone yet?

[*Aside Drops a glove*

Ver Look, girl, thy glove's fallen
 Stay, stay, De Flores, help a little

[*Exeunt VERMANDERO, ALSEMIRO, and Servants*

De F Here, lady [*Offers her the glove*

Beat Mischief on your officious forwardness, 230
 Who bade you stoop? they touch my hand no more
 There! for the other's sake I part with this,

[*Takes off and throws down the other glove*
 Take 'em, and draw thine own skin off with 'em!

[*Exit with DIAPHANTA and Servants*

De F Here's a favour come with a mischief now! I
 know

She had rather wear my pelt² tann'd in a pair
 Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers
 Into her sockets here I know she hates me,
 Yet cannot choose but love her no matter
 If but to vex her, I will haunt her still,
 Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will [*Exit* 240

¹ Destructive pieces of ordnance, otherwise called *murdering pieces*

² Skin

SCENE II

*A Room in the House of ALIBIUS**Enter ALIBIUS and LOLLIO*

Alib Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it

Lol I was ever close to a secret, sir

Alib The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance
Lollio, I have a wife

Lol Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret, she's
known to be married all the town and country over

Alib Thou goest too fast, my Lollio, that knowledge
I allow no man can be barrèd it, 11
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio

Lol Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I

Alib 'Tis that I go about, man Lollio,
My wife is young

Lol So much the worse to be kept secret, sir

Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the
point,
I am old, Lollio

Lol No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollio 20

Alib Yet why may not these¹ concord and sympathy
thuse ?

¹ Old ed " this "

Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing

Lol Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher
and broader than the young plants

Alib Shrewd application¹ there's the fear, man,
I would wear my ring on my own finger,
Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine,
But his that useth it

Lol You must keep it on still then, if it but lie by,
one or other will be thrusting into't 31

Alib Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo, here thy watchful
eye

Must have employment, I cannot always be
At home

Lol I dare swear you cannot.

Alib I must look out

Lol I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's
case

Alib Here, I do say, must thy employment be,
To watch her treadings, and in my absence 40
Supply my place

Lol I'll do my best, sir, yet surely I cannot see who
you should have cause to be jealous of

Alib Thy reason for that, Lollo? it is
A comfortable question

Lol We have but two sorts of people in the house,
and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen, the

¹ "The 'shrewd application' meant is, I conceive, to that perpetual jest of the age, the cuckold's horns, which Lollo supposes might raise Alibius's head above his wife's." —Editor of 1816

one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools

Alb Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio, 50
I do profess the cure of either sort,
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it,
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift,
The daily visitants, that come to see
My brain-sick patients, I would not have
To see my wife gallants I do observe
Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
Of stature and proportion very comely
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio 59

Lol They may be easily answered, sir, if they come
to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the
turn, and let my mistress alone, she's of neither sort

Alb 'Tis a good ward,¹ indeed, come they to see
Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
Than what they come for, by that consequent
They must not see her, I'm sure she's no fool.

Lol And I'm sure she's no madman

Alb Hold that buckler fast, Lollio, my trust
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong
What hour is't, Lollio? 70

Lol Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alb Dinner-time? thou mean'st twelve o'clock?

Lol Yes, sir, for every part has his hour we wake
at six and look about us, that's eye-hour, at seven we
should pray, that's knee-hour, at eight walk, that's leg-

¹ "the guard—(in fencing)"—*Dyce*

hour, at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose,¹ that's nose-hour, at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour, at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour, at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour

Alib Profoundly, Lollo! it will be long 80
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and
I did look to have a new one enter'd,—stay,
I think my expectation is come home

Enter PEDRO, and ANTONIO disguised as an idiot

Ped Save you, sir, my business speaks itself,
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue

Alib Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you mean
Him for my patient

Ped And if your pains prove but commodious, to give
but some little strength to the² sick and weak part of
nature in him, these are [*gives him money*] but patterns
to show you of the whole pieces that will follow to you,
beside the charge of diet, washing, and other necessaries,
fully defrayed 93

Alib Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting

Lol Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something, the trouble will pass through my hands

Ped 'Tis fit something should come to your hands
then, sir [*Gives him money*]

Lol Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to
him what is his name? 100

¹ "Pluck a rose" = *alivum exonerare*

² Old ed "his"

Ped His name is Antonio, marry, we use but half to him, only Tony

Lol Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool—What's your name, Tony?

Ant He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin, he, he, he!

Lol Good boy! hold up your head—He can laugh, I perceive by that he is no beast

Ped Well, sir,

If you can raise him but to any height, 110

Any degree of wit, might he attain,

As I might say, to creep but on all four

Towards the chaun of wit, or walk on crutches,

'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,

And a great family might pray for you,

To which he should be heir, had he discretion

To claim and guide his own assure you, sir,

He is a gentleman

Lol Nay, there's nobody doubted that, at first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet 120

Ped Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging

Lol As good as my mistress lies in, sir, and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion

Ped Nay, there shall no cost want, sir

Lol He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico

Ped O no, that's not to be expected, far shorter will be enough

Lol I'll warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear office in five weeks, I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable 132

Ped If it be lower than that, it might serve turn

Lol No, fie, to level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is constable I'll able¹ him, if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper or I'll go further with you, say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself

Ped Why, there I would have it 140

Lol Well, go to, either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn

Ped Nay, I do like thy wit passing well

Lol Yes, you may, yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too, remember what state² you find me in

Ped I will, and so leave you your best cares, I beseech you. 149

Alib Take you none with you, leave 'em all with us
[Exit PEDRO]

Ant O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

Lol Peace, peace, Tony, you must not cry, child, you must be whipped if you do, your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, Tony

Ant He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin, he, he, he!

¹ Warrant

² "z e as a keeper of fools and madmen"—Editor of 1816

Lol I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in

Alib Ay, do, Lollio do 159

Lol I must ask him easy questions at first —Tony, how many true ¹ fingers has a tailor on his right hand ?

Ant As many as on his left, cousin

Lol Good and how many on both ?

Ant Two less than a deuce, cousin

Lol. Very well answered I come to you again, cousin Tony, how many fools goes to a wise man ?

Ant Forty in a day sometimes, cousin

Lol Forty in a day ? how prove you that ?

Ant All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends 170

Lol A parlous ² fool ! he must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that —I come again, Tony, how many knaves make an honest man ?

Ant I know not that, cousin

Lol No, the question is too hard for you I'll tell you, cousin, there's three knaves may make an honest man, a sergeant, a jailor, and a beadle, the sergeant catches him, the jailor holds him, and the beadle lashes him, and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him 180

Ant Ha, ha, ha ! that's fine sport, cousin

¹ Honest —The reputation of tailors for honesty did not stand high Nares (s TAYLOR) quotes from *Pasquil's Night Cap*—

“Thieving is now an occupation made,
Though men the name of *tailor* do it give”

² *Perilous*,—dangerously shrewd

Alb This was too deep a question for the fool,
Lollo

Lol Yes, this might have served yourself, though I
say't—Once more and you shall go play, Tony

Ant Ay, play at push-pin, cousin, ha, he¹

Lol So thou shalt say how many fools are here——

Ant Two, cousin, thou and I

Lol Nay, you're too forward there, Tony mark my
question, how many fools and knaves are here, a fool
before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two
fools a knave, how many fools, how many knaves? 191

Ant I never learnt so far, cousin

Alb Thou puttest too hard questions to him,
Lollo

Lol I'll make him understand it easily—Cousin, stand
there

Ant Ay, cousin

Lol Master, stand you next the fool

Alb Well, Lollo

Lol Here's my place mark now, Tony, there'[s] a
fool before a knave 200

Ant That's I, cousin

Lol Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and be-
tween us two fools there is a knave, that's my master,
'tis but we three, that's all

Ant We three, we three,¹ cousin

¹ "Antonio probably alludes to the old sign of *two* idiots' heads with
an inscription,

We three

Loggerheads be"—Editor of 1816

First Mad [*within*] Put's head i' th' pillory, the bread's too little

Sec Mad [*within*] Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow

Thrd Mad [*within*] Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag¹ 210

Lol You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes

Alib Peace, peace, or the wire² comes!

Thrd Mad [*within*] Cat whore, cat whore! her parmasant, her parmasant!³

Alib Peace, I say!—Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lollio

Lol There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman, was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmasant, lost his wits for't 220

Alib Go to your charge, Lollio, I'll to mine

Lol Go you to your madmen's ward, let me alone with your fools

Alib And remember my last charge, Lollio. [*Exit*]

Lol Of which your patients do you think I am?—Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows now, there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you, there's some of 'em at *stultus*, *stulia*, *stultum*

Ant I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me 230

Lol No, they shall not bite thee, Tony

¹ Neck

² Whip

³ Parmesan cheese

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

Lol They bite at dinner indeed, Tony Well, I hope to get credit' by thee, I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself [Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I

An Apartment in the Castle

Enter BEATRICE and JASPERINO severally

Beat O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you !
Good angels and this conduct be your guide !

[Giving a paper]

Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir

Jas The joy I shall return rewards my service *[Exit]*

Beat How wise is Alsemero in his friend !
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment ,
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd
Than making choice of him , for 'tis a principle,
He that can choose

10

That bosom well who of his thoughts partakes,
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment,
And see the way to merit, clearly see it
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles ,
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,

Which is the greatest darkness falls on love,
Yet is he best discern'd then
With intellectual eyesight What's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? and his blessing 20
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transform'd into a guise some speedy way
Must be remember'd, he's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts

Enter DE FLORES

De F Yonder's she,
Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her,
Some twenty times a-day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses, 30
To come into her sight, and I've small reason for't,
And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other, does profess herself
The cruellest enemy to my face in town,
At no hand can abide the sight of me,
As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks
I must confess my face is bad enough,
But I know far worse has better fortune,
And not endur'd alone, but doted on,
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches', 40
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,
As if they grew in fear one of another,
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills

The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye,
Yet such a one plucks¹ sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman
She turns her blessed eye upon me now, 50
And I'll endure all storms before I part with't [Aside

Beat Again ?

This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions [Aside

De F Now 't begins again ,

I'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones pelt me
[Aside

Beat Thy business ? what's thy business ?

De F Soft and fair !

I cannot part so soon now [Aside

Beat The villain's fix'd — [Aside

Thou standing toad-pool——

De F The shower falls amain now [Aside

Beat Who sent thee ? what's thy errand ? leave my
sight !

De F My lord, your father, charg'd me to deliver 60
A message to you

Beat What, another since ?

Do't, and be hang'd then , let me be rid of thee

De F True service merits mercy

Beat What's thy message ?

¹ Old ed "pluckt "

De F Let beauty settle but in patience,
You shall hear all

Beat A dallying, trifling torment !

De F Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo——

Beat Slave, when wilt make an end ?

De F Too soon I shall

Beat What all this while of him ?

De F The said Alonzo,
With the foresaid Tomaso——

Beat Yet again ?

70

De F Is new alighted

Beat Vengeance strike the news !

Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in
this

To bring thee to my sight ?

De F My lord, your father,
Charg'd me to seek you out

Beat Is there no other
To send his errand by ?

De F It seems 'tis my luck
To be i' th' way still

Beat Get thee from me !

De F So

Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at ? I must see her still !
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know't, and, like a common Garden-bull,¹

80

¹ Bulls were baited at Paris Garden (on the Bankside)

I do but take breath to be lugg'd¹ agam
What this may bode I know not, I'll despair the less,
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason, these foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst their² fellows
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime,
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men

[*Aside, and exit*

Beat I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me, danger's in my mind still,
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after 91
The next good mood I find my father in,
I'll get him quite discarded O, I was
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts¹

Enter VERMANDERO, ALONZO, and TOMASO

Ver You're both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,
To whose most noble name our love presents
Th' addition of a son, our son Alonzo

Alon The treasury of honour cannot bring forth 100
A title I should more rejoice in, sir

¹ Dragged by the ear —The term "lug" is usually found in connection with bull baiting or bear-baiting Falstaff protested that he was "as melancholy as a gib cat or a *lugged* bear"

² Old ed "his"

Ver You have improv'd it well — Daughter, prepare,
The day will steal upon thee suddenly

Beat Howe'er I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so near me [Aside

[*BEATRICE and VERMANDERO talk apart*

Tom Alonzo

Alon Brother?

Tom In troth I see small welcome in her eye

Alon Fie, you are too severe a censurer
Of love in all points, there's no bringing on you
If lovers should mark everything a fault,
Affection would be like an ill set book, 110
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume

Beat That's all I do entreat

Ver It is but reasonable,
I'll see what my son says to't — Son Alonzo,
Here is a motion made but to reprieve
A maidenhead three days longer, the request
Is not far out of reason, for indeed
The former time is pinching

Alon. Though my joys
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward, yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before, 120
I find no gladness wanting

Ver May I ever
Meet it in that point still! you're nobly welcome, sirs

[Exit with *BEATRICE*

Tom So, did you mark the dulness of her parting
now?

Alon What dulness? thou art so exceptious still¹

Tom Why, let it go then, I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully

Alon Where's the oversight?

Tom Come, your faith's cozen'd in her, strongly
cozen'd

Unsettle your affection with all speed
Wisdom can bring it to, your peace is ruined else
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one 130
Whose heart is leap'd into another's bosom
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift,
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception, if he get 'em not,
She helps¹ to get 'em for him, and how dangerous
And shameful her restraint may go² in time to,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings 139

Alon You speak as if she lov'd some other, then

Tom Do you apprehend so slowly?

Alon Nay, and that
Be your fear only, I am safe enough
Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
For times of more distress, I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,

¹ The old ed gives—"She helps to get em for him, *in his passions*, and how dangerous" It is not easy to explain the presence of the italicised words, which cannot possibly be retained

² Qu "grow"?

To any but thyself, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice yet we're friends,
Pray, let no more be urg'd, I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her, 150
Then I am not myself Farewell, sweet brother,
How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly !

[Exit]

Tom Why, here is love's tame madness, thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation [Exit]

SCENE II

*Another Apartment in the Castle**Enter DIAPHANTA and ALSEMERO*

Dia The place is my charge, you have kept your
hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you !
I hear my lady coming complete gentleman
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with [Exit]
Als This goes well,
These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em

Enter BEATRICE

Beat I have within mine eye all my desires
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,

And brings 'em down to furnish our defects, 10
Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes

Als We're so like

In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals

Beat How happy were this meeting, this embrace,
If it were free from envy! this poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to't how well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
Nor no such tie as the command of parents! 20
I should be but too much bless'd

Als One good service

Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near't too,
Since you are so distress'd, remove the cause,
The command ceases, so there's two fears blown out
With one and the same blast

Beat Pray, let me find you, sir
What might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als The honourablest piece about man, valour
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly

Beat How? call you that extinguishing of fear,
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming? 30
Are not you ventur'd in the action,

That's all my joys and comforts? pray, no more, sir
Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not mine then,
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive
I'm glad these thoughts come forth O, keep not one

Of this condition, sir ' here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death ,
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had chok'd 'em
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage ,— 40
And now I think on one , I was to blame,
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn ,
'Thad been done questionless the ugliest creature
Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be ' [*Aside*

Als Lady—

Beat Why, men of art make much of poison,
Keep one to expel another , where was my art ? [*Aside*

Als Lady, you hear not me

Beat I do especially, su ,
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be , we must use 'em then 50
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens

Als You teach wisdom, lady

Beat Within there ' Diaphanta '

Re-enter DIAPHANTA

Dia Do you call, madam ?

Beat Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman

The private way you brought him

Dia I shall, madam

Als My love's as firm as love e'er built upon

[*Exu with* DIAPHANTA

Enter DE FLORES

De F I've watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much
 What shall become of t'other, I'm sure both
 Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress, haply
 Then I'll put in for one, for if a woman 60
 Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
 She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,
 One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
 Proves in time sutler to an army royal
 Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,
 Yet I must see her [Aside.

Beat Why, put case I loath'd him
 As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
 Must I needs show it? cannot I keep that secret,
 And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here — [Aside
De Flores

De F Ha, I shall run mad with joy! 70
 She call'd me fairly by my name *De Flores*,
 And neither rogue nor rascal [Aside

Beat What ha' you done
 To your face a' late? you've met with some good
 physician;
 You've prun'd¹ yourself, methinks you were not wont
 To look so amorously²

¹ A hawk is said to prune itself when it sets its feathers in order with its beak

² "is so much an object of love Compare *Epigrams and Satyres*, by Richard Middleton, 1608 Longato 'amorous in his Maies eie,' &c, P 3"—*Dyce*

De F Not I,—

'Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago

How is this ?

[*Aside*

Beat Come hither, nearer, man

De F I'm up to the chin in heaven !

[*Aside*

Beat Turn, let me see,

Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't, 80

I thought it had been worse

De F Her fingers touch'd me !

She smells all amber

[*Aside*

Beat I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this

Within a fortnight

De F With your own hands, lady ?

Beat Yes, mine own, sir, in a work of cure

I'll trust no other

De F 'Tis half an act of pleasure

To hear her talk thus to me

[*Aside*

Beat When we're us'd

To a hard face, it is not so unpleasing,

It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,

I see it by experience

De F I was bless'd

90

To light upon this minute, I'll make use on't [*Aside*

Beat Hardness becomes the visage of a man
well,

It argues service, resolution, manhood,

If cause were of employment

De F 'Twould be soon seen,

If e'er you ladyship had cause to use it,

I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to

Beat We shall try you

O my De Flores !

De F How's that ? she calls me hers ,
Already, *my* De Flores ! [*Aside*]—You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam ?

Beat No, was I ?

100

I forgot,—O !——

De F There 'tis again, the very fellow on't

Beat You are too quick, sir

De F There's no excuse for't now , I heard it twice,
madam ,

That sigh would fain have utterance take pity on't,
And lend it a free word , 'las, how it labours
For liberty ! I hear the murmur yet

Beat at your bosom

Beat Would creation——

De F Ay, well said, that is it

Beat Had form'd me man !

De F Nay, that's not it

Beat O, 'tis the soul of freedom !

110

I should not then be forc'd to marry one
I hate beyond all depths , I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight

De F O bless'd occasion !

[*Aside*

Without change to your sex you have your wishes ,
Claim so much man in me

Beat In thee, De Flores?
There is small cause for that

De F Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you [*Kneels*]

Beat You are too violent to mean faithfully
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger, 120
Can those be things to sue for?

De F If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receiv'[d] the charge on't

Beat This is much, methinks,
Belike his wants are greedy, and to such
Gold tastes like angel's food [*Aside*]—[De Flores,]
rise

De F I'll have the work first

Beat Possible his need
Is strong upon him [*Aside*]—There's to encourage
thee, [*Gives money*]
As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous, 130
Thy reward shall be precious

De F That I've thought on,
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious, the thought ravishes!

Beat Then take him to thy fury!

De F I thirst for him

Beat Alonzo de Piracquo

De F [*rising*] His end's upon him,
He shall be seen no more

Beat How lovely now
Dost thou appear to me ! never was man
Deasier rewarded

De F I do think of that

Beat Be wondrous careful in the execution

De F Why, are not both our lives upon the cast ? 140

Beat Then I throw all my fears upon thy service

De F They ne'er shall use to hurt you

Beat When the deed's done,
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight ,
Thou may'st live bravely in another country

De F Ay, ay ,
We'll talk of that hereafter

Beat I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face [Aside and exit

De F O my blood !
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already ,
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard, 150
And, being pleasèd, praising this bad face
Hunger and pleasure, they'll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em
Some women are odd feeders—I'm too loud
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner

Enter ALONZO

Alon De Flores

De F My kind, honourable lord ?

Alon I'm glad I ha' met with thee

De F Sir?

Alon Thou canst show me

The full strength of the castle?

De F That I can, sir

160

Alon. I much desire it

De F And if the ways and straits

Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you,

I'll assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord

Alon Pooh, that shall be no hindrance

De F I'm your servant then

'Tis now near dinner-time, 'gainst your lordship's rising

I'll have the keys about me

Alon Thanks, kind De Floies

De F He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes

[*Aside*

[*Exeunt severally*

ACT III

SCENE I

A Narrow Passage in the Castle

*Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES (In the act time*¹ *DE FLORES hides a naked rapier behind a door*²)

De F Yes, here are all the keys, I was afraid, my lord,

I'd wanted for the postern, this is it

I've all, I've all, my lord this for the sconce

¹ When the music played between the acts

² "Whiles Piracquo is at dinner with Vermandero, De Flores is providing of a bloody banquet in the east casemate, where of purpose he goes and hides a naked sword and poniard behind the door. Now dinner being ended Piracquo finds out De Flores, and summons him of his promise, who tells him he is ready to wait on him so away they go from the walls to the ravelins, sconces, and bulwarks, and from thence by a postern to the ditches, and so in again to the casemates, whereof they have already viewed three, and are now going to the last, which is the theatre whereon we shall presently see acted a mournful and bloody tragedy. At the descent hereof De Flores puts off his rapier, and leaves it behind him, treacherously informing Piracquo that the descent is narrow and craggy. See here the policy and villany of this devilish and treacherous miscreant. Piracquo, not doubting nor dreaming of any treason, follows his example, and so casts off his rapier. De Flores leads the way, and he follows him, but alas! poor gentle-

Alon 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort

De F You will tell me more, my lord this descent
Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass
Well with our weapons, they'll but trouble us

Alon Thou sayest true

De F Pray, let me help your lordship

Alon. 'Tis done thanks, kind De Flores

De F Here are hooks, my lord,

To hang such things on purpose

[*Hanging up his own sword and that of ALONZO*

Alon Lead, I'll follow thee [Exit 10

SCENE II

*A Vault*¹

Enter ALONZO and DE FLORES

De F All this is nothing, you shall see anon
A place you little dream on

man, he shall never return with his life They enter the vault of the casemate, De Flores opens the door, and throws it back, thereby to hide his sword and poniard he stoops and looks through a porthole, and tells him that that piece doth thoroughly scour the ditch Piracquo stoops likewise down to view it, when (O grief to think thereon) De Flores steps for his weapons, and with his poniard stabs him through the back, and swiftly redoubling blow upon blow, kills him dead at his feet, and without going farther, buries him there, right under the ruins of an old wall, whereof that casemate was built"—Reynold's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, pp 54, 55, ed 1635

¹ Old ed "*Ex at one door and enter at the other*" As there was no movable painted scenery, it was left to the audience to imagine a change of scene

Alon I am glad
I have this leisure, all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola

De F All but myself, sir,—which makes up my
safety *[Aside]*

My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle
Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object

Alon Here's rich variety, De Flores

De F Yes, sir

Alon Goodly munition

De F Ay, there's ordnance, sir, 10
No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like bells
At great men's funerals keep your eye straight, my
lord,

Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile

[Takes the rapier which he had hid behind the door]

Alon I am upon't

De F And so am I *[Stabs him]*

Alon De Flores! O De Flores!

Whose malice hast thou put on?

De F Do you question

A work of secrecy? I must silence you *[Stabs him]*

Alon O, O, O!

De F I must silence you *[Stabs him]*

So here's an undertaking well accomplish'd 20
This vault serves to good use now ha, what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger, 'twas well found,

This will approve¹ the work What, so fast on?²
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then,
Finger and all shall off [*Cuts off the finger*] So, now
I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear
[*Exit with the body*

SCENE III

An Apartment in the House of ALIBIUS

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO

Isa Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me?
If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,
Let me be doing something

Lol You shall be doing, if it please you , I'll whistle
to you, if you'll pipe after

Isa Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pincold?

Lol 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in another man's corn, you might be pounded in another place

Isa 'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise

Lol He says you have company enough in the house, if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people

¹ Prove that the work has been done

Isa Of all sorts? why, here's none but fools and madmen

Lol Very well and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? there's my master, and I to boot too

Isa Of either sort one, a madman and a fool

Lol I would even participate of both then if I were as you, I know you're half mad already, be half foolish too 22

Isa You're a brave saucy rascal! come on, sir, Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam, You were commending once to-day to me Your last-come lunatic, what a proper¹ Body there was without brains to guide it, And what a pitiful delight appear'd In that defect, as if your wisdom had found A mirth in madness, pray, sir, let me partake, 30 If there be such a pleasure

Lol If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool

Isa Well, a match, I will say so

Lol When you have [had] a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College, o' th' [other] side I seldom lock there, 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em [*Exit, and brings in FRANCISCUS*].—Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now 41

¹ Handsome

Fran How sweetly she looks ! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it, stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup ! no, 'tis but a grape-stone, swallow it, fear nothing, poet, so, so, lift higher

Isa Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at ! How fell he mad ? canst thou tell ?

Lol For love, mistress he was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first the Muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf
neither 52

Fran Hail, bright Titania !
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks ?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades,
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy

Lol [*holding up a whip*] Not too near ! you see your danger

Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomede ! 60
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee
Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels*

Lol You see how I awe my flock, a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience

Isa His conscience is unquiet, sure that was
The cause of this a proper gentleman !

Fran Come hither, Æsculapius, hide the poison

Lol Well, 'tis hid [*Hides the whip*

Fran Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous prophet ?¹ 70

¹ Old ed "poet"

Lol Yes, that kept tame wild geese

Fran That's he, I am the man

Lol No?

Fran Yes, but make no words on't, I was a man
Seven years ago

Lol A stripling, I think, you might

Fran Now I'm a woman, all feminine

Lol I would I might see that!

Fran Juno struck me blind

Lol I'll ne'er believe that for a woman, they say, has
an eye more than a man 81

Fran I say she struck me blind

Lol And Luna made you mad, you have two trades
to beg with

Fran Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecate,
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog—and beat the bush—
That barks against the witches of the night,
The swift lycanthropi¹ that walks the round, 90
We'll tear their wolfish skins, and save the sheep

[*Attempts to seize LOLLIO*

¹ “*Lycanthropia*, which *Avicenna* calls *Cucubuth*, others *Lupinam insaniam*, or wolf-madness, when men run howling about graves and fields in the night, and will not be persuaded but that they are wolves, or some such beasts *Ætius* and *Paulus* call it a kind of *melancholy*, but I should rather refer it to *madness*, as most do. Some make a doubt of it whether there be any such disease *Donatus Altomarus* saith that he saw two of them in his time *Wierus* tells a story of such a one at *Padua*, 1541, that would not believe to the contrary but that he was a wolf. He hath another instance of a *Spaniard* who thought himself a bear *Foerrestus* confirms as much by many examples, one

Lol Is't come to this? nay, then, my poison comes forth again [*showing the whip*] mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isa I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous

Fran [*sings*]

Sweet love, pity me,

Give me leave to lie with thee

Lol No, I'll see you wiser first to your own kennel!

Fran No noise, she sleeps, draw all the curtains round,

Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul, 100
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole

Lol I would you would get into your hole! [*Exit FRANCISCUS*]
—Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort, you shall be fooled another while [*Exit, and brings in ANTONIO*]
—Tony, come hither, Tony look who's yonder, Tony

Ant Cousin, is it not my aunt?¹

Lol Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony

amongst the rest, of which he was an eye witness, at *Alcmaer in Holland*, a poor husbandman that still hunted about graves and kept in churchyards, of a pale, black, ugly, and fearful look
This malady, saith *Avicenna*, troubleth men most in February, and is now a days frequent in *Bohemia* and *Hungary*, according to *Heurnius* *Schernitzius* will have it common in *Livonia* They lie hid most part all day and go abroad in the night, barking, howling, at graves and deserts, *they have usually hollow eyes, scabbed legs and thighs, very dry and pale*, saith *Altomarus*, he gives a reason there of all the symptoms, and sets down a brief cure of them"—
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, part 1, sect 1, memb 1, subs 4, ed 1660

¹ Cant term for a bawd

Ant He, he ! how do you, uncle ?

Lol Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nigget,¹ you may play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble

Isa How long hast thou been a fool ? 112

Ant Ever since I came hither, cousin

Isa Cousin ? I'm none of thy cousins, fool

Lol O, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to claim their kindred

Madman [*within*] Bounce, bounce ! he falls, he falls !

Isa Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order 119

Lol Must I come amongst you there ?—Keep you the fool, mistress, I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen [*Exit*]

Isa Well, sir

Ant 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady ! nay,
Cast no amazing eye upon this change

Isa Ha !

Ant This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me

Isa You're a fine fool indeed !

Ant O, 'tis not strange ! 130
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences, and, like a cunning poet,
Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery,
Into one secret, that he proceeds in

Isa You're a parlous fool

Ant No danger in me , I bring nought but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with
Try but one arrow , if it hurt you, I
Will stand you twenty back in recompense 140

Isa A forward fool too !

Ant This was love's teaching
A thousand ways he ¹ fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and [the] nearest,
To tread the galaxia to my star

Isa Profound withal ! certain you dream'd of this,
Love never taught it waking

Ant Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there's within
A gentleman that loves you

Isa When I see him,
I'll speak with him , so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough 150
As you're a gentleman, I'll not discover you ,
That's all the favour that you must expect
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool

Re-enter LOLLIO

Ant And must again —He, he ! I thank you,
cousin ,
I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning

Lol How do you like the fool, mistress ?

¹ Old ed "she "

Isa Passing well, sir

Lol Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

Isa If he holds on as he begins, he's like 160

To come to something

Lol Ay, thank a good tutor you may put him to't, he begins to answer pretty hard questions — Tony, how many is five times six?

Ant Five times six is six times five

Lol What arithmetician could have answered better?

How many is one hundred and seven?

Ant One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin 169

Lol This is no wit to speak on! — Will you be rid of the fool now?

Isa By no means, let him stay a little

Madman [*within*] Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!¹

Lol Again! must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together [*Exit*

Ant Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

Isa Fie, out again! I had rather you kept Your other posture, you become not your tongue 180
When you speak from your clothes.

Ant How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? shall I alone

¹ An allusion to the game of *Barley break*, or the *Last Couple in Hell*. See Nares' *Glossary*, s. *BARLIBERLAK*.

Walk through the orchard of th' Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter LOLLIO above

This with the red cheeks I must venture for

[Attempts to kiss her]

Isa Take heed, there's giants keep 'em

Lol How now, fool, are you good at that? have you
read Lipsius?¹ he's past *Ars Amandi*, I believe I must
put harder questions to him, I perceive that *[Aside]*

Isa You're bold without fear too

Ant What should I fear, 190

Having all joys about me? Do you smile,

And love shall play the wanton on your lip,

Meet and retire, retire and meet again,

Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

I shall behold mine own deformity,

And dress myself up fairer I know this shape

Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors

I shall array me handsomely

*[Cries of madmen are heard within, like those of
birds and beasts]*

Lol Cuckoo, cuckoo! *[Exit above]*

Ant What are these? 200

Isa Of fear enough to part us,

Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,

That act their fantasies in any shapes

¹ "Is it necessary to notice that the name of this great scholar is introduced merely for the sake of its first syllable?"—*Dyce*

Suited their present thoughts if sad, they cry,
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking, all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em

Ant These are no fears

Isa But's here's a large one, my man 210

Re-enter LOLLIO

Ant Ha, he ' that's fine sport indeed, cousin

Lol I would my master were come home ' 'tis too
much for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks,
nor can I believe that one churchman can instruct two
benefices at once, there will be some incurable mad
of the one side, and very fools on the other—Come,
Tony

Ant Prithce, cousin, let me stay here still

Lol No, you must to your book now, you have
played sufficiently

Isa Your fool has grown wondrous witty 220

Lol Well, I'll say nothing. but I do not think but he
will put you down one of these days

[*Exit with ANTONIO*

Isa Here the restrainèd current might make breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers would a woman stray,
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin
It would be brought home one way ¹ or other

¹ Old ed "wayes"

The needle's point will to the fixèd north ,
Such drawing artics women's beauties are

Re-enter LOLLIO

Lol How dost thou, sweet rogue ?

Isa How now ? 230

Lol Come, there are degrees , one fool may be better
than another

Isa What's the matter ?

Lol Nay, if thou givest thy mind to fool's flesh, have
at thee !

Isa You bold slave, you !

Lol I could follow now as t'other fool did
What should I fear,
Having all joys about me ? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip, 240
Meet and retire, retire and meet again ,
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer I know this shape
Becomes me not—

and so as it follows but is not this the more foolish
way ? Come, sweet rogue , kiss me, my little Lace-
dæmonian , let me feel how thy pulses beat , thou hast a
thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my
hand on't 250

Isa Sirrah, no more ! I see you have discover'd
This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure
For purchase of my love , be silent, mute,

Mute as a statue, or his injunction
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat
I'll do it, though for no other purpose, and
Be sure he'll not refuse it

Lol My share, that's all,
I'll have my fool's part with you

Isa No more ! your master

Enter ALIBIUS

Alib Sweet, how dost thou ?

Isa Your bounden servant, sir

Alib Fie, fie, sweetheart, 260
No more of that

Isa You were best lock me up

Alib In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,
I'll lock thee up most nearly —Lollo, 270
We have employment, we have task in hand
At noble Vermandero's, our castle['s] captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd—
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride—
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,
A mixture of our madmen and our fools,¹
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first,
Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,

¹ So Corax, a physician, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, provides a
"Masque of Melancholy, in which various forms of madness are
represented, for the entertainment of Palador, Prince of Cyprus

But not the all I aim at , could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,
It were no matter, 'twould be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this
This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known 280

Lol This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you you have
about you fools and madmen that can dance very well ,
and 'tis no wonder, your best dancers are not the wisest
men , the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their
brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in
their heels than in their heads

Alib Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason,
And a comfort in it

Isa You've a fine trade on't ,
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity

Alib O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live 290
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

An Apartment in the Castle

Enter VERMANDERO, BEATRICE, ALSEMERO, and
JASPERINO

Ver Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you

Als The fellow of this creature were a partner
For a king's love

Ver I had her fellow once, sir,
But heaven has married her to joys eternal,
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures
Which my health chiefly joys in

Als I hear
The beauty of this seat largely [commended]

Ver It falls much short of that

[*Exit with* ALSEMERO *and* JASPERINO]

Beat So, here's one step 10
Into my father's favour, time will fix him,
I've got him now the liberty of the house,
So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom
And if that eye be darken'd that offends me,—
I wait but that eclipse,—this gentleman
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love

Enter DE FLORES

De F My thoughts are at a banquet, for the deed,
I feel no weight in't, 'tis but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't [*Aside*

Beat De Flores!

De F Lady?

Beat Thy looks promise cheerfully 21

De F All things are answerable, time, circumstance,
Your wishes, and my service

Beat Is it done, then?

De F Piracquo is no more

Beat My joys start at mine eyes,¹ our sweetst delights

Are evermore born weeping

De F I've a token for you

Beat For me?

De F But it was sent somewhat unwillingly,
I could not get the ring without the finger

[*Producing the ring and the finger*]

Beat Bless me, what hast thou done?

De F Why, is that more 30

Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this

Beat 'Tis the first token my father made me send
him

De F And I [have] made him send it back again

¹ See *Introduction*, p. lxxii (footnote)

For his last token , I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels ,
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance

Beat At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees , 40
'Tis soon applied, all dead men's fees are yours, sir
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly, the true value,
Tak't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats

De F 'Twill hardly buy a capcase¹ for one's con-
science though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis
Well, being my fees, I'll take it ,
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't

Beat It might justly, sir ,
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores, 'tis not given 50
In state of recompense

De F No, I hope so, lady ,
You should soon witness my contempt to't then

Beat Prithce,—thou look'st as if thou wert offended

De F That were strange, lady , 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you
Offended ! could you think so ? that were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service

Beat 'Twere misery in me to give you cause,
sir

¹ Hand box, portmanteau

De F I know so much, it were so, misery 60
In her most sharp condition

Beat 'Tis resolv'd then,
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florens,¹
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit

De F What! salary? now you move me.

Beat How, De Flores?

De F Do you place me in the rank of verminous
fellows,

To destroy things for wages? offer gold
[For] the life blood of man? is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beat I understand thee not

De F I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate, 70
And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease],²
And have had the work brought home

Beat I'm in a labyrinth,
What will content him? I'd fain be rid of him [*Aside*
I'll double the sum, sir

De F You take a course
To double my vexation, that's the good you do

Beat Bless me, I'm now in worse plight than I was,
I know not what will please him [*Aside*]—For my
fear's sake,
I prithee, make away with all speed possible,

¹ "Pieces first coined by the Florentines the *floren* of Spain (according to the Dictionanes) is 4s 4½d —Does Beatrice offer here a paper to De Flores?"—*Dyce*

² The bracketed words were added by the editor of 1816

And if thou be'st so modest not to name
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not, so
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee
But, prithee, take thy flight

De F You must fly too then

Beat I ?

De F I'll not stir a foot else

Beat What's your meaning ?

De F Why, are not you as guilty ? in, I'm sure,
As deep as I, and we should stick together
Come, your fears counsel you but ill, my absence
Would draw suspect upon you instantly,
There were no rescue for you

Beat He speaks home ! *[Aside*

De F Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.

Beat How now, sir ? 90

This shows not well

De F What makes your lip so strange ?¹
This must not be betwixt us

Beat The man talks wildly !

De F Come, kiss me with a zeal now

Beat Heaven, I doubt him ! *[Aside*

De F I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly

Beat Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
Twill soon betray us

¹ Cf. Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, III 1 —

“Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange ?”

De F Take you heed first ,
Faith, you're grown much forgetful, you're to blame in't

Beat He's bold, and I am blam'd for't [Aside

De F I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on it , I am in pain,
And must be eas'd of you , 'tis a charity, 100
Justice invites your blood to understand me

Beat I dare not

De F Quickly !

Beat O, I never shall !
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't ,
I would not hear so much offence again
For such another deed

De F Soft, lady, soft !
The last is not yet paid for O, this act
Has put me into spirit , I was as greedy on't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the clouds weep
Did you not mark, I wrought myself into't, 110
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't ? why was all that pains
took ?

You see I've thrown contempt upon your gold ,
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously,
In order I'll come unto't, and make use on't,
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure ,
And were not I resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudging,
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for

Beat Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour !
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty

De F Push ¹ you forget yourself,
A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty !

Beat O misery of sin ! would I'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words ! 130
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there

De F Look but into your conscience, read me there ,
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal
Push ! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you , you're no more now
You must forget your parentage to me ;
You are the deed's creature , by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out, 140
And made you one with me

Beat With thee, foul villain !

De F. Yes, my fair murderess , do you urge me ?
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection ?

'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in the ² heart , and he's chang'd now

To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoyest !
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage,
I'll confess all , my life I rate at nothing 150

Beat De Flores !

De F I shall rest from all love's¹ plagues then ,
I live in pain now , that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders

Beat O sir, hear me !

De F She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be

Beat [*kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for all , I make
thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels ,
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things !

De F Let this silence thee ,
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy 160
My pleasure from me ,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd purpose ?
So soon may [you] weep me.

Beat Vengeance begins ,
Murder, I see, is follow'd by more sins
Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first ?

¹ " Old ed 'lovers '—I suspect the author wrote

'I shall rest from all plagues then ,
I live in pain now , that love-shooting eye '"—*Dyce*

De F [*raising her*] Come, rise and shroud your
blushes in my bosom

Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts

Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding

'Las ' how the turtle pants ' thou'lt love anon 170

What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV.

Dumb Show

Enter Gentlemen, VERMANDERO meeting them with action of wonderment at the disappearance of PIRACQUO
Enter ALSEMERO with JASPERINO and gallants
VERMANDERO points to him, the gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice ALSEMERO, VERMANDERO, JASPERINO, and the others pass over the stage with much pomp, BEATRICE as a bride following in great state, attended by DIAPHANTA, ISABELLA, and other gentlewomen, DE FLORES after all, smiling at the accident ALONZO's ghost appears to him in the midst of his smile, and startles him, showing the hand whose finger he had cut off

SCENE I

ALSEMERO's Apartment in the Castle

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. This fellow has undone me endlessly,
Never was bride so fearfully distress'd.
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,

And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
 One who's¹ ennobled both in blood and mind,
 So clear in understanding,—that's my plague now—
 Before whose judgment will my fault appear
 Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,
 There is no hiding on't, the more I dive
 Into my own distress how a wise man 10
 Stands for a great calamity¹ there's no venturing
 Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
 Without my shame, which may grow up to danger,
 He cannot but in justice strangle me
 As I lie by him, as a cheater use me,
 'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
 Before a cunning gamester Here's his closet,
 The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park?
 Sure 'twas forgot, I'll be so bold as look in't

[*Opens closet*

Bless me! a right physician's closet 'tis, 20
 Set round with vials, every one her mark too
 Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
 Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom
 What manuscript lies here?
 [*Reads*] *The Book of Experiment, called Secrets in Nature*²
 So 'tis so,
 [*Reads*] *How to know whether a woman be with child*
or no

¹ Old ed "both"

² "In *Antonii Mizaldi Monituarum de Arcanis Naturæ Libellus Quatuor*, ed. tertia, 1558, 12mo, I find no passages resembling those which are read by Beatrice"—*Dyce*

I hope I am not yet , if he should try though ¹
 Let me see, [*reads*] *folio forty-five*, here 'tis, 30
 The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious
 [*Reads*] *If you would know whether a woman be with*
child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in
glass C——

Where's that glass C? O yonder, I see't now—
 [*Reads*] *and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours*
after , if not, not

None of that water comes into my belly ,
 I'll know you from a hundred , I could break you now,
 Or turn you into milk, and so beguile 40

The master of the mystery , but I'll look to you
 Ha! that which is next is ten times worse
 [*Reads*] *How to know whether a woman be a maid or not*
 If that should be applied, what would become of me?

Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
 That never yet made proof , but this he calls
 [*Reads*] *A merry slight,¹ but true experiment , the author*
Antonius Mizaldus Give the party you suspect the quan-
tity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon
her that is a maid, makes three several effects , 'twill make
her incontinently² gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing,
last into a violent laughing , else, dull, heavy, and lumpish
 Where had I been? 53

I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time

Enter DIAPHANTA

Dia Cuds, madam, are you here?

¹ Artifice

² Immediately

Beat Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind, 'tis a nice piece
Gold cannot purchase [*Aside*]—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord

Dia Would I had such a cause
To look him too! [*Aside*]—Why, he's i' th' park,
madam.

Beat There let him be

Dia Ay, madam, let him compass 60
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world
Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-hole

Beat I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta

Dia Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known,
madam!

'Tis ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd¹ 'em not.

Beat Her joys? her fears thou wouldst say

Dia Fear of what?

Beat Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid? 70
You leave a blushing business behind,
Beshrew your heart for't!

Dia Do you mean good sooth, madam?

Beat Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown

Dia Is't possible?

Beat I'd² give a thousand ducats to that woman

¹ Owned

² Old ed. "I will"

Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from't, as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to't

Dia Are you in earnest?

Beat Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't, but I must tell you 80
This by the way, she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial, my fears are not her's else

Dia Nay, she that I would put into your hands,
madam,
Shall be a maid

Beat You know I should be sham'd else,
Because she lies for me

Dia 'Tis a strange humour!
But are you serious still? would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

Beat As willingly as live — Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! [Aside

Dia I do not know how the world goes abroad 90
For faith or honesty, there's both requir'd in this
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money

Beat You are too quick, I fear, to be a maid

Dia How? not a maid? nay, then you urge me,
madam,
Your honourable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you——

Beat Bad enough then [Aside

Dia Than I with all my lightsome joys about
me

Beat I'm glad to heart, then you dare put your honesty

Upon an easy trial.

Dia Easy? anything 100

Beat I'll come to you straight [*Goes to the closet*]

Dia She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?¹

Beat Glass M ay, this is it [*Brings vial*]—Look,
Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do [*Drinks*]

Dia And in so doing,

I will not question what it is, but take it [*Drinks*]

Beat Now if th' experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,
And give me noble ease . begins already ,

[*DIAPHANTA gapes*]

There's the first symptom , and what haste it makes
To fall into the second, there by this time !

[*DIAPHANTA sneezes*]

Most admirable secret ! on the contrary, 110

It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it [*Aside*]

Dia Ha, ha, ha !

Beat Just in all things, and in order

As if 'twere circumscrib'd , one accident

Gives way unto another [*Aside.*]

Dia Ha, ha, ha !

Beat How now, wench ?

¹ I suspect that there is an allusion to the examination by matrons of the notorious Countess of Essex. Very full particulars about that extraordinary inquisition will be found in Add MS. 25, 348

Dia Ha, ha, ha ! I'm so, so light
At heart—ha, ha, ha !—so pleasurable !
But one swig more, sweet madam

Beat Ay, to-morrow,
We shall have time to sit by't

Dia Now I'm sad again 120

Beat It lays itself so gently too ! [*Aside*]—Come,
wench,

Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.

Dia Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call you this ?

Beat I'll tell thee all hereafter, we must study
The carriage of this business.

Dia I shall carry't well,
Because I love the burthen

Beat About midnight
You must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.

Dia O, fear not, madam,
I shall be cool by that time the bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats ! I'm for a justice now, 130
I bring a portion with me, I scorn small fools. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter VERMANDERO and Servant

Ver I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,
A thing till now free from suspicion,
Nor ever was there cause Who of my gentlemen

Are absent ?

Tell me, and truly, how many, and who ?

Ser Antonio, sir, and Franciscus

Ver When did they leave the castle ?

Ser Some ten days since, sir, the one intending to
Briamata,¹ th' other for Valencia

Ver The time accuses 'em, a charge of murder 10
Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder,
I dare not answer faithfully their absence
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose

[*Exit* Servant

See, I am set on again

Enter TOMASO

Tom I claim a brother of you

Ver You're too hot,
Seek him not here

Tom Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction 20
'This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin

¹ "Briamata, a fair house of his [Vermandero's] ten leagues from
Alicant"—Reynolds's *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murder*,
ed 1635, p 50

Ver Certain falsehood !

This is the place indeed , his breach of faith
Has too much marr'd both my abusèd love,
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
And mock'd my daughter's joy , the prepar'd morning
Blush'd at his infidelity , he left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends 30
Whose belief hurt 'em O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him !

Tom Then this is all your answer ?

Ver 'Tis too fair

For one of his alliance , and I warn you
That this place no more see you.

[*Exit*

Enter DE FLORES

Tom The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on —
Honest De Flores ?

De F That's my name indeed
Saw you the bride ? good sweet sir, which way took she ?

Tom I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing such a false
one 40

De F I'd fain get off, this man's not for my company,
I smell his brother's blood when I come near him

[*Aside*

Tom Come hither, kind and true one , I remember
My brother lov'd thee well

De F O, purely, dear sir !—

Methinks I'm now again a-killing on him,
He brings it so fresh to me [Aside

Tom Thou canst guess, sirrah—

An¹ honest friend has an instinct of jealousy—
At some foul guilty person

De F Alas! sir,

I am so charitable, I think none

Worse than myself¹ you did not see the bride then? 50

Tom I prithee, name her not is she not wicked?

De F No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,
As your most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter'd her but, sir, at no hand wicked,
Till they're so old their sins and vices² meet,
And they salute witches I'm call'd, I think, sir—
His company even overlays my conscience.

[Aside and exit

Tom That De Flores has a wondrous honest
heart,
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't
O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy!³ 60
'Twill³ not be long till he and I do reckon

Enter ALSEMERO.

Sir

Als You're most welcome

¹ Old ed. "One"

² "Surely the right reading is 'chins and noses'"—*Dyce* I should certainly have suggested the same correction myself if *Dyce* had not anticipated me

³ Old ed. "I will"

Tom You may call that word back,
I do not think I am, nor wish to be

Als 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then

Tom Would I'd ne'er known the cause ' I'm none of
those, sir,

That come to give you joy, and swill your wine ,
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring

Als Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers.

Tom Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted , this the business 70
I should have [had] a brother in your place ,
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,
Which never could come fairly

Als You must look
To answer for that word, sir

Tom Fear you not,
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting
Keep your day solemn, farewell, I disturb it not ,
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time [Exit

Als 'Tis somewhat ominous this , a quarrel enter'd
Upon this day , my innocence relieves me, 80

Enter JASPERINO

I should be wondrous sad else —Jasperino,
I've news to tell thee, strange news

Jasp. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours would I might keep

Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't '
Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,
And let it cool in this

Als This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness

Jas All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir

Als No question, 't may prove nothing, let's partake
it though

Jas 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench 90
I pretend ¹ honest love, and she deserves it—
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference ,
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me ,
And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she

Als De Flores ¹ thou art out now

Jas You'll tell me more anon

Als Still I'll prevent ² thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her

Jas That made me stagger too , but Diaphanta 100
At her return confirm'd it

Als Diaphanta ¹

Jas Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd
Like those that challenge interest in a woman

Als Peace, quench thy zeal, 'tis dangerous to thy
bosom

¹ Offer ^a

² Anticipate

Jas Then truth is full of peril

Als Such truths are

O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
And touch'd,¹ she sleeps not here¹ yet I have time,
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof,
And, prithee, do not weigh me by my passions. 110

Jas I never weigh'd friend so

Als Done charitably¹

That key will lead thee to a pretty secret, [*Giving key*
By a Chaldean taught me, and I have
My study upon some bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,
And question not my purpose

Jas It shall be done, sir [*Exit*

Als How can this hang together? not an hour since
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest, 120
She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter BEATRICE

Beat All things go well, my woman's preparing
yonder

For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose,
Necessity compels it, I lose all else [*Aside.*

¹ Stained

Als Push ' modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead
I cannot be too sure though [*Aside*]—My Joanna '

Beat Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you ,
Pardon my modest fears

Als The dove's not meeker ,
She's abus'd, questionless [*Aside*

Re-enter JASPERINO with vial

O, are you come, sir? 130

Beat The glass, upon my life ' I see the letter
[*Aside.*

Jas Sir, this is M [*Giving vial*

Als 'Tis it

Beat I am suspected [*Aside*

Als How fitly our bride comes to partake with us '

Beat What is't, my lord ?

Als No hurt

Beat Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition

Als But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.

Beat I fear 'twill make me ill

Als Heaven forbid that

Beat I'm put now to my cunning th' effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

[*Aside, then drinks*

Als It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd, sir, 140
Upon a virgin

Jas Treble-qualified? [*BEATRICE gapes and sneezes*

Als. By all that's virtuous it takes there ' proceeds '

Jas This is the strangest trick to know a maid by

Beat. Ha, ha, ha¹

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord

Als No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted

Beat What's the matter, sir?

Als See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy,
Keep[s] both the time and method [*Aside*]—My
Joanna,

Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb, 150
That brings the day forth¹ thus my love encloses thee
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III

A Room in the House of ALIBIUS

Enter ISABELLA and LOLLIO

Isa O heaven¹ is this the waning¹ moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?
Sirrah, here's a madman, akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover

Lol No, no, not he I brought the letter from

Isa Compare his inside with his out, and tell me

Lol The out's mad, I'm sure of that, I had a taste
on't

Isa [*reads letter*] To² the bright *Andromeda*, chief

¹ Old ed "waiting"

² The words "*To the bright* *Pay the post,*" are given to Lollio
in the old ed

chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of Æolus Pay the post.

12

Lol This is stark madness !

Isa Now mark the inside

[*Reads*] *Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeited cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty*

Lol He is mad still

Isa [*reads*] *If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect, 'tis the same sun that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither—*

22

Lol O rogue !

Isa [*reads*] *Shapes and transshapes, destroys and builds again I come in winter to you, dismantled of my proper ornaments, by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover*

Lol Mad rascal still !

Isa [*reads*] *Tread him not under foot, that shall appear an honour to your bounties I remain—mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, FRANCISCUS*

31

Lol You are like to have a fine time on't, my master and I may give over our professions, I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too

Isa Very likely.

Lol One thing I must tell you, mistress, you perceive that I am privy to your skill, if I find you minister once,

and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds, I shall be mad or fool else 40

Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollo,
If I do fall.

Lol I fall upon you

Isa So

Lol Well, I stand to my venture

Isa But thy counsel now, how shall I deal with 'em?

Lol Why,¹ do you mean to deal with 'em?

Isa Nay, the fair² understanding, how to use 'em

Lol Abuse 'em! that's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly

Isa 'Tis easy, I'll practise, do thou observe it,
The key of thy wardrobe 50

Lol There [*gives key*], fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you

Isa Take thou no further notice than the outside

Lol Not an inch [*Exit ISABELLA*], I'll put you to the inside

Enter ALIBIUS

Alib. Lollo, art there? will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the Solemnity, Vermandero expects us

Lol I mistrust the madmen most, the fools will do well enough, I have taken pains with them 60

¹ Old ed "We"

² "ze, Nay, understand my speeches in the fair and modest sense in which they are uttered"—Editor of 1816

Alib Tush ! they cannot miss , the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies, they're nice things, thou knowest

Lol You need not fear, sir, so long as we are there
with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the
ladies themselves

Alib I'll see them once more rehearse before they go

Lol I was about it, sir look you to the madmen's
morriss, and let me alone with the other there is one or
two that I mistrust their footing, ¹ I'll instruct them, and
then they shall rehearse the whole measure 71

Alib Do so, I'll see the music prepar'd but, Lollio,
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint ?
Does she not grudge at it ?

Lol So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house,
she would abroad else, you must allow her a little more
length, she's kept too short

Alib She shall along to Vermandero's with us,
That will serve her for a month's liberty

Lol What's that on your face, sir ? 80

Alib Where, Lollio ? I see nothing

Lol Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose, it showed like
the trunk of a young elephant

Alib Away, rascal ! I'll prepare the music, Lollio

Lol Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst [*Exit ALIBIUS*]
—Tony, where art thou, Tony ?

Old ed "fooling"—and so Dyce But cf l 88

"Come, Tony, the *foot-manship* I taught you "

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Here, cousin, where art thou?

Lol Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you

Ant I had rather ride, cousin 89

Dol Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out,
vault in look you, Tony, fa, la, la, la, la [*Dances.*

Ant Fa, la, la, la, la [*Sings and dances*

Lol There, an honour

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lol Yes, and it please your worship

Ant Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lol Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship,
nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first
stiffened there rise, a caper

Ant Caper after an honour, coz? 100

Lol Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rise[s]
as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th'
ground again you can remember your figure, Tony?

Ant Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can re-
member mine [*Exit LOLLIO*

Re-enter ISABELLA, dressed as a madwoman

Isa Hey, how he¹ treads the air! shough, shough,
t'other way! he burns his wings else here's wax enough
below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eigh-
teen moons he's down, he's down! what a terrible fall
he had!

110

¹ Old ed "she"

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,
And let us tread the lower labyrinth,
I'll bring thee to the clue

Ant Prithce, coz, let me alone

Isa Art thou not drown'd?

About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapt like a turkish turbant, on thy back
A crook'd chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung
Like a tiara down unto thy hams
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly,
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits!¹ 120
Bless thee from the pirates!

Ant Pox upon you, let me alone!

Isa Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,
That would have drown'd my love

Ant I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic,
I am no fool, you bedlam!

Isa But you are, as sure as I am mad 130
Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
With love as full of fury, to beguile
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,
And am I thus rewarded?

Ant Ha! dearest beauty!

Isa No, I have no beauty now,

¹ Old ed "streets"

Nor never had but what was in my garments
You a quick-sighted lover ¹ come not near me
Keep your caparisons, you're aptly clad,
I came a feigner, to return stark mad

Ant Stay, or I shall change condition, 140
And become as you are [Exit ISABELLA

Re-enter LOLLIO

Lol Why, Tony, whither now? why, fool——

Ant Whose fool, usher of idiots? you coxcomb ¹
I have fool'd too much

Lol You were best be mad another while then

Ant So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough,
And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury 148

Lol Do not, do not, I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do alas! I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come, I can give you comfort, my mistress loves you, and there is as arrant a mad-man i' th' house as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not if after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her

Ant May I believe thee?

Lol Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no

Ant She's eas'd of him, I've a good quarrel on't

Lol Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet 159

Ant Tell her I will deserve her love [Exit.

Lol And you are like to have your desire ¹

¹ "Qy 'desert'?"—*Dyce*

Enter FRANCISCUS

Fran [*sings*] *Down, down, down a-down a-down,—*
and then with a horse-trick ¹

To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bowstring

Lol This is t'other counterfeit, I'll put him out of his humour [*Aside Takes out a letter and reads*] *Sweet lady, having now cast [off] this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your beauty* This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran Ha! what's that? 170

Lol [*reads*] *Chide those perfections in you which [have] made me imperfect*

Fran I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you [*Reads*] *Yours all, or one beside himself,* FRANCISCUS This madman will mend sure

Fran What do you read, sirrah?

Lol Your destiny, sir, you'll be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know

Fran Art thou of counsel with thy mistress? 180

Lol Next her apron-strings

Fran Give me thy hand

Lol Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first [*putting letter into his pocket*] your hand is true,² is it not? it

¹ See note 3, vol II p 183

² Honest

will not pick ? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie

Fran Not in a syllable

Lol. So if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness 190

Fran And none but she can cure it

Lol Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next

Fran Take for thy pains past [Gives him money

Lol I shall deserve more, sir, I hope my mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her

Fran There I meet my wishes

Lol That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours 200

Fran He's dead already

Lol Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him ?

Fran Show me the man

Lol Ay, that's a right course now, see him before you kill him, in any case, and yet it needs not go so far neither, 'tis but a fool that haunts the house and my mistress in the shape of an idiot, bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well

Fran Soundly, soundly ! 210

Lol Only reserve him till the masque be past, and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you In, in ! my master ! [Dancing

Fran He handles him like a feather Hey ! [Exit

Enter ALIBIUS

Alib Well said in a readiness, Lollo ?

Lol Yes, sir

Alib Away then, and guide them in, Lollo :

Entreat your mistress to see this sight

Hark, is there not one incurable fool

That might be begg'd ?¹ I have friends.

Lol I have him for you,

One that shall deserve it too

[*Exit*

*Re-enter ISABELLA then re-enter LOLLIO with the
madmen and fools, who dance*

Alib Good boy, Lollo !

220

'Tis perfect well, fit but once these strains,

We shall have coin and credit for our pains

[*Exeunt*

¹ " *To beg a person for a fool*, to apply to be his guardian In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject See Blackstone, B 1 ch 8, § 18"—*Nares*

ACT V

SCENE I

A Gallery in the Castle

Enter BEATRICE a clock strikes one

Beat One struck, and yet she lies by't¹ O my fears¹
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace,
Makes havoc of my right, but she pays dearly for't,
No trusting of her life with such a secret,
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise,
Beside, I've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord,
And it must come from her [*clock strikes two*] hark¹ by
my honors, 10
Another clock strikes two¹

Enter DE FLORES

De F Pist¹ where are you?

Beat De Flores?

¹ Hist

De F Ay is she not come from him yet?

Beat As I'm a living soul, not!

De F. Sure the devil

Hath sow'd his itch within her, who would trust
A waiting-woman?

Beat I must trust somebody

De F Push¹ they're termagants,
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first-fruits, they're mad whelps,
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal then
You are so rash² and hardy, ask no counsel, 20
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's daughter
Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d] you
too

Beat O me, not yet! this whore forgets herself

De F The rascal fares so well look, you're undone,
The day-star, by this hand! see, Phosphorus plainyonder

Beat Advise me now to fall upon some ruin,
There is no counsel safe else

De F Peace! I ha't now,
For we must force a rising, there's no remedy

Beat How? take heed of that

De F Tush! be you quiet, or else give over all 30

Beat Prithce, I ha' done then

De F This is my reach I'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.

Beat. How? fire, sir? that may endanger the whole
house.

¹ Push

² Old ed "harsh"

De F You talk of danger when your fame's on fire ?

Beat That's true, do what thou wilt now

De F Push ! I aim

At a most rich success strikes all dead sure .

The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,

If Diaphanta should be met by chance then

Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious, 40

It would be thought her fears and affrights then

Drove her to seek for succour, if not seen

Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,

For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging ,

I will be ready with a piece high-chaig'd,

As 'twere to cleanse the chimney, there 'tis proper
now,

But she shall be the mark.

Beat I'm forc'd to love thee now,

'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour

De F 'Shld, it concerns the safety of us both,

Our pleasure and continuance.

Beat One word now, prithee , 50

How for the servants ?

De F I will despatch them,

Some one way, some another in the hurry,

For buckets, hooks, ladders, fear not you,

The deed shall find its time , and I've thought since

Upon a safe conveyance for the body too

How this fire purifies wit ! watch you your minute

Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray
from't

Enter Ghost of ALONZO

De F Ha ! what art thou that tak'st away the light
Betwixt that star and me ? I dread thee not 59
'Twas but a mist of conscience, all's clear again [*Exit*
Beat Who's that, De Flores ? bless me, it slides by !

[*Exit Ghost*

Some ill thing haunts the house, 't has left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me, I'm afraid now
This night hath been so tedious ! O this strumpet !
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last List ! O my terrors !
[*Clock strikes three*

Three struck by St Sebastian's !

Voices [within] Fire, fire, fire !

Beat Already ? how rare is that man's speed !
How heartily he serves me ! his face loathes one ,
But look upon his care, who would not love him ? 70
The east is not more beauteous than his service
Voices [within] Fire, fire, fire !

Re-enter DE FLORES Servants *pass over the stage*

De F Away, despatch ! hooks buckets, ladders ! that's
well said [*Bell rings within*
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge ,
The piece is ready [*Exit*.
Beat Here's a man worth loving !

Enter DIAPHANTA

O you're a jewel !

Dia Pardon frailty, madam ,
In troth, I was so well, I even forgot myself

Beat You've made trim work !

Dia What ?

Beat Hie quickly to your chamber ,
Your reward follows you

Dia I never made
So sweet a bargain

[*Exit*

Enter ALSEMERO

Als O, my dear Joanna,
Alas ! art thou risen too ? I was coming,
My absolute treasure !

80

Beat When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow

Als Thou'rt all sweetness
The fire is not so dangerous

Beat Think you so, sir ?

Als I prithee, tremble not , believe me, 'tis not

Enter VERMANDERO *and* JASPERINO

Ver O bless my house and me !

Als My lord your father

Re-enter DE FLORES *with a gun.*

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece ?

De F To scour the chimney

Ver O, well said, well said ! [*Exit DE FLORES*
That fellow's good on all occasions

Beat A wondrous necessary man, my lord 90

Ver He hath a ready wit, he's worth 'em all, sir,
Dog at a house of fire, I ha' seen him sing'd ere now —
[*Gun fired off within*

Ha, there he goes !

Beat 'Tis done ! [*Aside*

Als Come, sweet, to bed now,
Alas ! thou wilt get cold

Beat Alas ! the fear keeps that out !
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares,
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber

Ver How should the fire come there ?

Beat As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd
But in her chamber negligent and heavy 100
She 'scap'd a mine twice

Ver Twice ?

Beat Strangely twice, sir

Ver Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne'er so good

Re-enter DE FLORES

De F O poor virginity,
Thou hast paid dearly for't !

Ver Bless us, what's that ?

De F A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta's burnt

Beat My woman ! O my woman !

De F Now the flames
Are greedy of her, burnt, burnt, burnt to death,
sir!

Beat O my presaging soul!

Als Not a tear more!

I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us

Beat Now you tie me, 110
Were it my sister, now she gets no more

Enter Servant

Ver How now?

Ser All danger's past, you may now take
Your rests, my lords, the fire is throughly quench'd
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!

Beat De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her
I will entreat that honour to my servant
Even of my lord himself

Als Command it, sweetness

Beat Which of you spied the fire first?

De F 'Twas I, madam

Beat And took such pains in't too? a doubleⁿ good-
ness! 120

'Twere well he were rewarded

Ver He shall be —

De Flores, call upon me

Als And upon me, sir

[*Exeunt all except DE FLORES*]

De F Rewarded ? precious ! here's a trick beyond
me

I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit [Exit

SCENE II

Another Apartment in the Castle

Enter TOMASO

Tom I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship, and because
I'm ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother Ha ! what's he ?

DE FLORES passes over the stage

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores ,
But methinks honesty was hard bested 10
To come here for a lodging , as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me , the least occasion
Would give me game upon him , yet he's so foul
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he lov'd
And made account of , so most deadly venomous,

He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him, one must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight 20
In way of honest manhood that strikes him,
Some river must devour it, 'twere not fit
That any man should find it What, again?

Re-enter DE FLORES

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
T' infect my blood

De F My worthy noble lord!

Tom Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me?

[*Strikes him*

De F A blow!

[*Draws*

Tom Yea, are you so prepar'd?

I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,

Than like a politician by thy poison [Draws

De F Hold, my lord, as you are honourable! 30

Tom All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards

De F I cannot strike, I see his brother's wounds
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal — [Aside

I will not question this, I know you're noble,

I take my injury with thanks given, sir,

Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour

Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it —

Why this from him that yesterday appear'd

So strangely loving to me?

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain! 40

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again,

He came near me now [Aside and exit

Tom All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
Till I find this murderer, not so much
As common courtesy but I'll lock up,
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting

Enter VERMANDERO, ALIBIUS, and ISABELLA

Ver Noble Piracquo !

Tom Pray, keep on your way, sir,
I've nothing to say to you

Ver Comforts bless you, sir ! 50

Tom I've forsworn compliment, in troth I have, sir ,
As you are merely man, I have not left
A good wish for you, nor [for] any here

Ver Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us

Tom What news can that be ?

Ver Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 'tis worth more, sir ,
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law of your just vengeance 60

Tom

Ver To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers

Tom If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile [I threw] upon you,

I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs

Unto a sacred altar

[*Kneels*]

Ver [*raising him.*] Good sir, rise,
Why, now you overdo as much 'a this hand
As you fell short 'a t'other —Speak, Albius

Alib 'Twas my wife's fortune, as she is most lucky
At a discovery, to find out lately, 71
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio

Ver Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em

Alib Now that which draws suspicion to their habits,
The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder

Tom O blest revelation !

Ver Nay, more, nay, more, sir—I'll not spare mine
own

In way of justice—they both feign'd a journey 80
To Br[1]amata, and so wrought out their leaves,
My love was so abus'd in't

Tom Time's too precious
To run in waste now, you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase
Be my most happy conduct, I thirst for 'em
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em

[*Exeunt*]

Als Pray, resolve me one question, lady 20

Beat If I can

Als None can so sure are you honest?

Beat Ha, ha, ha ! that's a broad question, my lord

Als But that's not a modest answer, my lady

Do you laugh ? my doubts are strong upon me

Beat 'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek

Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to ?

Als 'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff, neither your smiles nor tears 30
Shall move or flatter me from my belief
You are a whore !

Beat What a horrid sound it hath !
It blasts a beauty to deformity ,
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly O, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again !

Als I'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left, let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling , there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion

Beat You may, sir , 40
It is an easy passage , yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love ,
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish

Als Unanswerable ,

A ground you cannot stand on, you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on it there was a visor
Over that cunning face, and that became you,
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't,
How comes this tender reconcilment else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing,
De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!

Beat Is there the cause?

Als Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!

Beat Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain!

Als It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta

Beat Is your witness dead then?

Als 'Tis to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery

Beat Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with,
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of, your love has made me
A cruel murderess

Als Ha!

Beat A bloody one,
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent

That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder 70
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me

Als O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance ! the temple,
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one ,
'Twas in my fears at first, 'twill have it now
O, thou art all deform'd !

Beat Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome ?

Als O, thou should'st have gone 80
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood ! here we are lost

Beat Remember, I am true unto your bed

Als. The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murder'd carcasses It must ask pause
What I must do in this, meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only enter my closet,

[*Exit BEATRICE into closet*]

I'll be your keeper yet O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin ? Ha !
This same fellow has put me in —

Enter DE FLORES.

De Flores 90

De F Noble Alsemero !

Als I can tell you

News, sir , my wife has her commended to you

De F That's news indeed, my lord , I think she
would

Commend me to the gallows if she could,

She ever loved me so well , I thank her

Als What's this blood upon your band, De Flores?

De F Blood ! no, sure 'twas wash'd since.

Als Since when, man ?

De F Since t'other day I got a knock

In a sword-and-dagger school , I think 'tis out

Als Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd though 100

I had forgot my message , this it is,

What price goes murder ?

De F How, sir ?

Als I ask you, sir ,

My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,

For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake

Upon Piracquo

De F Upon ? 'twas quite through him sure

Has she confess'd it ?

Als As sure as death to both of you ,

And much more than that

De F It could not be much more ,

'Twas but one thing, and that—she is a whore

Als I[t] could not choose but follow O cunning
devils !

How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints ?

Beat [within] He lies ! the villain does belie me ! 111

De F Let me go to her, sir

Als Nay, you shall to her —

Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard,

Take your prey to you, —get you in to her, sir

[*Exit DE FLORES into closet*]

I'll be your pander now, rehearse again

Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect

When you shall come to act it to the black audience,

Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you

Clip¹ your adulteress freely, 'tis the pilot

Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,

120

Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless

*Enter VERMANDERO, TOMASO, ALIBIUS, ISABELLA,
FRANCISCUS, and ANTONIO*

Ver O Alsemero ! I've a wonder for you

Als No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you

Ver I have suspicion near as proof itself

For Piracquo's murder

Als Sir, I have proof

Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder

Ver Beseech you, hear me, these who have been
disguis'd

E'er since the deed was done.

Als I have two other

That were more close disguis'd than your two could be

E'er since the deed was done

130

Ver You'll hear me—these mine own servants——

¹ Embrace

Als Hear me—those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless

Fran That may be done with easy truth, sir

Tom How is my cause bandied through your delays !
'Tis urgent in [my] blood, and calls for haste ,
Give me a brother [or] alive or dead ,
Alive, a wife with him , if dead, for both
A recompense, for murder and adultery

Beat [*within*] O, O, O !

140

Als Hark ! 'tis coming to you

De F [*within*] Nay, I'll along for company

Beat [*within*] O, O !

Ver What horrid sounds are these ?

Als Come forth, you twins
Of mischief !

Re-enter DE FLORES, *digging* in BEATRICE *wounded*

De F Here we are , if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not
Give you the hearing else , I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind

Ver An host of enemies enter'd my citadel 150
Could not amaze like this Joanna ! Beatrice ! Joanna !

Beat O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile you !
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health , look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor

[*Pointing to* DE FLORES

Ever hung¹ my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,
I ne'er could pluck it from him, my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd 160
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life —
Alsemero, I'm a stranger to your bed,
Your bed was cozen'd on the nuptial night,
For which your false bride died

Als Diaphanta?

De F Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break², now we are left in hell

Ver We are all there, it circumscribes [us] here

De F I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder

Tom Ha! my brother's murderer?

De F Yes, and her honour's prize 170
Was my reward, I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me

Ver Horrid villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures

De F No!

I can prevent you, here's my pen-knife still,
It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and now 'tis
cut —

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,

¹ Old ed "hang"

² *Barley break* or *the last couple in hell* was the name of a rural game
See Nares' *Glossary*, s. *BARLIBREAK*

I would not go to leave thee far behind [Dies 180

Beat Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive !

'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live [Dies

Ver O, my name's enter'd now in that record

Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read

Als Let it be blotted out, let your heart lose it,

And it can never look you in the face,

Nor tell a tale behind the back of life

To your dishonour, justice hath so right

The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

By proclamation, and may joy again —

190

Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done,

'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find

Tom Sir, I am satisfied, my injuries

Lie dead before me, I can exact no more,

Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake

Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,¹

To take a second vengeance, but there are wraths

Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em

Als What an opacous body had that moon

That last chang'd on us¹ here is beauty chang'd 200

To ugly whoredom, here servant-obedience

To a master-sin, imperious murder,

I, a supposed husband, chang'd embraces

With wantonness,—but that was paid before —

Your change is come too, from an ignorant wrath

To knowing friendship —Are there any more on's?

Ant Yes, sir, I was changed too from a little ass as I

¹ Old ed "thence"

was to a great fool as I am , and had like to ha' been
changed to the gallows, but that you know my innocence ¹
always excuses me 210

Fran I was chang'd from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose

Isa. Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own head

Alib I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and ne'er keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself

Als Sir, you have yet a son's duty living, 220
Please you, accept it , let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part ²—
All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child , 230
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd

[*Exeunt omnes*]

¹ (1) Guiltlessness, (2) idiocy

² The lines that follow are printed on a separate page in the old ed ,
with the heading *Epilogue* and prefix *Als*

THE SPANISH GIPSY.

*The Spanish Gipsie As it was Acted (with great Applause) at
the Privat House in Drury Lane, and Salisbury Court*

Written by $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{Thomas Middleton} \\ \text{and} \\ \text{William Rowley} \end{array} \right\}$ Gent

*Never Printed before London, Printed by J G for Richard Mas
riot in St Dunstons Church yard, Fleetstreet, 1653 4to*

Another ed appeared in 1661 4to

The Spanish Gipsy is included in the 4th vol of *A Continuation
of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

A "Note of such playes as were acted at court in 1623 and 1624,"
in Sir Henry Herbert's office book, records "Upon the fifth of
November att Whitehall, the prince being there only, *The Gipsy*,
by the Cockpitt company"—Malone's *Shakespeare*, ed 1821, vol
iii p 227

The plot is founded on two stories of Cervantes,—(1) *La Fuerza
de la Sangre*, (2) *La Gitanilla*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERNANDO DE AZEVIDA, *corregidor of Madrid*
PEDRO DE CORTES, } *two old Dons.*
FRANCISCO DE CARCOMO, }
RODERIGO, *son to Fernando.*
LOUIS DE CASTRO.
DIEGO, *his friend*
JOHN, *son to Francisco*
SANCHEZ, *a foolish gentleman and ward to Pedro*
SOTO, *a merry fellow, his man*
ALVAREZ DE CASTILLA, *an old lord disguised as the father of the*
gipsies
CARLO, }
ANTONIO, } *disguised as gipsies.*
and others, }
Servants

MARIA, *wife to Pedro*
CLARA, *their daughter*
GUIAMARA, *wife to Alvarez and sister to Fernando, disguised as the*
mother of the gipsies, and called by the name of Eugenia
CONSTANZA, *daughter to Fernando, disguised as a young Spanish*
gipsy, and called by the name of Pretiosa
CHRISTIANA, *a gentlewoman disguised as a gipsy*
CARDOCHIA, *a young hostess to the gipsies*

Scene, MADRID¹ and its neighbourhood

¹ Old eds "The Scene, Allegant" [*z e Alcant*]

THE SPANISH GIPSY.



ACT I

SCENE I

The Neighbourhood of Madrid

Enter RODERIGO, LOUIS, and DIEGO

Louis Roderigo¹

Diego Art mad?

Rod Yes, not so much with wine its as rare to see
a Spaniard¹ a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian
no whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts I
am no borachio,² sack, malaga, nor canary breeds the
calenture in my brains, mine eye mads me, not my
cups

¹ Dekker in *A Strange Horse Race*, 1613, bears strong testimony to the temperance of Spaniards —“The next contenders that followed these were an English Knight and a Spanish the Don was a temperate and very little feeder, and no drinker, *as all Spaniards are*, the Knight had been dubbed only for his valour in that service The Diego was a dapper fellow, of a free mind and a fair, bounteous of his purse, but sparing in his cups, as scorning to make his belly a wine cellar” —*Non-Dramatic Works*, ed Grosart, iii 338–339

² Drunkard Literally a Spanish term for a bottle made of skins

Louis What wouldst have us do ?

Rod Do ? 10

Diego So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen¹ we'll venture

Rod I ask no more I ha' seen a thing has bewitched me, a delicate body, but this in the waist [*showing the size by a sign*], foot and leg tempting, the face I had [only] a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the tree being so beautiful

Louis Prithee, to the point

Rod Here 'tis an old gentleman—no matter who he is—an old gentlewoman—I ha' nothing to do with her—but a young creature that follows them, daughter or servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have they are coming this way shall I have her? I must have her 23

Diego How, how?

Louis Thou speakest impossibilities

Rod Easy, easy, easy! I'll seize the young girl, stop you the old man, stay you the old woman

Louis How then?

Rod I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all, many of our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night They are weak and old, we young and sprightly will you assist me? 32

Louis Troth, Roderigo, anything in the way of honour

Rod For a wench, man, any course is honourable

¹ Ed. 1 "for a gentlemen"—Ed. 2 "for a gentleman"

Louis Nay, not any, her father, if he be¹ her father,
may be noble

Rod I am as noble

Louis Would the adventure were so¹

Rod Stand close, they come

Enter PEDRO, MARIA, and CLARA

Ped 'Tis late, would we were in Madrill!² 40

Mar Go faster, my lord

Ped Clara, keep close

[*LOUIS and DIEGO hold PEDRO and MARIA, while*

RODERIGO seizes CLARA

Cla Help, help, help!

Rod Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife

[*Exit, bearing off CLARA*

Ped What mean you, gentlemen?

Mar Villains! thieves! murderers!

Ped Do you [not] know me? I am De Cortes,
Pedro de Cortes

Louis De Cortes?—Diego, come away

[*Exit with DIEGO*

Ped Clara!—where is my daughter?

Mar Clara!—these villains 50

Have robb'd us of our comfort, and will, I fear,
Her of her honour

Ped This had not wont to be
Our Spanish fashion, but now our gallants,

¹ Omitted in ed 1

² Old form of Madrid

Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine,—
A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at,—
Commit these outrages —Clara !—Maria,
Let's homeward , I will raise Madrill to find
These traitors to all goodness —Clara !

Mar Clara !

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

Another Place in the Neighbourhood of Madrid

Enter LOUIS and DIEGO

Louis O Diego, I am lost, I am mad !

Diego So we are all

Louis 'Tis not with wine , I'm drunk with too much
horror,

Inflam'd with rage, to see us two made bawds
To Roderigo's lust did not the old man
Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes ?

Diego Sure he did

Louis O Diego, as thou lov'st me, nay, on the forfeit
Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name De Cortes ! stay, stay, stay !
Rodengo has into his father's house
A passage through a garden——

Diego Yes, my lord

10

Louis Thither I must, find Rodengo out,
And check him, check him home if he but dare—
No more !—Diego, along ! my soul does fight
A thousand battles blacker than this night

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III

A Bed-chamber in FERNANDO'S House

RODERIGO and CLARA discovered

Cla Though the black veil of night hath overclouded
The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
The sun will rise again, and then this act
Of my dishonour will appear before you
More black than is the canopy that shrouds it
What are you, pray? what are you?

Rod Husht—a friend, a friend

Cla A friend? be then a gentle ravisher,
An honourable villain as you have
Disrob'd my youth of nature's goodliest portion, 10
My virgin purity, so with your sword
Let out that blood which is infected now
By your soul-staining lust

Rod Pish!

Cla Are you noble?
I know you then will marry me, say!

Rod Umh

Cla Not speak to me? are wanton devils dumb?
How are so many harmless virgins wrought
By falsehood of prevailing words to yield
Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,
If every orator of folly plead
In silence, like this untongu'd piece of violence? 20
You shall not from me [Holding him

Rod Phew !—no more

Cla You shall not

Whoe'er you are, disease of nature's sloth,
Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden, I will hold you ,
I will be rough, and therein merciful,
I will not loose my hold else

Rod There , 'tis gold [Offers money]

Cla Gold ? why, alas ! for what ? the hire of pleasure

Perhaps is payment, mine is misery ,
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,
More than a bleeding heart

Rod Nay, then, you're troublesome , 30
I'll lock you safe enough. [Shakes her off, and exit]

Cla They cannot fear

Whom grief hath arm'd with hate and scorn of life
Revenge, I kneel to thee ! alas ! 'gainst whom ?
By what name shall I pull confusion down
From justice on his head that hath betray'd me ?
I know not where I am up, I beseech thee,
Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,
And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance !
It is a chamber sure , the guilty bed,
Sad evidence against my loss of honour, 40
Assures so much . What's here, a window-curtain ?
O heaven, the stars appear too ha, a chamber,
A goodly one ? dwells rape in such a paradise ?
Help me, my quicken'd senses ! 'tis a garden
To which this window guides the covetous prospect,

A large one and a fair one, in the midst
A curious alabaster¹ fountain stands,
Fram'd like—like what? no matter—swift, remem-
brance¹

Rich furniture within too? and what's this?
A precious crucifix¹ I have enough 50
[*Takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her bosom*]

Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent¹

Re-enter RODERIGO

Rod Now

Cla Welcome, if you come armed in destruction
I am prepar'd to die

Rod Tell me your name,
And what you are

Cla You urge me to a sin
As cruel as your lust, I dare not grant it
Think on the violence of my defame,
And if you mean to write upon my grave
An epitaph of peace, forbear to question
Or whence or who I am I know the heat
Of your desires are,² after the performance 60
Of such a hellish act, by this time drown'd
In cooler streams of penance,³ and for my part,

¹ Old form of *alabaster*

² So the old eds Dyce reads "is," but elsewhere (*Marlowe*, stereot ed, p. 166) he observes that "examples of similar phraseology,—of a nominative singular followed by a plural verb when a plural genitive intervenes,—are common in our early writers"

³ Penitence

I have washed off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame in true and honest tears ,
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory ,
Let it lie buried with me in the dust ,
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live
Be resolute, and do not stagger , do not, 70
For I am nothing

Rod Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance

Cla Ha, enjoy me ?
Insufferable villain !

Rod Peace, speak low ,
I mean no second force , and since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily, that could you be yourself
Eye-witness to my constant vow'd repentance,
Trust me, you'd pity me

Cla Sir, you can speak now

Rod So much I am the executioner 80
Of mine own trespass, that I have no heart
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality ,
You must excuse me that , but, trust me, fair one,
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him
Whom my first birth presented to the world
This for your satisfaction what remains,

That you can challenge as a service from me,
I both expect and beg it

Cla First, that you swear,
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion 90
Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravish'd maid

Rod As I love truth, I swear¹

Cla Next, that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise

Rod Say more

Cla Live¹ a new man if e'er you marry—
O me, my heart's a-breaking!—but if e'er
You marry, in a constant love to her
That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
Of my undoing I am lost for ever 100
Pray, use no more words

Rod You must give me leave
To veil you close

Cla Do what you will, no time
Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours

[*RODERIGO throws a veil over her*

Shall we now go?

Rod My shame may live without me,
But in my soul I bear my guilt about me
Lend me your hand, now follow

[*Exeunt*

¹ "Is one of several important corrections made with a pen in a copy of the first 4to, by some early possessor, who, as he has also inserted some additions to the text, had, in all probability, seen a manuscript of the piece—Both eds 'Lay,' which, before the copy just mentioned came into my hands, I had altered to 'lay'—*Dyce*

SCENE IV

*Before FERNANDO'S House**Enter LOUIS, DIEGO, and Servant**Louis* Not yet come in, not yet ?*Ser* No, I'll assure your lordship, I've seldom known him

Keep out so long, my lord usually observes
More seasonable hours

Louis What time of night is't ?*Ser* On the stroke of three*Louis* The stroke of three ? 'tis wondrous strange !
Dost hear ?——*Ser* My lord ?

Louis Ere six I will be here again,
Tell thy lord so, ere six 'a must not sleep
Or if 'a do, I shall be bold to wake him
Be sure thou tell'st him, do

Ser My lord, I shall [*Enters the house* 10

Louis Diego,
Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado,
I'll round the west part of the city meet me
At the Inquisition-chapel, if we miss him,
We'll both back to his lodgings

Diego At the chapel ?*Louis* Ay, there we'll meet*Diego* Agreed, I this way[*Exit LOUIS as DIEGO is going out,*

Enter JOHN reading

John She is not noble, true, wise nature meant
 Affection should ennoble¹ her descent,
 For love and beauty keeps, as rich a seat
 Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great
 I am resolv'd 20
[Exit

Diego 'Tis Roderigo certainly,
 Yet his voice makes me doubt, but I'll o'erhear him
[Exit

SCENE V

*A Street**Enter LOUIS*

Louis That I,² I, only I should be the man
 Made accessory and a party both
 To mine own torment, at a time so near
 The birth of all those comforts I have travail'd with
 So many, many hours of hopes and fears,
 Now at the instant—

Enter RODERIGO

Ha! stand! thy name,
 Truly and speedily
Rod Don Louis?
Louis The same,
 But who art thou? speak!

¹ Old eds "enable"² Old eds "That if only I, 'ac

Rod Roderigo

Louis Tell me,

As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
You hope to be enroll'd amongst the virtuous, 10
As you love goodness, as you wish t' inherit
The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
As you're my friend, as you are Roderigo,
As you are anything that would deserve
A worthy name, where have you been to-night ?
O, how have you dispos'd of that fair creature
Whom you led captive from me ? speak, O speak !
Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her ?
Truth, I require all truth

Rod Though I might question
The strangeness of your importunity, 20
Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height
Of curiosity, I will be plain
And brief

Louis I thank you, sir

Rod Instead of feeding
Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
Such a commanding majesty of chaste
And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
The float¹ of those desires, which in an instant
Were cool'd in their own streams of shame and folly 30
Louis Now all increase of honours

¹ Flow, flood

Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,
The best man living !

Rod You are much transported
With this discourse, methinks

Louis Yes, I am
She told ye her name too ?

Rod I could not urge it
By any importunity

Louis Better still !
Where did you leave her ?

Rod Where I found her, farther
She would by no means grant me to wait on her
O Louis, I am lost !

Louis This self-same lady
Was she to whom I have been long a suitor, 40
And shortly hope to marry

Rod She your mistress, then ? *Louis*, since friendship
And noble honesty conjures our loves
To a continu'd league, here I unclasp
The secrets of my heart O, I have had
A glimpse of such a creature, that deserves
A temple ! if thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,
For who can look on her, and not give up
His life unto her service ?—if thou lov'st her,
For pity's sake conceal her, let me not 50
As much as know her name, there's a temptation ¹ in't,
Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
Or anything that she calls hers, but thee,

¹ Temptation

In thee, my friend, I'll see her and t' avoid
The surfeits and those rarities that tempt me,
So much I prize the happiness of friendship,
That I will leave the city——

Louis Leave it?

Rod Speed me

For Salamanca, court my studies now
For physic 'gainst infection of the mind

Louis You do amaze me

Rod Here to live, and live

60

Without her, is impossible and wretched
For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,
Or that you know me ' and when I find that absence
Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
To see ye again Meantime, the cause that draws me
From hence shall be to all the world untold,
No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only
I undertake this voluntary exile,
Shall be partaker of my griefs thy hand,
Farewell, and all the pleasures, joys, contents,
That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
A happy bridegroom ' 70

Louis You have conquer'd friendship
Beyond example

Enter DIEGO

Diego Ha, ha, ha ' some one
That hath slept well to night, should a' but see me
Thus merry by myself, might justly think
I were not well in my wits

Louis Diego?

Diego Yes,

'Tis I, and I have had a fine fegary,¹
The rarest wildgoose chase!

Louis 'T had made thee melancholy

Diego Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him
For though I miss'd him, yet I met an accident So
Has almost made me burst with laughter

Louis How so?

Diego I'll tell you as we pite,² I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures, him I dogg'd,
Supposing 't had been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage he stole to-night

Rod You're pleasant

Louis Pristhee, who was't?

Rod Not I

Diego You're i' the right, not you indeed,
For twas that noble gentleman Don John, 90
Son to the Count Francisco de Carcomo

Louis In love, it seems?

Diego Yes, pepper'd, on my life,
Much good may't do him, I'd not be so lin'd²
For my cap full of double pistolets

Louis What should his mistress be?

Diego That's yet a riddle

¹ Vagary

² "Qy 'lin'd?"—*Dyce*

Beyond my resolution , but of late
I have observ'd him oft to frequent the sports
The gipsies newly come to th' city present

Louis It is said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty, 100
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports her not without admiration

Diego Have you seen her ?

Louis Never

Diego Nor you, my lord ?

Rod I not remember

Diego Why, then, you never saw the prettiest toy
That ever sung or danc'd

Louis Is she a gipsy ?

Diego In her condition, not in her complexion
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze , the sweetest,
The wittiest rogue ! shall's see 'em ? they've fine
gambols, 110

Are mightily frequented , court and city
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship
This little ape gets money by the sack-full,
It trolls upon her

Louis Will ye with us, friend ?

Rod You know my other projects , sights to me
Are but vexations

Louis O, you must be merry !—
Diego, we'll to th' gipsies

Diego Best take heed
You be not snapp'd

Louis How snapp'd?

Diego By that little fairy,

'T has a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue

Louis I fear not either

Diego Go, then

Louis Will you with us?

120

Rod I'll come after — [*Exeunt LOUIS and DIEGO*]

Pleasure and youth like smiling evils woo us

To taste new follies, tasted, they undo us [*Exit*]

ACT II

SCENE I

A Room in an Inn

Enter ALVAREZ, CARLO, and ANTONIO, disguised as gipsies.

Alv Come, my brave boys! the tailor's shears has cut us into shapes fitting our trades

Car A trade free as a mason's

Ant A trade brave as a courtier's, for some of them do but shark, and so do we

Alv. Gipsies, but no tanned ones, no red-ochre rascals umbered with soot and bacon as the English gipsies are, that sally out upon pullen,¹ lie in ambuscado for a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters, no, our stile has higher steps to climb over, Spanish gipsies, noble gipsies

11

Car I never knew nobility in baseness

Alv Baseness? the arts of *Cocoquismo* and *Germania*,²

¹ Poultry

² "Alvarez proceeds to explain his meaning, but I may just observe that *Cocoquismo* should perhaps be *Cacoquismo*, formed from the Spanish

used by our Spanish picka-poes¹—I mean filching, foisting,² nimming, jilting—we defy, none in our college shall study 'em, such graduates we degrade

Ant I am glad Spain has an honest company

Alv We'll entertain no mountebanking stroll,
No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,
No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer, 20
We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base
Am I your major-domo, your teniente,³
Your captain, your commander?

Ant Who but you?

Alv So then now being entered Madrill, the enchanted circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons

Car } We listen
Ant }

Alv Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in th' opinion of the best, grandoes,⁴ dukes, marquesses, condes, and other titulados, show your sports to none but them what can you do with three or four foo's in a dish, and a blockhead cut into sippets? 31

Ant Scurvy meat!

Alv The Lacedemonians threw their beards over

caco, a pickpocket (unless indeed it has some affinity with the phrase *hacer cocos*, to wheedle), and that *Germania* signifies, in that language, the jargon of the gypsies. See Neumann's *Span. and Engl. Dict.* in v. 11.—*Dyce*

¹ Rogues, thieves

² See note 6, vol. iv. p. 133

³ Lieutenant (*Span.*)

⁴ *z e*, grandoes.—Cf. Heywood's *Changeling for Beauty*. "Ay, and I assure your Ladyship, allied to the best grandoes of Spain" (*Works*, ed. Pearson, v. 10)

their shoulders, to observe what men did behind them as well as before, you must do[t]

Car We¹ shall never do't

Ant Our muzzles are too short

Alv Be not English gipsies, in whose company a man's not sure of the ears of his head, they so pilfer¹ no such angling,² what you pull to land catch fair there is no iron so foul but may be gilded, and our gipsy profession, how base soever in show, may acquire commendations

43

Car Gipsies, and yet pick no pockets?

Alv Infamous and roguish¹ so handle your webs, that they never come to be woven in the loom of justice take anything that's given you, purses, knives, handkerchers, rosaries, tweezer³, any toy, any money, refuse not a marvedl,⁴ a blank⁵ feather by feather birds build nests, grain pecked up after grain makes pullen fat

50

¹ "We shall short"—In the old eds these words form one speech, with the prefix *Both*

² Dekker in the *Bellman of London*, 1608, gives a particular description of the rogues known as *Anglers* "The rod they angle with," he informs us, "is a staff of five or six foot in length, in which within one inch of the top is a little hole bored quite through, in which hole they put an iron hook, and with the same do they angle at windows about midnight, the draught they pluck up being apparel, sheets, coverlets, or whatsoever their iron hooks can lay hold of"—*Non Dramatic Works*, ed Grosart, iii 95

³ Tweezers

⁴ A small Spanish copper coin

⁵ "Blanguilla, doit, a very small coin"—Neuman's *Span and Engl Dict* in v *Blanks* 'are said to be coins struck by Henry V in France of baser alloy than sterling [silver], and running for eightpence They were called Blanks or Whites from their colour'—Ruding's *Ann of the Coinage*, vol ii p 8, ed 4to—*Dyce*

Ant The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders

Alv If one city cannot maintain us, away to another !
our horses must have wings Does Madrid yield no money ? Seville shall , is Seville closefisted ? Valladolid ¹ is open , so Cordova,² so Toledo Do not our Spanish wines please us ? Italian can then, French can Preferment's bow is hard to draw, set all your strengths to it , what you get, keep , all the world is a second Rochelle,³ make all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner served in with trumpets 60

Car No, no, sack-buts ⁴ shall serve us

Alv When you have money, hide it , sell all our horses but one

Ant Why one ?

Alv 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the better None be sluttish, none thievish, none lazy , all bees no drones, and our hives shall yield us honey

*Enter GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, disguised
as gipsies, and CARDOCHIA*

Const See, father, how I'm fitted how do you like
This our new stock of clothes ?

¹ Old eds " Valladolid "

² Old eds " Cordica "

³ " In the time of our poets, seems to have been a general asylum for those persecuted Protestants who knew not where to go, and Alvarer intimates that the whole world was equally open to people of their description, who had no settled home "—Editor of 1816

⁴ Cf (for the pun) *The Mayor of Quecnborough*, iii 3, l 231

Alv My sweet girl, excellent — 70
See their old robes be safe

Card That, sir, I'll look to
Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,
I'll make the[e] satisfaction

Alv Thanks, good hostess¹

Card People already throng into the inn,
And call for you into their private rooms

Alv No chamber-comedies hostess, ply you your
tide, flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll show no pastime
till after dinner, and that in a full ring of good people,
the best, the noblest, no closet-sweetmeats, pray tell
'em so 81

Card I shall [Exit

Alv How old is Pictiosa?

Gut Twelve and upwards

Const I am in my teens, assure you, mother, as little
as I am, I have been taken for an elephant, castles and
lordships offered to be set upon me, if I would bear 'em
why, your smallest clocks are the prettiest things to
carry about gentlemen

Gut Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted 89

Const Tempted? though I am no mark in respect of
a huge butt, yet I can tell you great bubbers¹ have shot

¹ "Which Nares (*Gloss* in v) would alter to 'lubbbers,' is (see Grose's *Class Dict of Vulg Tongue*, in v) a vulgarised form of *bibbers*, Constanza having used the word *butt* in the double sense of *mark* and *liquor-vessel*"—Dyce

at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself gave aim,¹
 thus,—wide, four bows, short, three and a half they
 that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of Galicia,
 a parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack a
 wanton's almond²

Alv Thou art, my noble girl a many dons
 Will not believe but that thou art a boy
 In woman's³ clothes, and to try that conclusion,
 To see if thou be'st alchumy⁴ or no, 100
 They'll throw down gold in musses,⁵ but, Pretiosa,
 Let these proud sakers⁶ and gerfalcons fly,
 Do not thou move a wing, be to thyself
 Thyself,⁷ and not a changeling

Const How? not a changeling?
 Yes, father, I will play the changeling,
 I'll change myself into a thousand shapes,
 To court our brave spectators, I'll change my postures
 Into a thousand different variations,
 To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine,
 I'll change my voice into a thousand tones, 110
 To chain attention not a changeling, father?
 None but myself⁸ shall play the changeling

¹ So ed 1—Ed 2 "give" (The person who gave aim stood near the butt and indicated how far the arrow fell from the mark)

² *Almond for a parrot* was an old proverbial expression

³ Old eds "womens"

⁴ Alchemy—See note, vol III p 163

⁵ "In musses"—to be scrambled for See Nares s Mussy

⁶ A species of hawk

⁷ "A MS addition in copy of the first 4to See note [p 125]"—Dyce

⁸ Perhaps the actor who took the part of Constanza had previously played Antonio in *The Changeling*.

Alv Do what thou wilt, Pretiosa

[*A knocking within*

What noise is this ?

Re-enter CARDOCHIA.

Card Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain
they have seen you, must see you, and will see you

Alv To drown this noise let 'em enter

[*Exit CARDOCHIA*

Enter SANCHE and SOTO

San Is your playhouse an inn,¹ a gentleman cannot
see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak ?

Soto Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a
diminutive don too 120

San Is this the little ape does the fine tricks ?

Const Come aloft,² Jack little ape !

San. Would my jack might come aloft ! please you
to set the watermill with the ivory cogs³ in't a-grinding
my handful of purging comfits [Offers comfits

Soto My master desires to have you loose from your
company

Const Am I pigeon, think you, to be caught with
cummin-seeds ?⁴ a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats,
and so be ta'en ? 130

¹ Plays were frequently acted in inn-yards, on such occasions the audience would not be very select

² *Come aloft, Jackanapes* ! was the cry of the ape ward when the ape was to go through his feats of agility

³ The teeth of the mill-wheel

⁴ "Were used for luring pigeons to a dovecote"—*Dyce*

San When do your gambols begin ?

Alv Not till we ha' dined.

San 'Foot, then your bellies will be so full, you'll be able to do nothing —Soto, prithee, set a good face on't, for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter

Soto Walk off and hum to yourself [*SANCHO retires*]
—I dedicate, sweet Destiny, into whose hand every Spaniard desires to put a distaff, these lines of love

[*Offering a paper to CONSTANZA*]

Gui What love ? what's the matter ?

Soto Grave mother Bumby,¹ the mark's out a' your mouth

141

Alv What's the paper ? from whom comes it ?

Soto The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses, the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon² fire-brained bastard of Helicon

San Hum, hum³

Alv What's your master's name ?

Soto His name is Don Tomazo Portacareco, nuncle⁴ to young Don Hortado de Mendonza, cousin-german to the Conde de Tindilla, and natural brother to Francisco de Bavadilla, one of the commendadors of Alcantara, a gentleman of long standing

152

*Alv*⁵ And of as long a style

¹ A famous fortune-teller she figures in one of Lyly's plays

² Old eds "you"

³ "'San Hum, hum'—A MS addition in copy of the first 4to See note [p 125]—*Dyce*

⁴ Uncle a corruption of *mine uncle*

⁵ This remark of Alvarez is not in the old eds, but is one of the MS additions in Dyce's copy of ed 1

Const Verses? I love good ones, let me see 'em
[*Taking paper*]

San [*advancing*] Good ones? if they were not good ones, they should not come from me, at the name of verses I can stand on no ground

Const Here's gold too! whose is this?

San Whose but yours? If there be¹ any fault in the verses, I can mend it extempore, for a stitch in a man's stocking not taken up in time, ravel out all the rest 161

Soto Botcherly poetry, botcherly! [*Aside*]

Const Verses and gold! these then are golden verses.

San. Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it should be thine

Const A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that, do you wish me blind?²

San Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's rhymes³ but mine

Const I should be blind indeed then⁴ 170

Alv Pray, sir, read your verses

San Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?

Alv Which you can best

Soto Both scurvily [*Aside*]

San I'll set out a throat then

¹ Old eds "been"

² "The whitish spots in the eye, arising from the small pox or other causes, and occasioning blindness, are still frequently called pearls"—Editor of 1816

³ "A MS correction in copy of the first 4to. See note [p. 125] Old eds 'crime'"—*Dyce*

⁴ "A MS. addition, *ibid*"—*Dyce*

Soto Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back ¹

San [sings]

O that I were a bee to sing

Hum, buz, buz, hum ! I first would bring

Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting

Soto [sings] *He maunders* ² 181

San [sings]

O that I were a goose, to feed

At your barn-door ! such corn I need,

Nor would I bite, but goslings breed

Soto [sings] *And ganders*

San [sings]

O that I were your needle's eye !

How through your linen would I fly,

And never leave one stitch awry !

Soto [sings] *He'll touse ye*

San [sings]

O would I were one of your hairs,

That you might comb out all my cares

And kill the nits of my despairs !

Soto [sings] *O lousy !*

San How ? lousy ? can rhymes be lousy ?

Const }
Car &c ³ } No, no, they're excellent

Alv But are these all your own ?

San Mine own ? would I might never see ink drop

¹ "' *Soto* Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back ' An other MS addition"—*Dyce*

² Whines like a beggar

³ Old eds "Omnes"

out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em¹ Do you like 'em?

Const Past all compare? 200

They shall be writ out when you've as good or better,
For these and those, pray, book me down your debtor
Your paper is long-liv'd, having two souls,
Verses and gold

San Would both those were in thy¹ pretty little body,
sweet gipsy!

Const A pistolet² and this paper? 'twould choke me

Soto No more than a bribe does a constable the
verses will easily into your head, then buy what you like
with the gold, and put it into your belly I hope I ha'
chawed a good reason for you 211

San Will you chaw my jennet ready, sir?

Soto And eat him down, if you say the word [*Exit*

San Now the cockcomb my man is gone, because
you're but a country company of strolls, I think your
stock is threadbare, here mend it with this cloak

[*Giving his cloak*

Alv What do you mean, sir?

San This scarf, this feather, and this hat

[*Giving his scarf, &c*

Alv } Dear signor!—
Car &c³ }

San If they be never so dear —pox o' this hot ruff!
little gipsy, wear thou that [*Giving his ruff* 221

¹ Old eds "thee"

² (1), Small coin, (2) small pistol

³ Old eds "Omnes"

Alv Your meaning, sir?

San My meaning is, not to be an ass, to carry a burden when I need not If you show your gambols forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em—Farewell, old greybeard,—adieu, mother mumble-crust,—to-morrow, my little wart of beauty [Exit.

Enter behind JOHN, muffled

Alv So, harvest will come in, such sunshine days
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise
Away to your task

230

[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, CHRISTIANA, CARLO, and
ANTONIO, and as GUIAMARA and CON-
SIANZA are going out, JOHN pulls the
latter back

Const Mother! grandmother!

John Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

Gui Be not uncivil, sir, thus have you used her
thrice

John Thrice? three thousand more may I not use
mine own?

Const Your own! by what tenure?

237

John Cupid entails this land upon me, I have wooed
thee, thou art coy by this air, I am a bull of Tarifa,
wild, mad for thee! you told! I was some copper coin,
I am a knight of Spain, Don Francisco de Carcomo my
father, I Don John his son, this paper tells you more.
[*Gives paper*—Grumble not, old granam, here's gold

¹ "Qy 'trowed??"—*Dyce*

[*gives money*], for I must, by this white hand, marry this cherry-lipped, sweet mouthed villain

Const There's a thing called *quando*

John Instantly

Guz Art thou so willing?

John Peace, threescore and five ! 249

Const Marry me? eat a chicken ere it be out o' th' shell? I'll wear no shackles, liberty is sweet, that I have, that I'll hold Marry me? can gold and lead mix together? a diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring? You are too high for me, I am too low, you too great, I too little

Guz I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold again

Const. Or if you doat, as you say, let me try you do this

John Anything, kill the great Turk, pluck out the Mogul's eye-teeth,¹ in earnest, Pretiosa, anything! 260

Const Your task² is soon set down, turn gipsy³ for two years, be one of us, if in that time you mislike not me nor I you, here's my hand farewell [Exit

¹ This was one of the exploits that Huon of Bordeaux had to perform "Brynge me thy handfull of the here of hys [Admiral Grudys] berde and in of hys grettest teth," was Charlemagne's command (*Huon of Burdeux*, ed S L Lee, p 50) Cf Cartwright's *Siege of Wols*, 1651, p 157) —

"Fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard!
No more? I'd thought you have bid me pull
The Parthian king by th' beard, or draw an eye tooth
From the jaw royal of the Persian monarch"

² Old eds "taste" and "tast"

³ "Vincent and Hilliard are required by Rachel and Meriel, in the *Journal Crew* of Brome, to give a similar proof of their affection" — Editor of 1816

Guz There's enough for you! gold — Witty child !

[*Aside, and exit*

John Turn gipsy for two years ? a capering trade ,
And I in th' end may keep a dancing-school,
Having serv'd for it , gipsy I must turn
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn ! [Exit

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of PEDRO

Enter CLARA

Cla I have offended , yet, O heaven, thou know'st
How much I have abhorr'd, even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodest folly !
Yet I have fallen , thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive

Enter PEDRO and MARIA

Ped Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too much

Mar Yes, girl, thou dost

Ped Why should we fret our eyes out with our tears,
Weary [heaven with ¹] complaints ? 'tis fruitless, childish
Impatience , for when mischief hath wound up 10
The full weight of the ravisher's foul life
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul

¹ The bracketed words were added by the editor of 1816.

To a much lower, much more lasting ruin
Than our joint wrongs can challenge

*Mar*¹ Darkness itself
Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam
For a discovery, and be [thou] sure,
Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
Hath robb'd thee of the jewel held so precious,
Our vengeance shall be noble

Ped Royal, anything 20
Till then let's live securely, to proclaim
Our sadness were mere vanity

Cla 'A needs not,
I'll study to be merry

Ped We are punish'd,
Maria, justly, covetousness to match
Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,
Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us

Mar I fear it has
Ped Off with this face of grief
Here² comes Don Louis

Enter LOUIS and DIEGO

Noble sir

Louis My lord,
I trust I have you[r] and your lady's leave
T' exchange a word with your fair daughter.

Ped Leave 30
And welcome —Hark, Maria.—You ear too

¹ Old eds " *Ped* "

² To this line the old eds give the prefix " *Die* " (*Diego*)

Diego Mine, my lord?

Louis Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,
And now desire you would at last be pleas'd
To style me yours

Clara Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart respected
Than I have you, yet you must, sir, excuse me,
If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
My younger days allow

Louis But shall I hope?

Clara You will do injury to better fortunes,
To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
Which I beseech you not to slack

Louis Then hear me,
If ever I embrace another choice,
Until I know you elsewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin!

Clara O me!

Louis Why sigh you, lady?

Clara 'Deed, my lord,
I am not well

Louis Then all discourse is tedious,
I'll choose some fitter time, till when,¹ fair Clara——

Clara You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir,
That's all that I dare promise

Louis Diego.

Diego My lord?

Louis What says Don Pedro?

50

¹ So ed 1.—Ed 2 "then,"

Diego He'll go with you

Louis Leave us —

[*Exit* DIEGO]

Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?

Ped Withdraw, Maria, we'll follow presently

[*Exit* MARIA and CLARA]

Louis The great corregidor, whose politic stream
Of popularity glides on the shore
Of every vulgar praise, hath often urg'd me
To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty
For a repeal from banishment for him
Who slew my father, compliments in vows
And strange well-studied promises of friendship, 60
But what is new to me, still as he courts
Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
Still he protests how ignorant he is
Whether Alvarez be alive or dead
To-morrow is the day we have appointed
For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,
The earl of Carcomo, now, my good lord,
The sum of my request is, you will please
To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
Our joint accord consists

Ped You shall command it

70

Louis But first, as you are noble, I beseech you
Help me with your advice what you conceive
Of great Fernando's importunity,
Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
Survive or not?

Ped It is a question, sir,
Beyond my resolution I remember

The difference betwixt your noble father
And Conde de Alvarez, how it sprung
From a mere trifle first, a cast¹ of hawks,
Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount
highest, 80

Lie longest on the wing from change of words
Their controversy grew to blows, from blows
To parties, thence to faction, and, in short,
I well remember how our streets were frighted
With brawls, whose end was blood, till, when no friends
Could mediate their discords, by the king
A reconciliation was enforc'd,
Death threaten'd [to] the first occasioner
Of breach, besides the confiscation
Of lands and honours yet at last they met 90
Again, again they drew to sides, renew'd
Their ancient quarrel, in which dismal uproar
Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez
Alvarez fled, and after him the doom
Of exile was se[n]t out he, as report
Was bold to voice, retir'd himself to Rhodes,
His lands and honours by the king bestow'd
On you, but then an infant

Louis Ha, an infant?

Ped His wife, the sister to the corregidor,
With a young daughter and some few that follow'd her,
By stealth were shipp'd for Rhodes, and by a storm 101
Shipwreck'd at sea but for the banish'd Conde,

¹ "Cast of hawks" = couple of hawks

'Twas never yet known what became of him
Here's all I can inform you

Louis A repeal?

Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, anything
That may by possibility of friends
Or money, I'll attempt

Ped 'Tis a brave charity

Louis Alas! poor lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loss was usury more than I covet,
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony 110
For his repeal, and run about the world
To find him out, there is no peace can dwell
About my father's tomb, till I have sacrific'd
Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd ashes
You will along with me?

Ped You need not question it

Louis I have strange thoughts about me two such
furies

Revel amidst my joys as well may move
Distraction in a saint, vengeance and love
I'll follow, sir

Ped Pray, lead the way, you know it — [*Exit LOUIS*]

Enter SANCHO without his cloak,¹ &c, and SOTO

How² now? from whence come you, sir? 120

San From fleaing³ myself, sir

¹ See p. 144

² These words are given to Soto in the old eds.

³ Old form of *flaying*

Soto From playing with fencers, sir, and they have beat him out of his clothes, sir

Ped Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice¹

San Nor cards neither

Soto This was one of my master's dog-days, and he would not sweat too much.

San It was mine own goose, and I laid the giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher you are my guardian, best beg me for a fool¹ now 130

Soto He that begs one begs t'other [*Aside*

Ped Does any gentleman give away his things thus?

San Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too.

Soto To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched for their labour.

Ped Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb?

San If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

Ped Thy father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever spake the haut² Castilian tongue 140

San Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave³ as he

Ped This is the ninth time thou hast play'd the ass,
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth
To cover others, and go nak'd thyself

San I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with you.

¹ "Beg me for a fool" See note, p. 91

² "ze high, lofty 'to brave his enemy in the rich and lofty Castilian [tongue]'"—Dekker's *English Villanies*, &c., sig. M 4, ed. 1632—*Dyce*

³ (1) Finely attired, (2) valiant

Ped Once more your broken walls shall have new hangings

Soto To be well hung is all our desire

Ped And what course take you next?

San What course? why, my man Soto and I will go make some maps 150

Ped What maps?

Soto Not such maps¹ as you wash houses with, but maps of countries

San I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him, an aunt in Siena in Italy, I'll go see her

Soto A cousin of mine in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar.²

San There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her

Soto Another in England, I'll go tackle her 160

Ped So, so¹ and where's the money to do all this?

San If my woods,³ being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks

Soto And if his acres, being sold for a marved⁴ a turf for larks⁵ in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em to gold-finders⁶

¹ Mops

² "The clown in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v sc 2, makes use of a similar expression 'He did measure the stirs with a false yard, and may now *travel to Rome with a mortar on 's head*, to see if he can recover his money' On this Mason observes 'One class of presidents in the parliament of Paris were styled *presidents à mortier*, from a cap they wore resembling in shape a mortar' —Editor of 1816 The expression was proverbial

³ Old eds "wookes"

⁴ See note 4, p 136

⁵ Old eds "markes" and "marks"

⁶ A person who cleaned a jakes was jocularly styled a *gold-finder*

Ped You'll gallop both to the gallows, so fare you well. [*Exit*

San And be hanged you! new clothes, you'd best

Soto Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one 170

San We'll live as merrily as beggars, let's both turn gipsies

Soto By any means, if they cog, we'll lie, if they toss, we'll tumble

San Both in a belly, rather than fail

Soto Come, then, we'll be gipsified

San And tipsified too

Soto And we will show such tricks and such rare gambols,

As shall put down the elephant¹ and camels [*Exeunt*

¹ Frequent mentions are made of performing elephants See *Malowe*, ed Bullen, iii 217, *Jonson*, ed Gifford, 1875, ii 144

ACT III

SCENE I.

A Street

Enter RODERIGO disguised as an Italian

Rod A thousand stings are in me O, what vild¹
prisons

Make we our bodies to our immortal souls¹
Brave tenants to bad houses, 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty lodging the soul, the mistress,
The body, the caroch that carries her,
Sins the swift wheels that hurry her away,
Our will, the coachman rashly driving on,
Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown
My body yet 'scapes bruises, that known thief
Is not yet call'd to th' bar there's no true sense 10
Of pain but what the law of conscience
Condemns us to, I feel that Who would lose
A kingdom for a cottage? an estate
Of perpetuity for a man's life

¹ Vile

For annuity of that life, pleasure? a spark
To those celestial fires that burn about us ,
A painted star to that bright firmament
Of constellations which each night are set
Lighting our way , yet thither how few get !
How many thousand in Madrill drink off 20
The cup of lust, and laughing, in one month,
Not whining as I do ! Should this sad lady
Now meet me, do I know her? should this temple,
By me profan'd, lie in the ruins here,
The pieces would scarce show her me would they did !
She's mistress to Don Louis , by his steps,
And this disguise, I'll find her To Salamanca
Thy father thinks thou'rt gone , no, close here stay ,
Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way
Who are¹ these ? 30

Enter SANCHO and SOTO disguised as Gipsies

San Soto, how do I show ?

Soto Like a rusty armour new scoured , but, master,
how show I ?

San Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on his
back

Soto If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce know
us in these gaberdines²

San If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a louse for

¹ The words "Who are" are a MS addition in Dyce's copy of ed 1

² Coarse frocks

him, if he should bring up this fashion amongst gentlemen, and make it common 40

Rod The freshness of the morning be upon you both ?

San The saltness of the evening be upon you single !

Rod Be not displeas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours , your strange habits
Invite me with desire to understand
Both what you are and whence, because no country—
And I have measured some—show[s] me your like

Soto Our like ? no, we should be sorry we or our
clothes should be like fish, new, stale, and stinking in
three days 52

San If you ask whence we are, we are Egyptian
Spaniards , if what we are, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol*, jugglers,
tumblers, anything, anywhere, everywhere

Rod A good fate hither leads me by the hand —

[*Aside*

Your quality I love , the scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy,
For that's my country , there have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian, 60
And now and then some other

San. A player ! a brother of the tiring house !

Soto A bird of the same feather !

San Welcome ! wu't turn gipsy ?

Rod I can nor dance nor sing , but if my pen
From my invention can strike music-tunes,
My head and brains are yours

Soto. A calf's head and brains were better for my stomach

San A rib of poetry ! 70

Soto A modicum of the Muses ! a horse-shoe of Helicon !

San A magpie of Parnassus ! welcome again ! I am a firebrand of Phoebus myself, we'll invoke together, so you will not steal my plot

Rod 'Tis not my fashion

San But now-a-days 'tis all the fashion

Soto What was the last thing you writ ? a comedy ?

Rod No ! 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy

Under these eaves I'll shelter me 80

San See, here comes our company, do our tops spin as you would have 'em ?

Soto If not, whip us round

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,
CARLO, ANTONIO, and others, disguised as before

San I sent you a letter to tell you we were upon a march

Alv And you are welcome — Yet these fools will trouble us ! [Aside

Gvi Rich fools shall buy our trouble

San Hang lands ! it's nothing but trees, stones, and dirt
Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock
Precious Pietiosa, for whose sake I have thus transformed myself out of a gentleman into a gipsy, thou shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little musk-cat, for besides

myself, here's an Italian poet, on whom I pray throw
your welcomes

94

Alv }
Guz, &c } He's welcome!

Const Sir, you're most welcome, I love a poet
So he writes chastely, if your pen can sell me
Any smooth quaint romances, which I may sing,
You shall have bays and silver

Rod Pretty heart, no selling,
What comes from me is free

San And me too

100

Alv We shall be glad to use you, sir our sports
Must be an orchard, bearing several trees,
And fruits of several taste, one pleasure dulls
A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,
May from the grandees¹ and the dons of Spain
Have leave to try our skill even on the stage,
And then your wits may help us

San And mine too

Rod They are your servants

Const Trip softly through the streets till we arrive,
You know at whose house, father

110

San [*sings*]

*Trip it, gipsies, trip it fine,
Show tricks and lofty capers,
At threading-needles² we repine,
And leaping over rapiers*

¹ See note 4, p 135

² "*Thread my needle* is yet a common sport, and to this, probably, the song alludes"—Editor of 1816

*Pindy-pandy rascal toys !
We scorn cutting purses ,
Though we live by making noise,
For cheating none can curse us*

*Over high ways, over low,
And over stones and gravel, 120
Though we trip it on the toe,
And thus for silver travel ,
Though our dances waste our backs,
At night fat capons mend them,
Eggs well brew'd in butter'd sack,
Our wenches say befriend them.*

*O that all the world were mad !
Then should we have fine dancing ,
Hobby-horses would be had,
And brave girls keep a-prancing , 130
Beggars would on cock-horse ride,
And boobies fall a-roaring,
And cuckolds, though no horns be spied,
Be one another goring*

*Welcome, poet, to our ging !¹
Make rhymes, we'll give thee reason,
Canary bees thy brains shall sting,
Mull-sack did ne'er speak treason ,*

¹ Company

*Peter-see-me*¹ shall wash thy noul²
*And malaga glasses fox*³ thee, 140
If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
Thou shalt not kiss a doxy [Exeunt]

SCENE II

A Garden belonging to FRANCISCO'S House

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, JOHN, PEDRO, MARIA,
 LOUIS, and DIEGO

Fer Louis de Castro, since you circled are
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
 Pray, let me question you about that business
 You and I last conferr'd on

Louis My lord, I wish it

Fer Then, gentlemen, though you all know this man,
 Yet now look on him well, and you shall find
 Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom
 As but in few are treasur'd

Louis O, my good lord——

Fer He's son to that De Castro o'er whose tomb
 Fame stands writing a book, which will take up 10
 The age of time to fill it with the stories
 Of his great acts, and that his honour'd father

¹ A corruption of *Pedro Ximenes*, a delicate Spanish wine.

² Noddle.

³ Intoxicate

Fell in the quarrel of those families,
His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla[']s]

Fran The volume of those quarrels¹ is too large
And too wide printed in our memory.

Louis Would it had ne'er come forth !

Fran
Ped, &c } So wish we all

Fer But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For his² mind's bravery, he lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands 20
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it

Fran
Ped, &c } 'Tis done nobly !

Fer For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banish'd man, some say, in Naples

Ped Some say in Arragon

Louis No matter where,
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man, and call him home
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams 30
Of grace shall shine upon me ?

Fer The word royal

Fran
Ped, &c } And that's enough

¹ Old eds "families"—"I have no doubt the printer caught the word from the preceding lines"—Editor of 1816

² Old eds, "he."

Louis Then since this sluice is drawn up to increase
 The stream, with pardon of these honour'd friends
 Let me set ope another, and that's this,
 That you, my lord Don Pedro, and this lady
 Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly,
 If still you hold me tenant to your favour,
 Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,
 Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife 40

Ped. What I possess in her, before these lords
 I freely once more give you

*Mar*¹ And what's mine,
 To you, as right heir to it, I resign

Fer
Fran, &c } What would you more?

Louis What would I more? the tree bows down his head
 Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer
 To pluck the fruit, the top branch grows so high,
 To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly,
 I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown

Fran
Ped, &c } O, you must woo hard!

Fer Woo her well, she's thine own 50

John That law holds not 'mongst gipsies, I shoot
 hard,

And am wide off from the mark

[*Aside*
Flourish within]

Fer Is this, my lord, your music?

Fran None of mine

¹ Old ed "Al"

Enter SOTO disguised as before, with a cornet in his hand

Soto A crew of gipsies with desire
To show their sports are at your gates a-fire
Fran How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?
John Art panting? I am a-fire I'm sure!¹ [*Aside*
Fer What are the things they do?
Soto They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,
Tell fortunes too, which is a very fine thing, 60
They tumble—how? not up and down,
As tumblers do, but from town to town
Antics they have and gipsy-masquing,
And toys which you may have for asking
They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer,
But to earn money, if any be here,
But being ask'd, as I suppose,
Your answer will be, in your t'other hose,¹
For there's not a gipsy amongst 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his tongue and legs 70
If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in
Now I have ended, let them begin
Fer }
Ped, &c } Ay, ay, by any means
Fran But, fellow, bring you music along with you
too?
Soto Yes, my lord, both loud music and still music,
the loud is that which you have heard, and the still is
that which no man can hear [*Exit*

¹ "In your t'other hose," see note 4, vol. 1 p. 45.

Fer A fine knave¹

Fran There's report¹ of a fair gipsy,
A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants 80
In Madrill flock to look on this she, trow?²

John. Yes, sure³ 'tis she—I should be sorry else
[*Aside*

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,
CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO, SANCHE, SOTO, and
others, disguised as before, with the following

Song.

*Come, follow your leader, follow,
Our convoy be Mars and Apollo'
The van comes brave up here,
(Answer) As hotly comes the rear*

Chorus

*Our knackers are the fifes and drums,
Sa, sa, the gipsies' army comes'
Horsemen we need not fear,
There's none but footmen here, 90
The horse sure charge without,
Or if they wheel about,*

¹ Ed 2, "a report"

² *z e*, think you?

³ "To this line, which in old eds forms part of Francisco's speech, the prefix '*Joh*' is added with a pen in copy of the first 4to see note [p 125]."—*Dyce*.

Chorus

*Our knackers are the shot that fly,
Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky*

*If once the great ordnance play,
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But stand the push of pike,
Scorn can but basely strike,*

Chorus

*Then let our armies join and sing,
And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring* 100

*Arm, arm ! what bands are those ?
They cannot be sure our foes,
We'll not draw up our force,
Nor muster any horse,*

Chorus

*For since they pleas'd to view our sight,
Let's this way, this way give delight*

*A council of war let's call,
Look either to stand or fall,
If our weak army stands,
Thank all these noble hands,* 110

Chorus

*Whose gates of love being open thrown,
We enter, and then the town's our own*

Fer A very dainty thing !

Fran A handsome creature !

*Ped*¹ Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin !

John Pit ? 'tis a grave to bury lovers in²

Rod My father ?³ disguise guard me ! [*Aside*]

San. Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but he smells not us

Soto Peace, brother gipsy.—Would any one here know his fortune ?

120

Fer
Fran, &c. } Good fortunes all of us !

Ped 'Tis I, sir, needs a good one . come, sir, what's mine ?

Mar Mine and my husband's fortunes keep together,
Who is't tells mine ?

San I, I, hold up, madam, fear not your pocket, for I ha' but two hands [*Examining her hands*]

You are sad, or mad, or glad,

For a couple of cocks that cannot be had,

Yet when abroad they have pick'd store of grain, 130

Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again

Mar Indeed I miss an idle gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither sad
Nor mad for them would that were all the lead
Lying at my heart !

¹ Old eds " *Ro* "

² This conceit is taken from Cervantes' *La Gitanilla*, on which the play was partly founded,—"Does your ladyship call this a dimple ?" cried Donna Clara's usher who stood by, with a venerable beard and well stricken in years "Either I know nothing of dimples or this is rather a sepulchre to bury lovers alive?"—*Little Gipsy*, p 15 (*A Select Collection of Novels*, vol v. ed 1721)

³ Old eds "fathers"

Ped [*while SOTO examines his hand*] What look'st thou
on so long?

Soto So long! do you think good fortunes are fresh
herrings, to come in shoals? bad fortunes are like
mackerel at midsummer you have had a sore loss of late.

Ped I have indeed, what is't?

Soto I wonder it makes you not mad, for— 140

*Through a gap in your ground thence late hath been
stole*

A very fine ass and a very fine foal,

Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs,¹

Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs

Ped I am now so, go, silly fool

Soto I ha' gr'n't him [Aside

San O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!

Fer The mother of the gipsies, what can she do?
I'll have a bout with her

John I with the gipsy daughter

Fran To her, boy. 150

Guz [*examining FERNANDO'S hand*]

From you went a dove away,

Which ere this had been more white

Than the silver robe of day,

Her eyes, the moon has none so bright

Sate she now upon your hand,

Not the crown of Spain could buy it,

But 'tis flown to such a land,

¹ "Hab or nab means properly, rashly, without consideration 'Shot hab or nab at random,' Holinshed, Chron Ireland, p 82 See Florio, p. 48, Cotgrave in v *Conjecturament, Perdu* "—Halliwell.

Never more shall you come nigh it

Ha ! yes, if palmistry tell true,

This dove again may fly to you 160

Fer Thou art a lying witch, I'll hear no more

San If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song.

Soto And when that song's done, we'll heat you again
with a dance

Louis Stay, dear sir, send for Clara, let her know her
fortune

Mar 'Tis too well known

Louis 'Twill make her

Merry to be in this brave company

Ped Good Diego, fetch her [Exit DIEGO 170

Fran What's that old man ? has he cunning too ?

Gui }
Car, &c } More than all we !

Louis Has he ? I'll try his spectacles

Fer Ha ! Roderigo there ? the scholar
That went to Salamanca takes his degrees
I' th' school of gipsies ? let the fish alone,

Give him line this is the dove,—the dove ?—the raven
That beldam mock'd me with [Aside

Louis [while ALVAREZ examines his hand] What worms
pick you out there now ? 180

Alv This

When this line the other crosses,

Art tells me 'tis a book of losses —

Bend your hand thus —O, here I find

You have lost a ship in a great wind

Louis Lying rogue, I ne'er had any.

Alv Hark, as I gather,

That great ship was De Castro call'd, your father

Lous And I must hew that rock that split him

Alv Nay, and you threaten—— [*Retires*]

Fran And what's, Don John, thy fortune?

Thou'rt long fumbling at it 190

John She tells me tales of the moon, sir.

Const And now 'tis come to the sun, sir

[*To Fran*] *Your son would ride, the youth would run,*

The youth would sail, the youth would fly,

He's tying a knot will ne'er be done,

He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye

You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,

And a heart too, for he has none

Fran Hoyday¹ lend one of mine eyes?

San They give us nothing, we'd¹ best put on a bold
face and ask it. [*Sings* 201

Now that from the hive

You gather'd have the honey,

Our bees but poorly thrive

Unless the banks be sunny,

Then let your sun and moon,

Your gold and silver shine,

My thanks shall humming fly to you,

Chorus

And mine, and mine, and mine

[*FRAN, FER, &c, give money*]

¹ Old eds "he d"

ALV [*sings*]

See, see, you ¹ gipsy-toys, 210
You mad girls, you merry boys,
A boon voyage we have made,
Loud peals must then be had,
If I a gipsy be,
A crack-rope I'm for thee
O, here's a golden ring'
Such clappers please a king,

*Chorus**Such clappers please a king*Alv [*sings.*]

You pleas'd may pass away,
Then let your bell-ropes stay, 220
Now chime, 'tis holyday,

*Chorus**Now chime, 'tis holyday.*

Const No more of this, pray, father, fall to your
 dancing [CONST, CAR, &c, *dance*]

Louis Clara will come too late now.*Fer* 'Tis great pity,

Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,

You do not, as our Spanish actors do,

Make trial of a stage

Alv We are, sir, about it,

So please your high authority to sign us

Some warrant to confirm us.

¹ Old eds "your "

Fer My hand shall do't,

And bring the best in Spain to see your sports. 229

Alv Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar——

Rod Pox on you ! [*Aside*

Alv Will write for us

Fer A Spaniard, sir ?

Rod No, my lord, an Italian

Fer Denies

His country too ? my son sings gipsy-ballads ! [*Aside*

Keep as you are, we'll see your poet's vein,

And yours for playing time is not ill spent

That's thus laid out in harmless merriment

[*Exeunt* ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA,
CHRISTIANA, CARLO, ANTONIO, RODERIGO,
SANCHO, SOTO, and others, dancing

Ped My lord of Carcomo, for this entertainment

You shall command our loves

Fran You're nobly welcome

Ped The evening grows upon us lords, to all

A happy time of day 240

Fer The like to you, Don Pedro

Louis To my heart's sole lady

Pray let my service humbly be remember'd,

We only miss'd her presence

Mar I shall truly

Report your worthy love [*Exeunt* PEDRO and MARIA

Fer You shall no further,

Indeed, my lords, you shall not

Fran With your favour,

We will attend you home

Re-enter DIEGO.

Diego Where's Don Pedro ?—

O sir !

Louis Why, what's the matter ?

Diego The lady Clara,

Passing near to my lord corregidor's house,

Met with a strange mischance

Fer How ? what mischance ?

Diego The jester that so late arriv'd at court, 250
And there was welcome for his country's sake,
By importunity of some friends, it seems,
Had borrow'd from the gentleman of your horse
The backing of your mettled Barbary,
On which being mounted, whilst a number gaz'd
To hear what jests he could perform on horse-
back,

The headstrong beast, unus'd to such a rider,
Bears the press of people [on] before him,
With which throng the lady Clara meeting,
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruised, I hope, 260
But frighted and entranc'd.

Louis Ill-destin'd mischief !

Fer. Where have you left her ?

Diego At your house, my lord,

A servant coming forth, and knowing who

The lady was, convey'd her to a chamber,

A surgeon, too, is sent for

Fer Had she been my daughter,

My care could not be greater than it shall be
For her recure ¹

Louis But if she miscarry,
I am the most unhappy man that lives [Exit

Fer Diego, coast about the fields,
And overtake Don Pedro and his wife , 270
They newly parted from us

Diego I'll run speedily [Exit
Fer A strange mischance but what I have, my lord

Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you ,
An accident of merriment and wonder

Fran Indeed, my lord !

Fer I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th' event
Can come to , 'tis indeed about my son ,
Hereafter you may counsel me

Fran Most gladly —

Re-enter LOUIS

How fares the lady?

Louis Callèd back to life,
But full of sadness

Fer Talks she nothing ?

Louis Nothing , 280
For when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answer'd with a sigh . when I came near,
And by the love I bore her begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,

¹ Recovery.

Before she would reply, from her fair eyes
 She greets me with a bracelet of her tears,
 Then wish'd me not to doubt, she was too well,
 Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
 Or company until her father came 290
 And thus I left her.

Fran. Sir,¹ she's past the worst,
 Young maids are oft so troubled

Fer Here come they
 You talk of.—

Re-enter PEDRO and MARIA.

Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,
 Is now upon amendment.]

Mar O, my lord,
 You speak an angel's voice¹

Fer Pray, in and visit her,²
 I'll follow instantly [*Exeunt PEDRO and MARIA*].—

You shall not part
 Without a cup of wine, my lord.

Fran 'Tis now
 Too troublesome a time —Which way take you,
 Don Louis?

Louis No matter which, for till I hear
 My Clara be recover'd, I am nothing — 300
 My lord corregidor, I am your servant
 For this free entertainment

¹ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 —Old eds "For"

² We are to suppose a change of scene the company has arrived at the entrance to Fernando's house

Fer You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesy

Lous O, that no art
But love itself can cure a love-sick heart ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A Room in FERNANDO'S House

CLARA *discovered seated in a chair*, PEDRO and
MARIA *standing by*

Mar Clara, hope of mine age !

Ped Soul of my comfort !

Kill us not both at once why dost thou speed
Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls ?

Cla Yon large window
Yields some fair prospect, good my lord, look out
And tell me what you see there

Ped Easy suit
Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
Amidst which stands an alabaster¹ fountain,
A goodly one

Cla Indeed, my lord !

Mar Thy griefs grow wild,²
And will mislead thy judgment through thy weakness, so
If thou obey thy weakness

¹ Old form of *alabaster*

² Old eds "The *griefs grow wide*"—The correction was made by
the editor of 1816

Cla Who owns these glorious buildings

Ped Don Fernando

De Azevida,¹ the corregidor

Of Madrill, a true noble gentleman.

Cla May I not see him ?

Mar See him, Clara ? why ?

Cla A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir ?

Ped I did lo, here he comes in person —

Enter FERNANDO

We are

My lord, your servants

Fer Good, no compliment —

Young lady, there attends below a surgeon

Of worthy fame and practice, is't your pleasure 20

To be his patient ?

Cla With your favour, sir,

May I impart some few but needful words

Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,

None but yourself ?

Fer You may.

Ped. Must I not hear 'em ?

Mar Nor I ?

Cla O yes — Pray, sit, my lord

Fer Say on

Cla You have been married ?

Fer To a wife,² young lady, †

¹ A MS. correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1. — Old eds "Azentda

² So ed. 1. — Ed. 2, "wise"

Ped. Alas ! she will grow frantic !

Cla. In my bosom,
Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
In bloody characters, a tale of horror
Pray, read the paper , and if there you find 50
[*Giving a paper*

Ought that concerns a maid undone and miserable,
Made so by one¹ of yours, call back the piety
Of nature to the goodness of a judge,
An upright judge, not of a partial father ,
For do not wonder that I live to suffer
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
That I have liv'd to speak them thou, great man,
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider
What I have suffer'd, what thou ought'st to do,
Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour 60
Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery
Truth copied from my heart is texted there
Let now my shame be thoroughly understood ,
Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood

Fer True, true, they do not cry but holla here ,
This is the trumpet of a soul drown'd deep
In the unfathom'd seas of matchless sorrows.

I must lock fast the door [Exit

Mar. I have no words
To call for vengeance.

Ped I am lost in marvel. 70

¹ " Qy 'son ?' —*Dyce*

Re-enter FERNANDO

Fer Sit,¹ pray sit as you sat before White paper,
This should be innocence, these letters gules
Should be the honest oracles of revenge
What's beauty but a perfect white and red?
Both here well mix'd limn truth so beautiful,
That to distrust it, as I am a father,
Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoken my son,
'Tis true.

Cla 'Tis true

Fer Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your injuries [*Kneels*
Thou too, too-much-wrong'd maid, scorn not my tears, so
For these are tears of rage, not tears of love,—
Thou father of this too, too-much-wrong'd maid,—
Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
I do not plead for pity to a villain,
O, let him die as he hath liv'd, dishonourably,
Basely and cursedly! I plead for pity
To my till now untainted blood and honour
Teach me how I may now be just and cruel,
For henceforth I am childless

Cla Pray, sir, rise,
You wrong your place and age

Fer [*rising*] Point me my grave 90
In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out

¹ Old eds "Sir "

Cla My lord, I can weep with you, nay, weep for ye,
As you for me, your passions are instructions,
And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge.

Fer Speak that again

Cla Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?

Fer O, thou'rt as fair
In mercy as in beauty! wilt thou live,
And I'll be thy physician?

Cla I'll be yours 100

Fer Don Pedro, we'll to counsel,
This daughter shall be ours—Sleep, sleep, young angel,
My care shall wake about thee.

Cla. Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd!

Fer We will be yet more private,
Night¹ curtains o'er the world, soft dreams rest with
thee!

The best revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times

[Exeunt all except CLARA, on whom the scene shuts

¹ Old eds "Might"

ACT IV

SCENE I

A Court before an Inn

ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, SANC
HO, SOTO, ANTONIO, CARLO, RODERIGO, *and others*
discovered, disguised as before. A shout within
Enter JOHN

Alv } Welcome, welcome, welcome !
Gui , &c. }

Soto More sacks to the mill

San More thieves to the sacks

Alv Peace !

Const I give you now my welcome without noise

John 'Tis music to me [*Offering to kiss CONSTANZA*]

Alv } O sir !
Gui , &c. }

San You must not be in your mutton before we are
out of our veal

Soto. Stay for vinegar to your oysters , no opening
till then

Gui. No kissing till you're sworn

John Swear me then quickly,

I have brought gold for my admission

Alv What you bring leave, and what you leave count
lost.

San I brought all my teeth, two are struck out, them
I count lost, so must you

Soto I brought all my wits, half I count lost, so
must you.

John To be as you are, I lose father, friends,
Birth, fortunes, all the world what will you do 20
With the beast I rode on hither?

San A beast? is't a mule? send him to Muly Crag-a-
whee in Barbary

Soto Is't an ass? give it to a lawyer, for in Spain they
ride upon none else.

John Kill him by any means, lest, being pursu'd,
The beast betray me

Soto He's a beast betrays any man

San Except a bailiff to be pumped

John Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture 30

San. Do, do, bury the ass's household stuff, and in
his skin sew any man that's mad for a woman

Alv Do so then, bury it now to your oath

Gui All things are ready

Alv [*sings*]

*Thy best¹ hand lay on this turf of grass,
There thy heart lies, vow not to pass*

¹ "Qy 'left'? — *Dyce*

*From us two years for sun nor snow,
For¹ hill nor dale, howe'er winds blow ,
Vow the hard earth to be thy bed,
With her green cushions under thy head, 40
Flower-banks or moss to be thy board,
Water thy wine——*

San [sings] And drink like a lord.

Chorus

*Kings can have but coronations,
We are as proud of gipsy-fashions
Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order*

Alv [sings]

*What we get with us come share,
You to get must vow to care,
Nor strike gipsy, nor stand by
When strangers strike, but fight, or die, 50
Our gipsy-wenchies are not common,
You must not kiss a fellow's leman ,
Nor to your own, for one you must,
In songs send errands of base lust*

Chorus.

*Dance, sing, and in a well-mix'd border
Close this new brother of our order*

John [sings]

*On this turf of grass I vow
Your laws to keep, your laws allow*

¹ Qy "O'er hill, o'er dale, howe'er winds blow?"

All A gipsy ! a gipsy ! a gipsy !

Gui. [*sings*]

Now choose what maid has yet no mate, 60
She's yours.

John [*sings*] *Here then fix I my fate.*

[*Takes CONSTANZA by the hand and offers to kiss her*

San Again fall to before you ha' washed ?

Soto Your nose in the manger before the oats are
measured, jade so hungry ?

Alv. [*sings.*]

Set foot to foot ; those garlands hold ,
Now¹ mark [well] what more is told
By cross arms, the lover's sign,
Vow, as these flowers themselves entwine,
Of April's wealith building a throne
Round,² so your love to one or none , 70
By those touches of your feet,
You must each night embracing meet,
Chaste, howe'er disjoin'd by day ,
You the sun with her must play,
She to you the marigold,
To none but you her leaves unfold,
Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
Want, woe, nor weather do her harm

¹ Old eds "*Teach him how, now mark,*" &c —The words "*Teach him how*" are evidently a stage-direction, Alvarez is to initiate the novice

² So old eds and Dyce Perhaps we should place a comma after "throne," and read "To bound your love," &c

*Car.*¹ [*sings*]

*This is your market now of kisses,
Buy and sell free each other blisses*

80

John Most willingly.

Chorus

*Holydays, high days, gipsy-fairs,
When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs*

Alv All ceremonies end here welcome, brother
gipsy¹

San And the better to instruct thee, mark what a
brave life 'tis all the year long [*Sings*

Brave Don, cast your eyes

On our gipsy fashions

*In our antic hey-de-guize*²

90

We go beyond all nations ,

Plump Dutch

At us grutch,

So do English, so do French,

*He that lopez*³

On the ropes,

*Show me such another wench*⁴

¹ Old eds "Cla "

² The name of a rustic dance.

³ Leaps

⁴ "Qy 'wrench?' Compare Sir John Davies's *Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing*

'Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,
Such creeks, such *wrenches*, and such dalliaunce.'—St 53"—*Dyce*

We no camels have to show,
Nor elephant with growt¹ head ,
We can dance, he cannot go, 100
Because the beast is corn-fed ,²
No blind bears
Shedding tears,
For a collier's whipping ,
Apes nor dogs,
Quick as frogs,
Over cudgels skipping

Jack[s] in-boxes,³ nor decoys,
Puppets, nor such poor things,
Nor are we those roaring boys 110
That cozen fools with gilt rings ,⁴
For an ocean,
Not such a motion⁵
As the city Nineveh ,⁶
Dancing, singing,
And fine ringing,
You these sports shall hear and see

Come now, what shall his name be ?

¹ A corruption of *great*

² " ' This seems so odd a reason why the elephant could not go, that I believe we should read "is not fed" —Editor of 1816 —But does not *corn-fed* mean, even in the present day, fattened up? and, perhaps, there is a quibble—*cornified* (having corns) "—Dyce

³ A class of swindlers whose practices are very elaborately described by Dekker. See Chapter XI of *Lanthorn and Candlelight* (Grosart's *Dekker*, III 286-289)

⁴ Concerning this kind of cozenage, see the chapter on *Lifting Law* in Dekker's *Bellman of London* (Grosart's *Dekker*, III 148)

⁵ Puppet-show

⁶ See note 1, vol. 1 p. 8

Const His name shall now be Andrew — Friend
Andrew, mark me

Two years I am to try you prove fine gold, 120
The uncrack'd diamond of my faith shall hold

John My vows are rocks of adamant

Const Two years you are to try me black¹ when I turn
May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn¹

John Kings' diadems shall not buy thee.

*Car*² Do you think

You can endure the life, and love it?

John As usurers doat upon their treasure

Soto But when your face shall be tann'd
Like a sailor's worky-day hand——

San When your feet shall be gall'd, 130
And your noddle be mall'd——

Soto When the woods you must forage,
And not meet with poor pease-porridge——

San Be all to-be-dabbled, yet lie in no sheet——

Soto With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet,
What life will you say it is then?

John As now, the sweetest

Diego [*within*] Away! away! the corregidor has sent
for you

San [*sings*]

Hence merrily fine to get money!

Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny, 140

¹ "May be the right reading, but qy 'back'" — *Dyce* Perhaps the meaning is, "If I prove false, as spurious gold turns black when tested"

² Old eds. "*Cia*"

*Silver is sweeter far than honey ,
Fly like swallows ,
We for our comes must get mallows ,
Who loves not his dull,¹ let him die at the gallows .
Hence, bonny girls, foot it trimly ,
Smug up your beetle-brows, none look grimly ,
To show a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly !*
[*Exeunt all except SOTO as he is going out,*

Enter CARDOCHIA, who stays him

Card Do you hear, you gipsy ? gipsy !

Soto Me ?

Card There's a young gipsy newly entertain'd , 150
Sweet gipsy, call him back for one two words,
And here's a jewel for thee

Soto I'll send him

Card What's his name ?

Soto Andrew.

[*Exit*

Card A very handsome fellow , I ha' seen courtiers
Jet² up and down in their full blavery,³
Yet here's a gipsy worth a drove of 'em

Re-enter JOHN

John With me, sweetheart ?

Card Your name is Andrew ?

1 Another form of *dell* ("The second bird of this feather is a dell, and that is a young wench ripe for the act of generation, but as yet not spoiled of her maidenhead"—Grosart's *Dekker*, III, 106.)

² Strut

³ Finery.

John Yes

Card You can tell fortunes Andrew?

John I could once,

160

But now I ha' lost that knowledge, I'm in haste
And cannot stay to tell you yours

Card I cannot tell yours then,
And 'cause you're in haste, I'm quick, I am a
maid——

John So, so, a maid quick?

Card Juanna Cardochia,
That's mine own name, I am my mother's heir
Here to this house, and two more

John I buy no lands

Card They shall be given you, with some plate and
money,

And free possession during life of me,
So the match like you, for so well I love you, 170
That I, in pity of this trade of gipsying,
Being base, idle, and slavish, offer you
A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
Desir'd by some brave Spaniards, so I may call you
My husband shall I, Andrew?

John 'Las ! pretty soul,
Better stars guide you ! may that hand of Cupid
Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart !
Sticks there one such indeed ?

Card I would there did not,
Since you'll not pluck it out

John Good sweet, I cannot,
For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us gipsies

180

We match in our own tribes, for me to wear you,
I should but wear you out

Card I do not care,
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,
A little of your love!

John Would I could give it,
For you are worth a world of better men,
For your free noble mind! all my best wishes
Stay with you, I must hence

Card Wear for my sake
This jewel

John I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing

Card Wear it about your neck but one poor moon,
If in that time your eye be as 'tis now, 191
Send my jewel home again, and I protest
I'll never more think on you, deny not this,
Put it about your neck

John Well then, 'tis done [Putting on jewel]

Card And vow to keep it there

John By all the goodness
I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it! [Exit]

Card Scorn'd! thou hast temper'd poison to kill me
Thyself shall drink, since I cannot enjoy thee,
My revenge shall

Enter DIEGO

Diego. Where are the gipsies?

Card Gone.

Diego, do you love me?

Diego Love thee, Juanna ? 200
Is my life mine ? it is but mine so long
As it shall do thee service

Card There's a young¹ gipsy newly entertain'd.

Diego A handsome rascal, what of him ?

Card That slave in obscene language courted me,
Drew reals² out, and would have bought my body,
Diego, from thee

Diego Is he so itchy ? I'll cure him

Card Thou shalt not touch the villain, I'll spin his fate,
Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late 210

Diego Strike on, since³ thou wilt be a striker⁴

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

A Room in FERNANDO'S House

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, and LOUIS

Fer See, Don Louis, an arm,⁵
The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length
Is stretch'd to pluck old Count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment

Louis With longing eyes,
My lord, I expect the man your lordship's pardon,
Some business calls me from you

¹ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1.—Old eds "younger"

² Spanish sixpences

³ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1.—Old eds "sinne" and "sin"

⁴ *Striker* was a cant term for a dissolute person

⁵ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1.—Old eds "army"

Fer Prnthee, Don Louis,
Unless th' occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us, all the gipsies
Will be here presently

Louis. I'll attend your lordship
Before their sports be done.

Fer Be your own carver ¹ [*Exit* LOUIS 10
[*To* FRAN] Not yet shake off these fetters ² I see a son
Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart

Fran Could I set up my rest ²
That he were lost, or taken prisoner,
I could hold truce with sorrow, but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me

Ped You said he sent a letter

Fran A letter? a mere riddle, he's gone to see[k]
His fortune in the wars, what wars have we?
Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field 20
Naked, unfurnish'd both [of] arms and money?

Fer Come, come, he's gone a wenching, we in our
youth
Ran the self-same bias.

Enter DIEGO

Diego The gipsies, my lord, are come.

¹ "Be your own carver" = follow your inclination, adopt any course you think fit Nashe (in the *Unfortunate Traveller*) has the expression, "I could (quoth I) acquit myself otherwise, but it is not for a stranger to be his own carver in revenge"—*Works*, ed Grosart, v 83

² "Set up my rest" = be assured An expression borrowed from the game of primero See Nares s REST

Fer Are they? let them enter [*Exit* DIEGO
My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and daughter,
Good company is good physic take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber See,¹
They are here — [*Exeunt* FRANCISCO and PEDRO.

Enter ALVAREZ, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA,
JOHN, RODERIGO, ANTONIO, CARLO, SANCHE, and
SOTO, *disguised as before*

What's your number?

San The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord

Fer Nine? let me see—you are ten, sure 30

Soto That's our poet, he stands for a cipher

Fer Ciphers make numbers —what plays have you?

Alv Five or six, my lord

Fer It's well so many already

Soto We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit
right, of Cobby Nobby

Fer So, so, a merry tragedy! there is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use,
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out 40
Scenes neat and witty

Alv We can do that, my lord,
Please you bestow the subject

Fer Can you?—Come hither,
You master poet to save you a labour,
Look you, against your coming I projected

¹ "See they," &c These words are given to "*Al*" in ed 1

This comic passage [*producing a paper*], you drama,
that's the scene——

Rod Ay, ay, my lord

Fer I lay in our own country, Spain.

Rod 'Tis best so

Fer Here's a brave part for this old gipsy, look you,
The father read the plot, this young she-gipsy, 50
This lady now the son, play him yourself

Rod My lord, I am no player

Fer Pray, at this time,
The plot being full, to please my noble friends,
Because your brains must into theirs put language,
Act thou the son's part, I'll reward your pains

Rod Protest, my lord——

Fer Nay, nay, shake off protesting,
When I was young, sir, I have play'd myself

San. Yourself, my lord? you were but a poor company
then.

Fer. Yes, full enough, honest fellow — Will you
do it? 60

Rod I'll venture

Fer I thank you let this father be a Don
Of a brave spirit — Old gipsy, observe me——

Alv Yes, my lord.

Fer Play him up high, not like a pantaloon,¹
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,

¹ "z e represent him in the full possession of his strength and mental faculties, and not like a feeble old man 'The lean and slipper d pantaloon' of Shakespeare will occur to every reader"—Editor of 1816

Whom make a very rake-hell, a debosh'd¹ fellow
This point, I think, will show well.

Rod This of the picture?

It will indeed, my lord

San My lord, what part play I? 70

Fer What parts dost use to play?

San If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I think I
could fit you

Fer I thank your coxcombship

Soto Put a coxcomb upon a lord!

Fer There are parts to serve you all, go, go, make
ready,

And call for what you want [Exit

Alv Give me the plot, our wits are put to trial.

What's the son's name? Lorenzo that's your part

[To RODERIGO

Look only you to that, these I'll dispose 80

Old Don Averó, mine, Hialdo, Lollo,

Two servants,—you for them [To SANCHE and SOTO

San One of the foolish knaves give me, I'll be
Hialdo

Soto And I, Lollo.

San Is there a banquet in the play? we may call for
what we will

Rod Yes, here is a banquet

San I'll go, then, and bespeak an ocean of sweet-
meats, marmalade, and custards 90

Alv Make haste to know what you must do

¹ Old form of *debauched*

San Do ? call for enough , and when my belly is full,
fill my pockets

Soto To a banquet there must be wine , fortune's a
scurvy whore, if she makes not my head sound like a
rattle, and my heels dance the canaries ¹

Alv So, so, despatch whilst we employ our brains
To set things off to th' life

Rod I'll be straight with you —

[*Exeunt all except RODERIGO*

Why does my father put this trick on me ,
Spies he me through my vizard ? if he does, 100
He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason ,
If his invention jet upon a stage,
Why should not I use action ? A debosh'd fellow !
A very rake-hell ! this reflects on me,
And I'll retort it grown a poet, father ?
No matter in what strain your play must run,
But I shall fit you for a roaring son. [*Exit*

SCENE III

A large Apartment in FERNANDO'S House

Enter FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, DIEGO, MARIA,
CLARA, and Servants.

Fer Come, ladies, take your places. [*Flourish within*]
This their music ?

Tis very handsome O, I wish this room

¹ A lively dance

Were freighted but with [pleasures¹], noble friends,
As are to you my welcomes!—Begin there, masters

San [*within*] Presently, my lord, we want but a cold
capon for a property

Fer. Call, call for one

Enter SANCHE as Prologue

Now they begin

San. Both short and sweet some say is best,

We will not only be sweet, but short

Take you pepper in the nose,² you mar our sport 10

Fer. By no means pepper

San. Of your love measure us forth but one span,

We do though not the best, the best we can [*Exit*

Fer. A good honest gipsy¹

Enter ALVAREZ (as AVERO), and SOTO (as LOLLIO)

Alv. Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?

Soto. I have sought him, my lord, in all four elements
in earth, my shoes are full of gravel, in water, I drop at
nose with sweating, in air, wheresoever I heard noise of
fiddlers, or the wide mouths of gallon pots roaring, and in
fire, what chimney soever I saw smoking with good cheer,
for my master's dinner, as I was in hope 21

Alv. Not yet come home? before on this old tree
Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,

¹ The bracketed word was inserted by Dyce

² "Take you pepper in the nose" = if you be angry, take offence

*And bury it at my foot ! Didst thou inquire
At my brother's ?*

Soto At your sister's.

Alv At my wife's father's ?

*Soto At your uncle's mother's no such sheep has broke
through their hedge, no such calf as your son sucks or bleats
in their ground* 30

*Alv I am unblest'd to have but one son only,
One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly,
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe
He that should prop me is mine overthrow*

Fer Well done, old fellow ! is't not ?

Fran

Ped, &c

} Yes, yes, my lord.

Soto Here comes his man Hialdo

Enter SANCHE (as HIALDO)

Alv Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah ? 39

*San Eating acorns amongst swine, draff amongst hogs,
and gnawing bones amongst dogs, has lost all his money at
dice, his wits with his money, and his honesty with both,
for he bum-fiddles me, makes the drawers curvet, pitches the
plate over the bar, scores up the vintner's name in the Ram-
head, flirts his wife under the nose, and bids you with a pox
send him more money*

*Alv Art thou one of his curs to bite me too ?
To nail thee to the earth were to do justice*

*San Here comes Bucephalus my prancing master, nail
me now who dares.* 50

Enter RODERIGO (as LORENZO)

Rod I sit like an owl¹ in the ivy-bush of a tavern,
Hualdo, I have drawn red wine from the vintner's own
 hogshead

San Here's two more, pierce them too.

Rod Old Don, whom I call father, am I thy son? if I
 be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver, had I Spain in
 this hand, and Portugal in this, puff it should fly where's
 the money I sent for?—I'll tickle you for a rake-hell!

[*Aside*

San Not a marvedí²

Alv Thou shalt have none of me

Soto Hold his nose³ to the grin'stone, my lord 60

Rod I shall have none?

Alv Charge me a case⁴ of pistols,

What I have built I'll ruin shall I suffer

A slave to set his foot upon my heart?

A son? a barbarous villain? or if heaven save thee

Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee

Rod Hualdo, carbonado⁵ thou the old rogue my father

San Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his
 man there 68

¹ "'To look like an owl in an ivy bush' is a proverbial expression
 see Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 61, ed. 1768. A tuft or bush of ivy was formerly
 hung out at the door of a vintner"—*Dyce*

² See note 4, p. 136

³ "ze, confine him to a short allowance"—Editor of 1816.

⁴ "Case of pistols"=pair of pistols

⁵ ze, cut into rashers for broiling

Rod No money? Can taverns stand without anon, anon? fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will not lard me with money, give me a ship, furnish me to sea

Alv To have thee hanged for piracy?

San Trim, tram, hang master, hang man!

Rod Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there

Alv To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling?

Rod Else send me and my ningle¹ Hualdo to the wars

San A match, we'll fight dog, fight bear. 79

Enter ANTONIO (as HERNANDO)

*Alv*² O dear Hernando, welcome!—Clap wings to your heels, [To SOTO

And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me
Their present visitation³—

[Exit⁴ SOTO

Lorenzo, see the anger of a father,
Although it be as loud and quick as thunder,
Yet 'tis done instantly cast off thy wildness,
Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home
Have, with my honour'd friend here Don Hernando,
Provided thee a wife

Rod A wife! is she handsome? is she rich? is she fair?
is she witty? is she honest? hang honesty! has she a sweet
face, cherry-cheek, strawberry-lip, white skin, dainty eye,
pretty foot, delicate legs, as there's a girl now? 92

¹ Favourite

³ Ed 2, "visitations"

² Old eds "An"

⁴ Not marked in old eds

Ant It is a creature both for birth and fortunes,
 And for most excellent graces of the mind,
 Few like her are¹ in Spain

Rod When shall I see her?²—
 Now, father, pray take your curse off

Alv I do the lady
 Lives from Madrill very near fourteen leagues,
 But thou shalt see her picture

Rod That! that! most ladies in these days are but very
 fine pictures

100

*Enter CARLO, JOHN, GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, and
 CHRISTIANA (as friends of AVERO)*

Alv Ladies, to you first welcome, my lords, Alonzo,
 And you worthy marquis, thanks for these honours —
 Away you! [Exit² SANCHE

*To th' cause now of this meeting My son Lorenzo,
 Whose wildness you all know, comes now to th' lure,
 Sits gently, has call'd home his wandering thoughts,
 And now will marry*

Const A good wife fate send him!

Gui One staid may settle him

Rod Fly to the mark, sir, show me the wench, or her
 face, or anything I may know 'tis a woman fit for me

111

Alv She is not here herself, but here's her picture

[Shows a picture

Fer My lord De Carcomo, pray, observe this

Fran I do, attentively — Don Pedro, mark it

¹ Omitted in ed 2

² Not marked in old eds.

Re-enter SOTO

Soto [*to JOHN*] If you ha' done your part, yonder's
a wench would ha' a bout with you. [*Exit*

John Me? [*Exit*

Diego A wench! [*Exit*

Alv *Why stand you staring at it? how do you like her?*

Rod *Are you in earnest?* 120

Alv *Yes, sir, in earnest*

Rod *I am not so hungry after flesh to make the devil a
cuckold*

Ant *Look not upon the face, but on the goodness
That dwells within her*

Rod *Set fire on the tenement!*

Alv *She's rich, nobly descended*

Rod *Did ever nobility look so scurvily?*

Alv *I'm sunk in fortunes, she may raise us both* 129

Rod *Sink, let her to her gíanam! marry a witch? have
you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland? an old mid-
wife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this that a red lip?*

Const *There's a red nose*

Rod *That a yellow hair?*

Gui *Why, her teeth may be yellow*

Rod *Where's the full eye?*

Chris *She has full blabber-cheeks*

Alv *Set up thy rest,¹ her marriest thou or none* 138

Rod *None then were all the water in the world one
sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would climb on all four*

¹ See note, p 194

up to the top of that hill, and headlong hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch the skin of such rough haberdaine,¹ for the breath of her picture stinks hither

A noise within *Re-enter, in a hurry, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHE, and SOTO, with CARDOCHIA*

Fer What tumult's this ?

San Murder, murder, murder !

Soto One of our gipsies is in danger of hanging, hanging !

Ped Who is hurt ?

Diego 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this gipsy

John He struck me first, and I'll not take a blow 150
From any Spaniard breathing

Ped Are you so brave ?

Fer Break up your play, lock all the doors

Diego I faint, my lord

Fran Have him to a surgeon —

[*Servants remove DIEGO*

How fell they out ?

Card O, my good lord, these gipsies when they lodg'd
At my house, I had a jewel from my pocket
Stolen by this villain

John 'Tis most false, my lords,
Her own hands gave it me

Const She that calls him villain,
Or says he stole——

¹ Inferior salt-cod

Fer Hoyday ! we hear your scolding 159

Card And the hurt gentleman finding it in his bosom,
For that he stabb'd him

Fer Hence with all the gipsies !

Ped Ruffians and thieves , to prison with 'em all !

Alv My lord, we'll leave engagements in plate and
money

For all our safe forthcomings , punish not all
For one's offence , we'll prove ourselves no thieves

San O Soto, I make buttons !¹

Soto Would I could make some, and leave this trade !

Fer Iron him then, let the rest go free , but stir not
One foot out of Madrill Bring you in your witness. 169

[*Exeunt* JOHN *in custody of* Servants, ALVAREZ,
GUIAMARA, CONSTANZA, CHRISTIANA, ANTONIO, CARLO, *and* CARDOCHIA

Soto Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the
elbow , anything

San My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward , we have
spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and
now I am weary of it

Ped My runaways turn'd jugglers, fortune-tellers ?

Soto. No great fortunes

Fer To prison with 'em both a gentleman play the
ass !

San If all gentlemen that play the ass should to

¹ " His tail *makes buttons*, &c he is in great fear, a phrase occurring in Florio, ed 1611, pp 209, 276, Yorkshire Dialogue, 1697, p 87 '—*Hallwell*. Cf. vol 11 p 17.

prison, you must widen your jails — Come, Soto, I scorn
to beg, set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles 181

Fer So so, away with 'em !

Soto Send all our company after, and we'll play there,
and be as merry as you here

[*Exeunt* SANCHO and SOTO with Servants

Fer Our comedy turn'd tragical ! Please you, lords,
walk

This actor here and I must change a word,
And I come to you

Fran } Well, my lord, your pleasure
Pid, &c }

[*Exeunt all except* FERNANDO and RODERIGO.

Fer Why, couldst thou think in any base disguise
To blind my sight ? fathers have eagles' eyes
But pray, sir, why was this done ? why, when I thought
you 190

Fast lock'd in Salamanca at your study,
Leap'd you into a gipsy ?

Rod Sir, with your pardon,
I shall at fit time to you show cause for all

Fer Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live by
Best to turn player, an excellent ruffian, ha !
But know, sir, when I had found you out, I gave you
This project of set purpose, 'tis all myself,
What the old gipsy spake must be my language,
Nothing are left me but my offices
And thin-fac'd honours, and this very creature, 200
By you so scorn'd, must raise me by your marrying her

Rod. You would not build your glory on my ruins ?

Fer The rascal has belied the lady,
She is not half so bad, all's one, she's rich.

Rod O, will you sell¹ the joys of my full youth
To dunghill muck? seek out some wretch's daughter,
Whose soul is lost for gold then you're more noble
Than t' have your son, the top-branch of your house,
Grow in a heap of rubbish I must marry a thing
I shall be ashamed to own, ashamed to bring her 210
Before a sunbeam

Fer I cannot help it, sir,
Resolve upon't, and do't

Rod And do't, and die!
Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
But one to fright me? when you sat the play here,
There was a beauty, to be lord of which
I would against an army throw defiance

Fer She? alas!

Rod How? she!² at every hair of hers
There hangs a very angel, this! I'm ready
To drop down looking at it sir, I beseech you 219
Bury me in this earth [*kneels*], on which I'm humbled
To beg your blessing on me, for a gipsy,
Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!
Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
Your voice for her, I ey'd her all the scene

Fer I saw you did

Rod Methought 'twas a sweet creature

¹ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 —Old eds "see "

² Another MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 —Old eds "how "

Fer Well, though my present state stands now on
ice,

I'll let it crack and fall rather than bar thee
Of thy content, this lady shall go by then

Rod Hang let her there, or anywhere ¹

Fer. That young lannard,¹

Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle her
To come to fist, make trial, play the young falconer,
I will nor mar your marriage nor yet make, 232
Beauty, no wealth,—wealth, ugliness,—which you will,
take

Rod. I thank you, sir [*Exit* FERNANDO]—Put on
your mask, good madam, [*To the picture*
The sun will spoil your face else [*Exit*

¹ A species of hawk

ACT V

SCENE I.

A Room in FERNANDO'S House.

FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, PEDRO, RODERIGO, CLARA, and
MARIA, *pass over the stage from church as the others
exeunt, FERNANDO stays RODERIGO.*

Fer Thou hast now the wife of thy desires

Rod Sir, I have,

And in her every blessing that makes life
Loath to be parted with

Fer Noble she is,

And fair, has to enrich her blood and beauty,
Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage

Rod I owe you duty for a double birth,

Being in this happiness begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedness

Fer Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy fate,
'Tis fallen upon thee, know it, and embrace it, 10
Thy wife's a wanton

Rod A wanton?

Fer Examine through the progress of thy youth

What capital sin,¹ what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one thou'st committed

Rod I a great one ?

Fer Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on thee
A misery so full of bitterness
I am thy father, think on't, and be just,
Come, do not dally

Rod Pray, my lord——

Fer Fool, 'twere

Impossible that justice should ram down
In such a frightful horror without cause
Sir, I will know it, rather blush thou didst
An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has
A name to be known by

Rod Turn from me then,
And as my guilt sighs out this monster,—rape,
O, do not lend an ear !

Fer Rape ? fearful !

Rod Hence,
Hence springs my due reward
Fer Thou'rt none of mine,
Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp²
Of thy nativity

Rod Forgive me !

Fer Had she,
Poor wrongèd soul, whoe'er she was, no friend,
Nor father, to revenge ? had she no tongue
To roar her injuries ?

¹ Old eds "sins "

² So ed 2 —Ed 1 "stamps "

Rod Alas ! I know her not !

Fer. Peace ! thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all precedent :

Young man, thou shouldst have married her , the devil
Of lust that riots in thy eye should there
Have let fall ¹ love and pity, not on this stranger
Whom thou hast doted on.

Rod. O, had I married her,
I had been then the happiest man alive !

Re-enter CLARA, MARIA, and PEDRO, from behind the arras

Cla As I the happiest woman, being married
Look on me, sir

Ped You shall not find a change 40
So full of fears as your most noble father,
In his wise trial, urg'd

Mar. Indeed you shall not,
The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn

Rod. Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows ? now, O, now,
My horrors flow ² about me !

Fer. No, thy comforts,
Thy blessings, Roderigo.

Cla By this crucifix [Showing crucifix
You may remember me

Rod. Ha ! art thou
That lady wrongèd ?

¹ Old eds "full "

² Old eds "flew "

Cla I was, but now am
Righted in noble satisfaction '

Rod How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold 50
On every side my shame?

Fer. No more hereafter
We shall have time to talk at large of all
Love her that's now thine own , do, Roderigo ,
She's far from what I character'd

Cla My care
Shall live about me to deserve your love
Rod Excellent Clara !—Fathers both, and mother,
I will redeem my fault

Fer }
Ped } Our blessings dwell on ye '
Mar }

Re-enter FRANCISCO with LOUIS

Louis Married to Roderigo?

Fran Judge yourself
See where they are [Exit.

Louis Is this your husband, lady?

Cla He is, sir heaven's great hand, that on record
Fore-points the equal union of all hearts, 61
Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected

Louis 'Tis well then , I am free, it seems.

Cla Make smooth,
My lords, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
Emblems of storm ,¹ I will, as far as honour

¹ Ed 2, "storms "

May privilege, deserve a noble friendship
As you from me deserve a worthy memory

Louis Your husband has prov'd himself a friend [to
me],

Trusty and tried, he's welcome, I may say,
From the university

Rod To a new school 70

Of happy knowledge, *Louis*

Louis Sir, I am

Not so poor [as] to put this injury up
The best blood flows within you is the price

Rod *Louis*, for this time calm your anger, and if

I do not give you noble satisfaction,
Call me to what account you please

Louis So, so —I come for justice t'ye,

And you shall grant it

Fer Shall and will

Louis. With speed too,

My poor friend bleeds the whiles

Fer You shall yourself,

Before we part, receive the satisfaction 80

You come for —Who attends?

Servant [*within*] My lord?

Fer The prisoner!

Servant [*within*] He attends your lordship's pleasure.

Enter CONSTANZA, GUIAMARA, and ALVAREZ

Louis What would this girl?

Foh, no tricks, get you to your cabin, huswife,

We have no ear for ballads.

Fer Take her away

Cla A wondrous lovely¹ creature !

Const Noble gentlemen,

If a poor maid's, a gipsy-virgin's tears

May soften the hard edge of angry justice,

Then grant me gracious hearing, as you're merciful,

I beg my husband's life !

Fer Thy husband's, little one ?

Const Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chronicled

In that white book above which notes the secrets 91

Of every thought and heart, he is my husband,

I am his wife

Louis Rather his whore

Const Now, trust me,

You're no good man to say so, I am honest,

'Deed, la, I am, a poor soul, that deserves not

Such a bad word. were you a better man

Than you are, you do me wrong

Louis The toy grows angry !

Cla And it becomes her sweetly, troth, my lord,
I pity her

Rod I thank you, sweet²

Louis Your husband,

You'll say, is no thief

Const Upon my conscience, 100
He is not

Louis Dares not strike a man.

Const Unworthily

¹ A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 —Old eds "lively "

² A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 —Old eds, "sir "

He dares not , but if trod upon, a worm
Will turn again.

Louis That turning turns your worm
Off from the ladder, minion

Const. Sir, I hope
You're not his judge, you are too young, too
 choleric,

Too passionate , the price of life or death
Requires a much more grave consideration
Than your years warrant here ¹ sit they, like gods,
Upon whose head[s] the reverend badge of time
Hath seal'd the proof of wisdom , ² to these oracles 110
Of riper judgment, lower in my heart [*Kneels.*]

Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal stories.
O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
On a base low estate, on humble people,
Less meritorious than if you had favour'd
The faults of great men ¹ and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults he whom I plead for
Is free , the soul of innocence itself 120
Is not more white will you pity him ?

¹ "Here" is a MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1 for "he"—Ed 2 omits the word and reads "they sit"

² "Upon whose head[s] . . wisdom"—Lodge (who was perhaps imitated in the present passage) has expressed the same image more finely in *The Wounds of Civil War*, 1 1 —

"Through many cares and troubles he hath pass'd,
And spent his youth, *upon whose reverend head*
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads"

I see it¹ in your eyes, 'tis a sweet sunbeam,
Let it shine out, and to adorn your praise,
The prayers of the poor shall crown your days,
And theirs are sometimes heard.²

Fer Beshrew the girl,
She has almost melted me to tears !

Louis Hence, trifler !—Call in my friends !

Enter JOHN, DIEGO, CARDOCHIA, and Servants.

What hope of ease ?

Diego Good hope, but still I smart,
The worst is in my pain

Louis. The price is high
Shall buy thy vengeance to receive a wound 130
By a base villain's hand, it mad[den]s me

John Men subject to th' extremity of law
Should carry peace about 'em to their graves,
Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of,
Could any way, my lord, derive you, know
I would return sharp answer to your slanders,
But it suffices, I am none of ought
Your rage miterms me

Louis None of 'em? no rascal?

John No rascal

Louis Nor no thief? 140

John Ask her that's my accuser could your eyes

¹ Old eds "it is"

² A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed 1—Old eds, "something hard"

Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
 You might without a partial judgment look into
 A woman's lust and malice

Card My good lords,
 What I have articulated against this fellow,
 I justify for truth

John On then, no more
 This being true she says, I have deserv'd
 To die

Fer We sit not here to bandy words,
 But minister [the] law, and that condemns thee
 For theft unto the gallows

Const O my misery ! 150
 Are you all marble-breasted ? are your bosoms
 Hoop'd round with steel ? to cast away a man,
 More worthy life and honours than a thousand
 Of such as only pray unto the shadow
 Of abus'd greatness !

John 'Tis in vain to storm ,
 My fate is here determinèd

Const Lost creature,
 Art thou grown dull too ? is my love so cheap
 That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love thee ?—
 My lords, my lords !—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now,
 Be not so cruel to thyself and me , 160
 One word of thine will do't

Fer Away with him !
 To-morrow is his day of execution

John Even when you will

Const. Stay, man , thou shalt not go,

Here are more women yet —Sweet madam, speak !
You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling
Of tenderness, you may be touch'd as I am :
Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and join
In earnest suit for one you held so dear

Cla My lord, pray speak in his behalf

Rod I would,

But dare not, 'tis a fault so clear and manifest 170

Louis Back with him to his dungeon !

John Heaven can tell

I sorrow not to die, but to leave her

Who whiles I live is my life's comforter

[*Exit with Servants*

Card Now shall I be reveng'd !

[*Aside, and exit with DIEGO*

Const O me unhappy !

[*Swoons*

Fer See, the girl falls !

Some one look to her

Cla 'Las, poor maid !

Gui Pretiosa !

She does recover mine honourable lord——

Fer In vain, what is't ?

Gui Be pleas'd to give me private audience ,

I will discover something shall advantage 180

The noblest of this land

Fer Well, I will hear thee ,

Bring in the girl

[*Exeunt* FERNANDO, MARIA, PEDRO, CLARA,
RODRIGO, GUAMARA, and CONSTANZA
ALVAREZ stays LOUIS

Louis Ought with me, what is't?
I care not for thy company, old ruffian,
Rascal, art impudent?

Alv To beg your service

Louis Hang yourself!

Alv By your father's soul, sir, hear me!

Louis Despatch!

Alv. First promise me you'll get reprieve
For the condemnèd man, and by my art
I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
Can wish for or desire

Louis. Thou liest, thou canst not!

Alv Try me.

Louis Do that, and then, as I am noble, 190
I will not only give thy friend his life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever

Alv I take your word, what would you?

Louis If thou mock'st me,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd!

Alv Sir, I am resolute

Louis Resolve me, then, whether the Count Alvarez,
Who slew my father, be alive or dead?

Alv. Is this the mighty matter? the count lives

Louis. How?

Alv. The count lives.

Louis O fate! Now tell me where,
And be my better genius.

Alv I can do't.

In Spain 'a lives, more, not far from Madrill, 200
But in disguise, much alter'd.

Louis Wonderful scholar !
Miracle of artists ! Alvarez living ?
And near Maduill too ? now, for heaven's sake, where ?
That's all, and I am thine

Alv Walk off, my lord,
To the next field, you shall know all

Louis Apace, then !
I listen to thee with a greedy ear .
The miserable and the fortunate
Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

*A field*¹

Enter ALVAREZ and LOUIS.

Alv. Good, good . you would fain kill him, and
revenge
Your father's death ?

Louis I would

Alv Bravely, or scurvily ?²

Louis Not basely, for the world !

Alv We are secure [*Produces two swords*
Young Louis, two more trusty blades than these
Spain has not in her arm[or]y . with this
Alvarez slew thy father , and this other

¹ The stage-direction in the old copies is, "*Ex. at one door, Enter presently at another*"

² A MS correction in Dyce's copy of ed. 1.—Old eds "*securely.*"

Was that the king of France wore when great Charles
In a set battle took him prisoner ,
Both I resign to thee

Louis This is a new mystery

Alv Now see this naked bosom , turn the points
Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st, 11
Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst
Of vengeance, blood , if blood be thy ambition,
Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck
De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave ,
Remember who it was that gave that blow,
His enemy Alvarez hear, and be sudden,
Behold Alvarez !

Louis Death, I am deluded !

Alv Thou art incredulous , as fate is certain,
I am the man

Louis Thou that butcher ? 20

Alv Tremble not, young man, trust me, I have wept
Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
From foreign lands to lands to find out death
I'm weary of my life , give me a sword
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castro's memory,
I'll fight with thee , I would not have thy hand
Dipp'd in a wilful murder , I could wish 30
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report . now if thou conquer'st, 3

Thou canst not triumph, I'm half dead already,
Yet I'll not start a foot

Louis Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of age?¹

Alv O, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation! by thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain,
Yet now I'll do my best Thou art amaz'd, 40
Come on

Louis Twelve tedious winters' banishment?
'Twas a long time

Alv Could they redeem thy father,
Would every age had been twelve ages, Louis,
And I for penance every age a-dying!
But 'tis too late to wish

Louis I am o'ercome,
Your nobleness hath conquer'd me here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours

Alv O, thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my fact!² for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew

Louis Our peace is made, 50
Your life shall be my care 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends

¹ "A MS correction *ubi sup* Old eds 'rage,' which the editor of 1816 altered to 'rags' Compare *The Old Law* [vol II p 149]

'Take hence that *pile of years*'—*Dyce*

² Guilt

Alv. Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee, glorious majesty ! My son,
For I will call thee [so], ere the next morrow
Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries

Lous I have enough to feed on sir, I'll follow ye
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A Room in FERNANDO'S House

Enter FERNANDO, GUIAMARA, and CONSTANZA.

Fer Don John, son to the count of Carcomo ?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not.

Gui Is this,
My lord, so strange ?

Fer. Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see, transforms the best
Into what shape love fancies

Const. Will you yet
Give me my husband's life ?

Fer Why, little one,
He is not married to thee.

Const In his faith
He is, and faith and troth I hope bind faster
Than any other ceremonies can,
Do they not, pray, my lord ?

Fer. Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art

Const This is new divinity

Gui My lord, behold this child well in her face
You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth

Fer True, 'tis a pretty child

Gui The glass of misery
Is, after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out you had a daughter call'd
Constanza ?

Fer Ha !

Gui A sister, Guamara,
Wife to the Count Alvarez ?

Fer Peace, O, peace !

20

Gui And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter, in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, died ?

Fer Woman, thou art too cruel !

Const What d'ye mean, granam ? 'las, the noble-
man
Grows angry !

Fer Not I, indeed I do not —
But why d'ye use me thus ?

Gui Your child and sister,
As you suppos'd, were drown'd ?

Fer Drown'd ? talking creature !
Suppos'd ?

Gui They live, Fernando, from my hand,
Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living

Const Do you mock me ?

30

Fer Torment me on , yet more, more yet, and spare
not,

My heart is now a-breaking , now !

Gui O brother !

Am I so far remov'd off from your memory,
As that you will not know me? I expected
Another welcome home look on this casket,

[*Showing casket*

The legacy your lady left her daughter,
When to her son she gave her crucifix

Fer Right, right , I know ye now

Gui In all my sorrows,

My comfort has been here, she should be [yours],
Be yours [at last] —Constanza, kneel, sweet child, 40
To thy old father

Const How? my father?

[*Kneels*

Fer Let not

Extremity of joys ravish life from me
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee ! Thou art my sister,
My sister Guimara ! How have mine eyes
Been darken'd all this while ! 'tis she !

Gui 'Tis, brother ,

And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,
No Pretiosa henceforth

Fer My soul's treasure,

Live to an age of goodness , and so thrive
In all thy ways, that thou mayst die to live !

Const. But must I call you father ?

Fer Thou wilt rob me else

50

Of that felicity, for whose sake only

I am ambitious of being young again

Rise, rise, mine own Constanza !

Const [*rising*] 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one, I may be bold
To make a suit t'ye ?

Fer Anything

Const O father,
And if you be my father, think upon
Don John my husband ! without him, alas,
I can be nothing !

Fer As I without thee,
Let me alone, Constanza —Tell me, tell me,
Lives yet Alvarez ?

Gui In your house

Fer Enough

60

Cloy me not, let me by degrees digest¹
My joys —Within, my lords Francisco, Pedro !
Come all at once ! I have a world within me,
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal

Enter FRANCISCO, PEDRO, MARIA, RODERIGO, and
CLARA

My honourable lord[s], partake my blessings,
[The] Count Alvarez lives here in my house,
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don John, is
The condemn'd man falsely accus'd of theft,
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guamara,

¹ Old form of "digest "

Madam, this [is] Constanza, mine own child, 70
And I am a wondrous merry man — Without !
The prisoner !

Enter ALVAREZ, LOUIS, JOHN, DIEGO, SANCHE, SOTO,
and CARDOCHIA

Louis Here, free and acquitted,
By her whose folly drew her to this error ,
And she for satisfaction is assur'd ¹
To my wrong'd friend

Card I crave your pardons,
He whose I am speaks for me

Diego We both beg it !

Fer Excellent ! admirable ! my dear brother !

Alv Never a happy man till now , young Louis
And I are reconcil'd

Louis For ever, faithfully,
Religiously

Fran }
Ped, &c } My noble lord, most welcome ! 80

Alv To all my heart pays what it owes, due thanks,
Most, most, brave youth, to thee !

John I all this while
Stand but a looker-on , and though my father
May justly tax the violence of my passions,
Yet if this lady, lady of my life,
Must be denied, let me be as I was,
And die betimes

¹ Affianced

Const You promis'd me——

Fer I did —

My lord of Carcomo, you see their hearts
Are join'd already, so let our consents
To this wish'd marriage

Fran I forgive thine errors , 90
Give me thy hand

Fer Me thine ¹—But wilt thou love
My daughter, my Constanza ?

John As my bliss

Const I thee as life, youth, beauty, anything
That makes life comfortable

Fer Live together
One, ever one ¹

Fran }
Rod, &c } And heaven crown your happiness ¹

Ped Now, sir, how like you a prison ?

San As gallants do a tavern, being stopped for a
reckoning, scurvily

Soto Though you caged us up never so close, we
sung like cuckoos 100

Fer Well, well, you be yourself now

San Myself?—am I out of my wits, Soto ?

Fer Here now are none but honourable friends
Will you, to give a farewell to the life
You ha' led as gipsies, these being now found
none,

But noble in their births, alter'd in fortunes,

¹ "Me thine"—Addressed to Constanza

Give it a merry shaking by the hand,
And cry adieu to folly?

San We'll shake our hands, and our heels, if you'll
give us leave [*A dance* 110

Fel On, brides and bridegrooms! to your Spanish
feasts

Invite with bent knees all these noble guests

[*Exeunt omnes*]

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN.

Women Beware Women A Tragedy, By Tho Middleton, Gent
London Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657 8vo

Women Beware Women forms part of a volume entitled, *Two New Playes*

Vis { *More Dissemblers*
 besides Women
 Women beware
 Women

Written by Tho Middleton, Gent London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Prince's Arms in St Paul's Churchyard, 1657 8vo

The following address, by Humphrey Moseley, is prefixed to the volume

“TO THE READER

“When these amongst others of Mr Thomas Middleton's excellent poems came to my hands, I was not a little confident but that his name would prove as great an inducement for thee to read as me to print them, since those issues of his brain that have already seen the sun have by their worth gained themselves a free entertainment amongst all that are ingenious and I am most certain that these will no way lessen his reputation nor hinder his admission to any noble and recreative spirits All that I require at thy hands is to continue the author in his deserved esteem, and to accept of my endeavours, which have ever been to please thee

Farewell”

Women Beware Women is included in the 5th vol of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

“The Foundation of this Play is borrow'd from a Romance called *Hyppolito and Isabella*, octavo”—Langbaine's *Acc of Engl. Dram Poets*, p 374

UPON THE TRAGEDY OF MY FAMILIAR
ACQUAINTANCE, THO MIDDLETON

Women beware Women, 'tis a true text
Never to be forgot, drabs of state vext
Have plots, poisons, mischiefs that seldom miss,
To murder virtue with a venom kiss
Witness this worthy tragedy, exprest
By him that well deserv'd among the best
Of poets in his time he knew the rage,
Madness of women cross'd, and for the stage
Fitted their humours, hell-bred malice, strife
Acted in state, presented to the life
I that have seen't can say, having just cause,
Never came tragedy off with more applause

NATH RICHARDS¹

¹ He wrote *The Tragedy of Messalin[a]*, 1640, a poor play, *The Celestiall Publican, a Sacred Poem*, 1630

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke of Florence

Lord Cardinal, brother to the Duke

FABRICIO, father to Isabella

HIPPOLITO, brother to Fabricio

GUARDIANO, uncle to the Ward

The Ward, a rich young heir

LEANTIO, a factor, husband to Bianca

SORDIDO, servant to the Ward

Cardinals, Knights, States of Florence, Citizens, &c

LIVIA, sister to Fabricio and Hippolito

ISABELLA, daughter to Fabricio

BIANCA,¹ wife to Leantio

Mother to Leantio

Ladies

Scene, FLORENCE

¹ Old ed. here and throughout the play, "Bruncha" Wherever the name occurs, a trisyllable is required. It is possible (by inserting a vowel sound before the *r*) to pronounce "Bruncha" as a trisyllable, but I have preferred to adopt Dyce's correction. "Her family name, as we learn from act iii. sc. 1, was Capello.—Most readers will recollect the celebrated *Bianca Capello*, second wife of Francis de Medici, grand duke of Tuscany: the earlier events in her history, and in that of the Bianca of the tragedy, have a sort of resemblance, both fled from Venice to Florence, &c"—Dyce

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN



ACT I.

SCENE I

An outer Room in the House of LEANTIO'S Mother

Enter LEANTIO, BIANCA, *and* Mother

Moth Thy sight was never yet more precious to me,
Welcome, with all th' affection of a mother,
That comfort can express from natural love !
Since thy birth-joy—a mother's chiefest gladness,
After sh'as undergone her curse of sorrows—
Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
Presents thee to my heart welcome again !

*Lean 'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys speak
to me !*

I have observ'd it often, and I know it is
The fortune commonly of knavish children 10
To have the loving'st mothers' [*Aside*]

Moth What's this gentlewoman?

Lean O, you have nam'd the most unvalu'd¹ purchase

That youth of man had ever knowledge of¹
As often as I look upon that treasure,
And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—
It joys me that I ever was ordain'd
To have a being, and to live 'mongst men,
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
Let a man truly think on't
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years 20
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots,
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When even the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments
O what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty, able to content a conqueror
Whom earth could scarce content, keeps me in compass
I find no wish in me bent sinfully
To this man's sister, or to that man's wife,
In love's name let 'em keep their honesties, 30
And cleave to their own husbands,—'tis then duties
Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
Nor come like gallants only to see faces,
As if lust went to market still on Sundays
I must confess I'm guilty of one sin, mother,
More than I brought into the world with me,
But that I glory in, 'tis theft, but noble
As ever greatness yet shot up withal

¹ *Unvalued* = invaluable.

Moth How's that ?

Lean Never to be repented, mother,
Though sin be death , I had died, if I had not sinn'd , 40
And here's my masterpiece , do you now behold her !
Look on her well, she's mine , look on her better ,
Now say if't be not the best piece of theft
That ever was committed ? and I've my pardon for't,—
'Tis seal'd from heaven by marriage

Moth Married to her !

Lean You must keep counsel, mother, I'm undone
else ,
If it be known, I've lost her , do but think now
What that loss is,—life's but a trifle to't
From Venice, her consent and I have brought her
From parents great in wealth, more now in rage , 50
But let storms spend their furies , now we've got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves,
We are contented little money sh'as brought me ,
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
Save that which lies lock'd up in hidden virtues,
Like jewels kept in cabinets

Moth You're to blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection

Lean How ?

Moth Such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which, no doubt,
At the full time might have prov'd rich and noble , 60
You know not what you've done , my life can give you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes ,

And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly too
What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?
Which every woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confin'd
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills, and humours 70

Lean Speak low, sweet mother, you're able to spoil
as many

As come within the hearing, if it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel
I pray do not you teach her to rebel,
When she is in a good way to obedience,
To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a-year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough
They're all of 'em a kind of spirits soon rais'd, 80
But not so soon laid, mother, as, for example,
A woman's belly is got up in a trice,—
A simple charge ere't be laid down again
So ever in all their quarrels and their courses,
And I'm a proud man I hear nothing of 'em,
They're very still, I thank my happiness,
And sound asleep, pray let not your tongue wake 'em
If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to,
To keep close, as a wife that loves her husband, 90
To go after the rate of my ability,

Not the licentious swing of her own will,
Like some of her old school-fellows, she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler,
And frame the fashion of an honest love,
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine providence, that feeds mouths of infants,
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs 100
Good mother, make not you things worse than they are
Out of your too much openness, pray take heed on't,
Nor imitate the envy of old people,
That strive to mar good sport because they're perfect
I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Especially to your own flesh and blood
I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks
Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully 110

Moth [*saluting* BIANCA] Gentlewoman, thus much is
a debt of courtesy,

Which fashionable strangers pay each other
At a kind meeting then there's more than one
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness,
I'm bold to come again, and now salute you
By the name of daughter, which may challenge more
Than ordinary respect

Lean Why, this is well now,
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it

[*Aside*

Moth What I can bid you welcome to, is mean,
But make it all your own, we're full of wants, 120
And cannot welcome worth

Lean Now this is scurvy,
And spoke¹ as if a woman lack'd her teeth,
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves [Aside

Bian Kind mother, there is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her desires
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I'm as rich as virtue can be poor,
Which were enough after the rate of mind
To erect temples for content plac'd here 130
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
And hourly I rejoice in't Here's my friends,
And few is the good number —Thy successes,
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes,
Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome
Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they must all be welcome, and us'd well
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
And rightly too, for here my love was born, 140
And that's the birthday of a woman's joys
You have not bid me welcome since I came

Lean That I did questionless

Bian No, sure—how was't?
I've quite forgot it.

¹ Old ed "spake."

Lean Thus [Kisses her]

Bian O, sir, 'tis true,

Now I remember well, I've done thee wrong,

Pray take 't again, sir [Kisses him]

Lean How many of these wrongs

Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass

For twice as many more !

Moth Will't please you to walk in, daughter ?

Bian Thanks, sweet mother,

The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing 150

[Exit with Mother]

Lean Though my own care and my rich master's trust

Lay their commands both on my factorship,

This day and night I'll know no other business

But her and her dear welcome 'Tis a bitterness

To think upon to-morrow ! that I must leave

Her still to the sweet hopes of the week's end,

That pleasure should be so restrain'd and curb'd

After the course of a rich work-master,

That never pays till Saturday night ! marry,

It comes together in a round sum then, 160

And does more good, you'll say O fair-ey'd Florence,

Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel

Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee,

Able to shoot destruction through the bloods

Of all thy youthful sons ! but 'tis great policy

To keep choice treasures in obscurest places,

Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make 'em

bolder ;

Temptation is a devil will not stick

To fasten upon a saint, take heed of that
 The jewel is cas'd up from all men's eyes, 170
 Who could imagine now a gem were kept
 Of that great value under this plain roof?
 But how in times of absence? what assuance
 Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with her
 Old mothers know the world, and such as these,
 When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys [*Exit*

SCENE II

A Garden attached to FABRICIO'S House

Enter GUARDIANO, FABRICIO, and LIVIA

Guar What, has your daughter seen him yet? know
 you that?

Fab No matter, she shall love him.

Guar Nay, let's have fair play,

He has been now my ward some fifteen year,
 And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me,
 By custom seconded and such moral virtues,
 To tender him a wife. Now, sir, this wife
 I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours,
 You see my meaning's fair if now this daughter
 So tender'd,—let me come to your own phrase, sir,—
 Should offer to refuse him, I were hansell'd — 10
 Thus am I fain to calculate all my words
 For the meridian of a foolish old man,
 To take his understanding [*Aside*]—What do you
 answer, sir?

Fab I say still, she shall love him.

Guar Yet again ?

And shall she have no reason for this love ?

Fab Why, do you think that women love with reason ?

Guar I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,
No more than wise men wise [*Aside*

Fab I had a wife,
She ran mad for me , she had no reason for't,
For aught I could perceive —What think you, lady
sister? 20

Guar 'Twas a fit match that, being both out of their
wits ,
A loving wife, it seem'd

She strove to come as near you as she could [*Aside*

Fab And if her daughter prove not mad for love
too,

She takes not after her , nor after me,
If she prefer reason before my pleasure —
You're an experienc'd widow, lady sister,
I pray, let your opinion come amongst us

Liz I must offend you then, if truth will do't,
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice 30
To force her love to one she never saw
Maid should both see and like, all little enough ,
If they love truly after that, 'tis well
Counting the time, she takes one man till death ,
That's a hard task, I tell you , but one may
Inquire at three years' end amongst young wives,
And mark how the game goes

Fab Why, is not man

Tied to the same observance, lady sister,
And in one woman ?

Liv 'Tis enough for him ,
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes 40
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,
As obedience forsooth, subjection, duty, and such kick-
shaws,

All of our making, but serv'd in to them ;
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,
We're not to blame, your best cooks [often] use it

Fab Thou'rt a sweet lady sister and a witty

Liv A witty ! O the bud of commendation,
Fit for a girl of sixteen ! I am blown, man ,
I should be wise by this time , and, for instance,
I've buried my two husbands in good fashion, 50
And never mean more to marry

Guar No ! why so, lady ?

Liv Because the third shall never bury me
I think I'm more than witty How think you, sir ?

Fab I have paid often fees to a counsellor
Has had a weaker brain

Liv Then I must tell you
Your money was soon parted

*Guar*¹ Light her now, brother

¹ The text is corrupt I fear the following emendation is hardly satisfactory —

“ *Liv* Then I must tell you
Your money was soon parted

Fab Like enow

Liv Brother, where's my niece ? ”

The reader will remember that the last syllable of *enow* was frequently

Liv Where is my niece ? let her be sent for straight,
If you have any hope 'twill prove a wedding,
'Tis fit, i'faith, she should have one sight of him,
And stop upon't, and not be join'd in haste, 60
As if they went to stock a new-found land.

Fab Look out her uncle, and you're sure of her,
Those two are ne'er asunder, they've been heard
In argument at midnight, moonshine nights
Are noondays with them, they walk out their sleeps,
Or rather at those hours appear like those
That walk in 'em, for so they did to me
Look you, I told you truth, they're like a chain,—
Draw but one link, all follows

Enter HIPPOLITO and ISABELLA.

Guar O affinity,
What piece of excellent workmanship art thou ! 70
'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust but love in't,
And that abundantly, when in stranger things
There is no love at all but what lust brings.

Fab On with your mask ! for 'tis your part to see now,
And not be seen go to, make use of your time,
See what you mean to like, nay, and I charge you,
Like what you see do you hear me ? there's no dally-
ing,
The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time
He were getting lawful hens, and you a-breeding on 'em.

sounded like the adverb *now* Between *light her now* and *like enow*
there is no great difference of pronunciation

Isa Good father——

Fab Tell not me of tongues and rumours 80
You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple,
The better for a husband, were you wise,
For those that mairy fools live ladies' lives
On with the mask¹ I'll hear no more he's rich,
The fool's hid under bushels

Liv Not so hid neither
But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks,
What will he be when he comes altogether?

Enter the Ward with a trap-stick, and SORDIDO

Ward Beat him?

I beat him out o' the field with his own cat-stick,
Yet gave him the first hand

Sor O strange¹

Ward I did it, 90

Then he set jacks¹ on me

Sor What, my lady's tailor?

Ward Ay, and I beat him too

Sor Nay, that's no wonder,
He's us'd to beating

Ward Nay, I tickled him
When I came once to my tippings

Sor Now you talk on 'em,
There was a poulterer's wife made a great complaint
Of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck
A bump in her child's head as big as an egg

¹ Fellows.

Ward An egg may prove a chicken, then in time
The poulterer's wife will get by't when I am
In game, I'm furious, came my mother's eyes 100
In my way, I would not lose a fair end, no,
Were she alive, but with one tooth in her head,
I should venture the striking out of that.

I think of nobody when I'm in play,
I am so earnest Coads me, my guardianer !
Prithee, lay up my cat and cat-stick¹ safe

Sor Where, sir ? i' the chimney-corner ?

Ward Chimney-corner !

Sor Yes, sir, your cats are always safe i' the chimney-
corner,

Unless they burn their coats

Ward Marry, that I am afraid on !

Sor Why, then, I will bestow your cat i' the gutter, 110
And there she's safe, I'm sure

Ward If I but live

To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out when I list, I'm dog at a hole
I mar'l my guardianer does not seek a wife for me,
I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,
Or contract myself at midnight to the larder-woman,
In presence of a fool² or a sack-posset.

Guar Ward !

¹ Dyce quotes Strutt's description of the game of tip-cat, but most readers are familiar with the game

² A play on the words *fool* and *fowl* is intended Cf 3 *Henry VI.*, v 6, ll, 18-20

Ward I feel myself after any exercise 120
Horribly prone let me but ride, I'm lusty,
A cock-horse, straight, i'faith !

Guar Why, Ward, I say !

Ward. I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine nights,
There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock
In four-and-twenty hours if my hot blood
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly.

Guar. Do you hear, sir? follow me, I must new-school you

Ward School me? I scorn that now, I am past schooling

I'm not so base to learn to write and read,
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle 130

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO, the Ward, and SORDIDO

Fab How do you like him, girl? this is your husband
Like him, or like him not, wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him

Liv O, soft there, brother ! though you be a justice,
Your warrant cannot be serv'd out of your liberty,
You may compel, out of the power of father,
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood,
But when you come to love, there the soil alters,
You're in another country, where your laws
Are no more set by than the cacklings of geese 140
In Rome's great Capitol

Fab Marry him she shall then,

Let her agree upon love afterwards. [*Exit*

Liv You speak now, brother, like an honest mortal
That walks upon th' earth with a staff, you were up

I' the clouds before , you would command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it —
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here ,
There is not such another seat on earth,
Where all good parts better express themselves

Hip You'll make me blush anon 150

Liv 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,
And that's most comely , thou art all a feast,
And she that has thee a most happy guest
Prithee, cheer up thy¹ niece with special counsel [*Exit*

Hip I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I would ,
but

'Twas not a thing ordain'd, heaven has forbid it ,
And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish
Than the decree divine receive least blemish
Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,
Consume me silent, let me be stark dead 160
Ere the world know I'm sick You see my honesty ,
If you befriend me, so [*Aside*

Isa Marry a fool !

Can there be greater misery to a woman
That means to keep her days true to her husband,
And know no other man ? so virtue wills it
Why, how can I obey and honour him,
But I must needs commit idolatry ?
A fool is but the image of a man,
And that but ill made neither O the heartbreakings
Of miserable maids, where love's enforc'd ! 170

¹ Old ed "that."

The best condition is but bad enough ,
When women have their choices, commonly
They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great por-
tions

To men to keep 'em in subjection ,
As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
And glad of a good usage, a good look sometimes
Byrlady, no misery surmounts a woman's ,
Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters ,
Yet honesty and love makes all this happy, 180
And, next to angels', the most bless'd estate
That providence, that has made every poison
Good for some use, and sets four warring elements
At peace in man, can make a harmony
In things that are most strange to human reason
O, but this marriage ! [*Aside*]—What, are you sad too,
uncle ?

Faith, then there's a whole household down together
Where shall I go to seek my comfort now,
When my best friend's distress'd ? what is't afflicts you,
sir ?

Hip Faith, nothing but one grief, that will not leave
me, 190

And now 'tis welcome , every man has something
To bring him to his end, and this will serve,
Join'd with your father's cruelty to you,—
That helps it forward

Isa. O, be cheer'd, sweet uncle !

How long has 't been upon you ? I ne'er spied it,
What a dull sight have I ! how long, I pray, sir ?

Hip Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna.

Isa And could you deal so unkindly with my heart,
To keep it up so long hid from my pity ?

Alas ! how shall I trust your love hereafter ? 200

Have we pass'd through so many arguments,
And miss'd of that still, the most needful one ?
Walk'd ¹ out whole nights together in discourses,
And the main point forgot ? we're to blame both ,
This is an obstinate, wilful forgetfulness,
And faulty on both parts let's lose no time now ,
Begin, good uncle, you that feel 't , what is it ?

Hip You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't,
'Tis not a thing ordain'd for you to know

Isa Not I, sir ? all my joys that word cuts off, 210
You made profession once you lov'd me best ,
'Twas but profession

Hip Yes, I do't too truly,
And fear I shall be chid for't Know the worst then ,
I love thee dearlier than an uncle can

Isa Why, so you ever said, and I believ'd it

Hip So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
They understand not yet th' unhallow'd language
Of a near sinner , I must yet be forc'd,
Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer —

[*Aside*

As a man loves his wife, so love I thee 220

¹ The editor of 1618 read "Wak'd , " but compare 1 65

Isa What's that?

Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
Which commonly we understand too soon,
Then over-quick at hearing, I'll prevent it,
Though my joys fare the harder, welcome it
It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again
Farewell all friendly solaces and discourses,
I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
Are greater than your comforts What's become
Of truth in love, if such we cannot trust, ²³⁰
When blood, that should be love, is mix'd with lust?
[*Exit*

Hip The worst can be but death, and let it come,
He that lives joyless, every day's his doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

Street before the House of LEANTIO'S Mother

Enter LEANTIO

Lean Methinks I'm even as dull now at departure,
As men observe great gallants the next day
After a revel,¹ you shall see 'em look
Much of my fashion, if you mark 'em well
'Tis even a second hell to part from pleasure
When man has got a smack on't as many holydays
Coming together makes your poor heads idle
A great while after, and are said to stick

Fast in their fingers' ends,—even so does game
In a new-married couple, for the time 10
It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies a bed
T' invent all the new ways for great expenses

[*BIANCA and Mother appear above*

See, and ¹ she be not got on purpose now
Into the window to look after me ¹
I've no power to go now, and ¹ I should be hang'd,
Farewell all business, I desire no more
Than I see yonder let the goods at key
Look to themselves, why should I toil my youth out?
It is but begging two or three year sooner,
And stay with her continually is't a match? 20
O, fie, what a religion have I leap'd into!
Get out again, for shame! the man loves best
When his care's most, that shows his zeal to love
Fondness is but the idiot to ² affection,
That plays at hot-cockles with rich merchants' wives,
Good to make sport withal when the chest's full,
And the long warehouse cracks 'Tis time of day
For us to be more wise, 'tis early with us,
And if they lose the morning of their affairs,
They commonly lose the best part of the day 30
Those that are wealthy, and have got enough,
'Tis after sunset with 'em, they may rest,
Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy, and play,
When such as I enter the heat o' the day,
And I'll do't cheerfully

¹ If

² Compared with

Bian I perceive, sir,
You're not gone yet, I've good hope you'll stay now.

Lean Farewell, I must not

Bian Come, come, pray return,
To-morrow, adding but a little care more,
Will despatch all as well, believe me 'twill, sir

Lean I could well wish myself where you would have
me, 40

But love that's wanton must be rul'd awhile
By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin
As fitting is a government in love
As in a kingdom, where 'tis all mere lust,
'Tis like an insurrection in the people,
That, rais'd in self-will, wars against all reason,
But love that is respective for increase
Is like a good king, that keeps all in peace.
Once more, farewell

Bian But this one night, I prithee!

Lean Alas, I'm in for twenty, if I stay, 50
And then for forty more! I've such luck to flesh,
I never bought a horse but he bore double
If I stay any longer, I shall turn
An everlasting spendthrift as you love
To be maintain'd well, do not call me again,
For then I shall not care which end goes forward
Again, farewell to thee

Bian Since it must, farewell too [Exit LEANTIO]

Moth Faith, daughter, you're to blame, you take the
course

To make him an ill husband, troth you do,

And that disease is catching, I can tell you, 60
Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
And that with little urging Nuy, fie, see now,
What cause have you to weep? would I had no more,
That have liv'd threescore years! there were a cause,
And¹ 'twere well thought on Trust me, you're to
blame,

His absence cannot last five days at utmost
Why should those tears be fetch'd forth? cannot love
Be even as well express'd in a good look,
But it must see her face still in a fountain?
It shows like a country maid dressing her head 70
By a dish of water come, 'tis an old custom
To weep for love

Enter several Boys, several Citizens, and an Apprentice

First Boy Now they come, now they come!

Sec Boy The Duke!

Third Boy The state[s]!

First Cit How near, boy?

First Boy I' the next street, sir, hard at hand

First Cit You, sirrah, get a standing for your mistress,

The best in all the city

Appren I have't for her, sir,

'Twas a thing I provided for her over-night, 80

'Tis ready at her pleasure

First Cit Fetch her to't then

Away, sir! [*Exeunt Boys, Citizens, and Apprentice*]

ACT II

SCENE I.

An Apartment in LIVIA'S House

Enter HIPPOLITO and LIVIA

Liv A strange affection, brother ! when I think on t
I wonder how thou cam'st by't

Hip Even as easily
As man comes by destruction, which ofttimes
He wears in his own bosom

Liv Is the world
So populous in women, and creation
So prodigal in beauty, and so various,
Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood ?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kindred,
And seek not where it should ? it is confin'd 10
Now in a narrower prison than was made for't ,
It is allow'd a stranger , and where bounty
Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry
To spare, and servants shall have small thanks for't ,

So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock
That spares free means, and spends of his own stock

Hip Ne'er was man's misery so soon summ'd¹ up,
Counting how truly

Liv Nay, I love you so,
That I shall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you , 20
Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint
Under a reprehension, and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you
Prithce, sweet brother, let not passion waste
The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune
Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love
As dearly as mine own , and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were minister'd
By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and virtue, and I can bring forth 30
As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes
In all her teeming longings , this I can do

Hip O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect !

Liv I would that love of yours were pawn'd to't,
brother,

And as soon lost that way as I could win !
Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any she that wears a tongue in Florence ,
Sh'ad need be a good horsewoman, and sit fast,
Whom my strong argument could not fling at last
Prithce, take courage, man , though I should counsel 40

¹ Old ed "sow d "

Another to despair, yet I am pitiful
To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—
I will not name for what, it is not handsome,
Find you the proof and praise me

Hip Then I fear me
I shall not praise you in haste

Liv This is the comfort,
You are not the first, brother, has attempted
Things more forbidden than this seems to be
I'll minister all cordials now to you,
Because I'll cheer you up, sir

Hip I'm past hope

Liv Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure
then, 50

As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal
And near akin to shame When shall you see her?

Hip Never in comfort more

Liv You're so impatient too!

Hip Will you believe? death, sh'as forsworn my
company,
And seal'd it with a blush

Liv So, I perceive
All lies upon my hands then, well, the more glory
When the work's finish'd

Enter Servant

How now, sir? the news?

Ser Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,
Is lighted now to see you

Liv That's great fortune ;
Sir, your stars bless ¹ you simply —Lead her in 60
[*Exit* Servant

Hip. What's this to me ?

Liv Your absence, gentle brother ,
I must bestir my wits for you
Hip Ay, to great purpose [*Exit*

Liv Beshrew you, would I lov'd you not so well ¹
I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone
I am the fondest where I once affect ,
The carefull'st of their healths and of their ease, forsooth,
That I look still but slenderly to mine own
I take a course to pity him so much now,
That I've none left for modesty and myself
This 'tis to grow so liberal you've few sisters 70
That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own honesties ,
But if you question my affections,
That will be found my fault

Enter ISABELLA

Niece, your love's welcome.
Alas ! what draws that paleness to thy cheeks ?
This enforc'd marriage towards ?
Isa It helps, good aunt,
Amongst some other griefs , but those I'll keep
Lock'd up in modest silence, for they're sorrows

¹ Dyce suggested this reading, but printed " Sir, your stars bless you
—Simple, lead her in "—Old ed "bless , you simple, lead," &c,

Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the
thought

Liv Indeed, the Ward is simple

Isa Simple ! that were well,

Why, one might make good shift with such a husband, so
But he's a fool entail'd, he halts downright in't

Liv And knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
To take or refuse, niece

Isa You see it is not

I loathe him more than beauty can hate death,
Or age her spiteful neighbour

Liv Let 't appear then

Isa How can I, being born with that obedience
That must submit unto a father's will?
If he command, I must of force consent

Liv Alas, poor soul ! be not offended, prithee,
If I set by the name of niece awhile, 90
And bring in pity in a stranger fashion,
It lies here in this breast would cross this match

Isa How ! cross it, aunt?

Liv Ay, and give thee more liberty
Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend

Isa. Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from me
What may befriend my life !

Liv Yes, yes, I must,
When I return to reputation,
And think upon the solemn vow I made
To your dead mother, my most loving sister,
As long as I've her memory 'twixt mine eyelids, 100
Look for no pity now

Isa Kind, sweet, dear aunt——

Liv No, 'twas a secret I've took special care of,
Deliver'd by your mother on her death-bed,
That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet,
Though ne'er was fitter time, nor greater cause for't

Isa As you desire the praises of a virgin——

Liv Good sorrow, I would do thee any kindness
Not wronging secrecy or reputation

Isa Neither of which, as I have hope of fruit[ful]ness,
Shall receive wrong from me

Liv Nay, 'twould be your own wrong 110
As much as any's, should it come to that once

Isa I need no better means to work persuasion then

Liv Let it suffice, you may refuse this fool,
Or you may take him as you see occasion,
For your advantage, the best wits will do't,
You've liberty enough in your own will,
You cannot be enforc'd, there grows the flower,
If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet
to you.

That which you call your fathêr's command 's nothing,
Then your obedience must needs be as little 120
If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
Or pick out aught that likes you, much good do you,
You see your cheer, I'll make you no set dinner

Isa And, trust me, I may starve for all the good
I can find yet in this sweet aunt, deal plainlier

Liv Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
And give you, in a secret, that would start you,
How am I sure of you in faith and silence?

Isa Equal assurance may I find in mercy
As you for that in me !

Liv It shall suffice

130

Then know, however custom has made good,
For reputation's sake, the names of niece
And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less

Isa How's that ?

Liv I told you I should start your blood ,
You are no more allied to any of us,
Save what the courtesy of opinion casts
Upon your mother's memory and your name,
Than the merest stranger is, or one begot
At Naples when the husband lies at Rome ,
There's so much odds betwixt us Since your know-
ledge

140

Wish'd more instruction, and I have your oath
In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier
Did never the report of that fam'd Spaniard,
Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe
For understanding, fill your ear with wonder ?

Isa Yes, what of him ? I've heard his deeds of
honour

Often related when we liv'd in Naples

Liv You heard the praises of your father then.

Isa My father !

Liv That was he , but all the business
So carefully and so discreetly carried,
That fame receiv'd no spot by't, not a blemish ,
Your mother was so wary to her end,
None knew it but her conscience and her friend,

150

Till penitent confession made it mine,
And now my pity yours, it had been long else,
And I hope care and love alike in you,
Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now
How weak his commands now whom you call father !
How vain all his enforcements, your obedience !
And what a largeness in your will and liberty, 160
To take, or to reject, or to do both !
For fools will serve to father wise men's children
All this you've time to think on O my wench,
Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion !
We might do well else of a brittle people
As any under the great canopy
I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still ,
Take heed of that , it may be mark'd in time else .
But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the world,
Kindred, or dearest friend , nay, I entreat you, 170
From him that all this while you have call'd uncle ,
And though you love him dearly, as I know
His deserts claim as much even from a stranger,
Yet let not him know this, I prithee, do not ,
As ever thou hast hope of second pity,
If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't
 Isa Believe my oath, I will not
 Liv Why, well said —
Who shows more craft t' undo a maidenhead,
I'll resign my part to her [*Aside.*]

Enter HIPPOLITO

She's thine own, go.

Hip Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows ! 180

[*Exit* LIVIA

Isa Have I past so much time in ignorance,
And never had the means to know myself
Till this bless'd hour ? thanks to her virtuous pity
That brought it now to light, would I had known it
But one day sooner ! he had then receiv'd
In favours, what, poor gentleman, he took
In bitter words, a slight and harsh reward
For one of his deserts [Aside

Hip There seems to me now
More anger and distraction in her looks
I'm gone, I'll not endure a second storm, 190
The memory of the first is not past yet [Aside

Isa Are you return'd, you comforts of my life,
In this man's presence ? I will keep you fast now,
And sooner part eternally from the world
Than my good joys in you [Aside]—Prithee, forgive
me,

I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them,
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite
And make 'em taste their wine well, so, methinks, 201
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape,
How think'st thou ? doesn't not ? [Kisses him

Hip 'Tis so excellent,
I know not how to praise it, what to say to't !

Isa This marriage shall go forward

Hyp With the Ward ?

Are you in earnest ?

Isa 'Twould be ill for us else

Hyp For us ! how means she that ? [*Aside*

Isa Troth, I begin

To be so well, methinks, within this hour,
For all this match able to kill one's heart, 210
Nothing can pull me down now, should my father
Provide a worse fool yet—which I should think
Were a hard thing to compass—I'd have him either,
The worse the better, none can come amiss now,
If he want wit enough, so discretion love me,
Desert and judgment, I've content sufficient
She that comes once to be a housekeeper
Must not look every day to fare well, sir,
Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service,
For she feeds commonly as her lady does, 220
No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't,
But when she comes to keep house for herself,
She's glad of some choice cates then once a-week,
Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em,
So must affection learn to fare with thankfulness
Pray, make your love no stranger, sir, that's all,—
Though you be one yourself, and know not on't,
And I have sworn you must not [*Aside, and exit*

Hyp This is beyond me !

Never came joys so unexpectedly

To meet desires in man how came she thus ? 230

What has she done to her, can any tell ?

'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders,
Some art that has no name, sure, strange to me
Of all the wonders I e'er met withal
Throughout my ten years' travels, but I'm thankful for't
This marriage now must of necessity forward,
It is the only veil wit can devise
To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes [Exit

SCENE II

*Another Apartment in LIVIA'S House a chess board
set out*

Enter LIVIA and GUARDIANO

Liv How, sir? a gentlewoman so young, so fair,
As you set forth, spied from the widow's window?

Guar She

Liv Our Sunday-dinner woman?

Guar And Thursday-supper woman, the same still
I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear
She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence,
And no doubt other parts follow their leader
The Duke himself first spied her at the window,
Then, in a rapture—as if admiration 10
Were poor when it were single—beckon'd me,
And pointed to the wonder warily,
As one that fear'd she would draw in her splendour
Too soon, if too much gaz'd at I ne'er knew him
So infinitely taken with a woman,

Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax
 His raptures of slight folly, she's a creature
 Able to draw a state from serious business,
 And make it their best piece to do her service
 What course shall we devise? has spoke twice now 20

Liv Twice?

Guar 'Tis beyond your apprehension
 How strangely that one look has catch'd his heart
 'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and favour
 To those should work his peace

Liv And if I do't not,
 Or at least come as near it—if your art
 Will take a little pains and second me—
 As any wench in Florence of my standing,
 I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning

Guar 'Tis for the Duke, and if I fail your purpose, 30
 All means to come by riches or advancement
 Miss me, and skip me over!

Liv Let the old woman then
 Be sent for with all speed, then I'll begin

Guar A good conclusion follow, and a sweet one,
 After this stale beginning with old ware!
 Within there!

Enter Servant.

Ser Sir, do you call?

Guar Come near, list hither [*Whispers*

Liv I long myself to see this absolute creature,
 That wins the heart of love and praise so much

Guar Go, sir, make haste

Liv Say I entreat her company
Do you hear, sir?

Ser Yes, madam

[*Exit*

Liv That brings her quickly 40

Guar I would 'twere done! the Duke waits the good
hour,

And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't
I've had a lucky hand these fifteen year
At such court-passage¹ with three dice in a dish —

Enter FABRICIO

Signor Fabricio!

Fab O sir,

I bring an alteration in my mouth now

Guar An alteration?—No wise speech, I hope,
He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?²— [*Aside*
Good, what's the change, I pray, sir?

Fab A new change 50

Guar Another yet? faith, there's enough already

Fab My daughter loves him now

Guar What, does she, sir?

Fab Affects him beyond thought who but the Ward,
forsooth?

No talk but of the Ward, she would have him

¹ "Passage is a game at dice, to be played at but by two, and it is performed with three dice. The crister throws continually till he hath thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth, or doublets above ten, and then he *passeth* and wins" *Complete Gamester*, 1680, p. 119

² Think you?

To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw
My will goes not so fast as her consent now,
Her duty gets before my command still

Guar Why, then, sir, if you'll have me speak my
thoughts,

I smell 'twill be a match

Fab Ay, and a sweet young couple,

If I have any judgment

Guar Faith, that's little — [Aside 60

Let her be sent to-morrow, before noon,
And handsomely trick'd up, for 'bout that time
I mean to bring her in, and tender her to him

Fab I warrant you for handsome, I will see
Her things laid ready, every one in order,
And have some part of her trick'd up to-night

Guar Why, well said

Fab 'Twas a use her mother had,
When she was invited to an early wedding,
She'd dress her head o'er night, sponge up herself,
And give her neck three lathers

Guar Ne'er a halter? [Aside 70

Fab On with her chain of pearl, her ruby bracelets,
Lay ready all her tricks and juggembobs.

Guar So must your daughter

Fab I'll about it straight, sir [Exit.

Liv How he sweats in the foolish zeal of fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones !

Guar You've let his folly blood in the right vein,
lady.

Liv And here comes his sweet son-in-law that shall
be,
They're both allied in wit before the marriage,
What will they be hereafter, when they're nearer ! 80
Yet they can go no further than the fool,
There's the world's end in both of 'em

*Enter the Ward and SORDIDO, one with a shuttlecock, the
other with a battledoor*

Guar Now, young heir

Ward What's the next business after shuttlecock now ?

Guar. To-morrow you shall see the gentlewoman
Must be your wife

Ward There's even another thing too,
Must be kept up with a pair of battledoors
My wife ! what can she do ?

Guar Nay, that's a question you should ask yourself,
Ward,
When you're alone together

Ward That's as I list, 90
A wife's to be ask[']d anywhere, I hope,
I'll ask her in a congregation,
If I've a mind to't, and so save a license
My guardianer has no more wit than an herb-woman
That sells away all her sweet herbs and nosegays,
And keeps a stinking breath for her own pottage
Sor Let me be at the choosing of your belov'd,
If you desire a woman of good parts
Ward Thou shalt, sweet Sordido
Sor I have a plaguy guess, let me alone to see what

she is if I but look upon her—'way¹ I know all the faults to a hair that you may refuse her for 102

Ward Dost thou? I prithee, let me hear 'em,
Sordido

Sor Well, mark 'em then, I have 'em all in rhyme

The wife your guardianer ought to tender
Should be pretty, straight, and slender,
Her hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue,
No pearl in eye,¹ nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shows, 110
She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once
Her skin must be both white and plump['d],
Her body straight, not hopper-rump'd,
Or wriggle sideways like a crab,
She must be neither slut nor drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes,
To make her smock lick up the dews,
And two things more, which I forgot to tell ye,
She neither must have bump in back nor belly 120
These are the faults that will not make her pass

Ward And if I spy not these, I'm a rank ass

Sor Nay, more, by right, sir, you should see her naked,

For that's the ancient order

Ward See her naked?

¹ See note 2, p. 142

That were good sport, r'faith I'll have the books turn'd
o'er,

And if I find her naked on record,
She shall not have a rag on but stay, stay,
How if she should desire to see me so too?

I were in a sweet case then, such a foul skin!

Sor But you've a clean shirt, and that makes amends,
sir 130

Ward I will not see her naked for that trick though

[*Exit*

Sor Then take her with all faults with her clothes on,
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll¹

Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge farthingale
Is like the buying of ware under a great pent-house,
What with the deceit of one,

And the false light² of th' other, mark my speeches,
He may have a diseas'd wench in's bed,

And rotten stuff in's breeches [Exit

Guar It may take handsomely

Liv I see small hindrance.— 140

*Re-enter*³ *Servant, showing in Mother.*

How now? so soon return'd?

Guar She's come.

Liv That's well — [Exit *Servant*

Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you,

¹ See note 2, vol 1 p 233

² See note 4, vol 1 p 247

³ Old ed "*Enter Mother.*"

Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for ,
You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind ,
Troth, you're to blame , you cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you

Moth My thanks must needs acknowledge so much,
madam

Liv How can you be so strange then ? I sit here
Sometime whole days together without company, 150
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society
Which I so well affect as that of yours
I know you're alone too , why should not we,
Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time, and meet age merrily ? ¹

Moth Age, madam ¹ you speak mirth , 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet 160

Liv My faith, I'm nine-and-thirty, every stroke,
wench ,

And 'tis a general observation

'Mongst knights—wives or widows we account ourselves
Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at's ,
'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er fail'd yet
In any but in one, that I remember ,
Indeed, she had a friend at nine-and-forty ,
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th' end

¹ Old ed "meerly "

He kept a quean or two with her own money,
That robb'd her of her plate and cut her throat 170

Moth. She had her punishment in this world, madam,
And a fair warning to all other women
That they live chaste at fifty

Liv. Ay, or never, wench
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with't
Till after supper

Moth. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam

Liv. I swear you shall stay supper, we've no strangers,
woman,

None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward, you know our company

Moth. Some other time I'll make bold with you,
madam

Guar. Nay, pray stay, widow

Liv. Faith, she shall not go 180
Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Moth. 'Tis a great while
Till supper-time, I'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again i' th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so

Liv. I' th' evening? by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you you've great business,
sure,

To sit alone at home, I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in't, were't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go or stay, 190

Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heart's ease?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts, there are an hundred
tricks

To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench

Moth I'll but make one step home, and return straight,
madam.

Liv Come, I'll not trust you, you use more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any
What business can you have, if you be sure
You've lock'd the doors? and, that being all you have,
I know you're careful on't One afternoon
So much to spend here ' say I should entreat you now 200
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together,
It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in,
Would you deny such a request? 'faith,
Speak truth, and freely

Moth I were then uncivil, madam

Liv Go to then, set your men, we'll have whole
nights

Of mirth together, ere we be much older, wench

[*LIVIA and Mother sit down to the chess-board*

Moth As good now tell her then, for she will know't,
I've always found her a most friendly lady [*Aside* 210

Liv Why, widow, where's your mind?

Moth Troth, even at home, madam

To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods

Liv Another excuse !

Moth No, as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth

Please you to send and see

Liv What gentlewoman ? pish !

Moth Wife to my son, indeed, but not known, madam,

To any but yourself

Liv Now I beshrew you ,

Could you be so unkind to her and me, 220

To come and not bring her ? faith, 'tis not friendly

Moth I fear'd to be too bold

Liv Too bold ! O, what's become

Of the true hearty love was wont to be

'Mongst neighbours in old time !

Moth And she's a stranger, madam

Liv The more should be her welcome when is courtesy

In better practice than when 'tis employ'd

In entertaining strangers ? I could chide, i'faith

Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman ! alone too !

Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go

Moth Please you, command one of your servants, madam 230

Liv Within there !

Re-enter Servant

Ser Madam

Liv Attend the gentlewoman !

¹ Lamb quotes part of the present scene in his *Specimens*, and

Moth It must be carried wondrous privately
From my son's knowledge, he'll break out in storms
else —

Hark you, sir [*Whispers the Servant, who then goes out*
Liv [*to Guar*] Now comes in the heat of your part.

Guar True, I know't, lady, and if I be out,
May the Duke banish me from all employments,
Wanton or serious !

Liv So, have you sent, widow ?

Moth. Yes, madam, he's almost at home by this

Liv And, faith, let me entreat you that henceforward
All such unkind faults may be swept from friendship, 240
Which does but dim the lustre, and think thus much,
It is a wrong to me, that have ability
To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me,
You cannot set greater dishonour near me,
For bounty is the credit and the glory
Of those that have enough I see you're sorry,
And the good 'mends is made by't

Re-enter Servant, showing in BIANCA

Moth Here she is, madam [*Exit Servant*

Bian. I wonder how she comes to send for me now
[*Aside*

Liv Gentlewoman, you're most welcome, trust me,
you are,

observes — "This is one of those scenes which has the air of being an immediate transcript from life Livia, the 'good neighbour,' is as real a creature as one of Chaucer's characters She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath "

As courtesy can make one, or respect 250
Due to the presence of you

Bian I give you thanks, lady

Liv I heard you were alone, and 't had appear'd
An ill condition¹ in me, though I knew you not,
Nor ever saw you—yet humanity
Thinks every case her own—t' have kept your company
Here from you, and left you all solitary
I rather ventur'd upon boldness then,
As the least fault, and wish'd your presence here,
A thing most happily motion'd of that gentleman,
Whom I request you, for his care and pity, 260
To honour and reward with your acquaintance,
A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,
That's his profession

Bian 'Tis a noble one,
And honours my acquaintance

Guar All my intentions
Are servants to such mistresses

Bian 'Tis your modesty,
It seems, that makes your de arts speak so low, sir

Liv Come, widow—Look you, lady, here's our
business, [Pointing to the chess-board
Are we not well employ'd, think you? an old quarrel
Between us, that will ne'er be at an end

Bian. No? and, methinks, there's men enough to part
you, lady. 270

Liv Ho, but they set us on, let us come off

¹ Disposition

As well as we can, poor souls , men care no farther
I pray, sit down, forsooth, if you've the patience
To look upon two weak and tedious gamesters

Guar Faith, madam, set these by till evening,
You'll have enough on't then , the gentlewoman,
Being a stranger, would take more delight
To see your rooms and pictures

Liv Marry, good sir,
And well remember'd , I beseech you, show 'em her,
That will beguile time well , pray heartily, do, sir, 280
I'll do as much for you here, take these keys ,

[*Gives keys to GUARDIANO*]

Show her the monument too, and that's a thing
Every one sees not , you can witness that, widow.

Moth And that's worth sight indeed, madam

Bian Kind lady,
I fear I came to be a trouble to you

Liv O, nothing less, forsooth !

Bian And to this courteous gentleman,
That wears a kindness in his breast so noble
And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger

Guar If you but give acceptance to my service,
You do the greatest grace and honour to me 290
That courtesy can merit

Bian I were to blame else,
And out of fashion much I pray you, lead, sir

Liv After a game or two, we're for you, gentlefolks.

Guar We wish no better seconds in society
Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's
there.

Moth I thank your praise, I listen'd to you, sir,
Though, when you spoke, there came a paltry rook
Full in my way, and chokes up all my game

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO and BIANCA]

Liv Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for
thee!

Moth You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn,
madam 300

Liv It will be found so, ere I give you over —

[*Aside*]

She that can place her man well——

Moth As you do, madam

Liv As I shall, wench, can never lose her game

Nay, nay, the black king's mine

Moth Cry you mercy, madam!

Liv And this my queen

Moth I see't now

Liv Here's a duke¹

Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon,
Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself

Moth I know that, madam

Liv. You play well the whilst

How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats,
I give you check and mate to your white king, 310
Simplicity itself, your saintish king there

Moth Well, ere now, lady,
I've seen the fall of subtlety, jest on

¹ Rook — Cf *Induction to A Game at Chess* —

“Dukes? they're called Rooks by some.”

Liv Ay, but simplicity receives two for one

Moth What remedy but patience !

Enter GUARDIANO and BIANCA above

Bian Trust me, sir,

Mine eye ne'er met with fairer ornaments

Guar Nay, livelier, I'm persuaded, neither Florence
Nor Venice can produce

Bian Sir, my opinion
Takes your part highly

Guar There's a better piece
Yet than all these

Bian Not possible, sir !

Guar Believe it, 320
You'll say so when you see't turn but your eye now,
You're upon't presently

*[Draws¹ a curtain, and discovers the DUKE, then
exit*

Bian O sir !

Duke He's gone, beauty
Pish, look not after him, he's but a vapour,
That, when the sun appears, is seen no more

Bian O, treachery to honour !

Duke Prithce, tremble not,
I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on't
Why art so fearful ? as I'm friend to brightness,

¹ The stage-direction in old ed. is "Duke above."

There's nothing but respect and honour near thee
You know me, you have seen me , here's a heart 330
Can witness I have seen thee

Bian The more's my danger

Duke The more's thy happiness Pish, strive not,
sweet ,

This strength were excellent employ'd in love now,
But here ¹ 'tis spent amiss strive not to seek
Thy liberty, and keep me still in prison ,
I'faith, you shall not out till I'm releas'd now ,
We'll be both freed together, or stay still by't,
So is captivity pleasant

Bian O my lord !

Duke I am not here in vain , have but the leisure
To think on that, and thou'lt be soon resolv'd 340
The lifting of thy voice is but like one
That does exalt his enemy, who, proving high,
Lays all the plots to confound him that rais'd him
Take warning, I beseech thee , thou seem'st to me
A creature so compos'd of gentleness,
And delicate meekness—such as bless the faces
Of figures that are drawn for goddesses,
And makes art proud to look upon her work—
I should be sorry the least force should lay
An unkind touch upon thee

Bian O my extremity !

350

My lord, what seek you ?

Duke Love

¹ Old ed "here's "

Bian 'Tis gone already,
I have a husband

Duke That's a single comfort,
Take a friend to him

Bian That's a double mischief,
Or else there's no religion

Duke Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making

Bian Nor, great lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you, me they must fright,
Then am I best in health should thunder speak,
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still I'm not like those 360
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests,
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue

Duke. Sure, I think
Thou know'st the way to please me I affect
A passionate pleading 'bove an easy yielding,
But never pitied any,—they deserve none,—
That will not pity me I can command,
Think upon that, yet if thou truly knewest
The infinite pleasure my affection takes
In gentle, fair entreatings, when love's businesses 370
Are carried courteously 'twixt heart and heart,
You'd make more haste to please me

Bian Why should you seek, sir,
To take away that you can never give?

Duke But I give better in exchange,—wealth, honour,

She that is fortunate in a duke's favour
'Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes
If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there,
She would commend your wit, and praise the time
Of your nativity, take hold of glory
Do not I know you've cast away your life 380
Upon necessities, means merely doubtful
To keep you in indifferent health and fashion—
A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied—
And can you be so much your beauty's enemy,
To kiss away a month or two in wedlock,
And weep whole years in wants for ever after?
Come, play the wise wench, and provide for ever,
Let storms come when they list, they find thee shelter'd
Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee,
Put trust in our love for the managing 390
Of all to thy heart's peace we'll walk together,
And show a thankful joy for both our fortunes

[*Exeunt DUKE and BIANCA above*]

Liv Did not I say my duke would fetch you o'er,
widow?

Moth I think you spoke in earnest when you said
it, madam

Liv And my black king makes all the haste he can
too

Moth. Well, madam, we may meet with him in time yet

Liv I've given thee blind mate twice

Moth You may see, madam,

My eyes begin to fail

Liv I'll swear they do, wench

Re-enter GUARDIANO

Guar I can but smile as often as I think on't
How prettily the poor fool was beguil'd ' 400
How unexpectedly ' it's a witty age,
Never were finer snares for women's honesties
Than are devis'd in these days, no spider's web
Made of a daintier thread than are now practis'd
To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing
Yet, to prepare her stomach by degrees
To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy,
I show'd her naked pictures by the way,
A bit to stay the appetite Well, advancement,
I venture hard to find thee, if thou com'st 410
With a greater title set upon thy crest,
I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait
Until some other comes greater than that,
I'll endure all [*Aside*

Liv The game's even at the best now you may see,
widow,

How all things draw to an end

Moth Even so do I, madam

Liv I pray, take some of your neighbours along with
you

Moth They must be those are almost twice your
years then,

If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam

Liv Has not my duke bestirr'd himself?

Moth Yes, faith, madam, 420

Has done me all the mischief in this game

Liv Has show'd himself in's kind

Moth In's kind, call you it?

I may swear that

Liv Yes, faith, and keep your oath

Guar Hark, list! there's somebody coming down
'tis she [Aside]

Re-enter BIANCA

Bian Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that
now,

Fearful for any woman's eye to look on,
Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes,
The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him
Yet since mine honour's leprous, why¹ should I
Preserve that fair that caus'd the leprosy? 430
Come, poison all at once [Aside]—Thou in whose
ness

The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul
Eternally to curse thy smooth-brow'd treachery,
That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,
And I a stranger, think upon't, 'tis worth it,
Murders pil'd up upon a guilty spirit,
At his last breath will not lie heavier
Than this betraying act upon thy conscience
Beware of offering the first-fruits to sin,
His weight is deadly who commits with stumpets, 440
After they've been abas'd, and made for use,

¹ Old ed "who"

If they offend to the death, as wise men know,
How much more they, then, that first make 'em so !
I give thee that to feed on I'm made bold now,
I thank thy treachery, sin and I'm acquainted,
No couple greater, and I'm like that great one,
Who, making politic use of a base villain,
He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor,
So I hate thee, slave !

Guar Well, so the Duke love me,
I fare not much amiss then, two great feasts 450
Do seldom come together in one day,
We must not look for 'em

Bian What, at it still, mother ?

Moth You see we sit by't are you so soon
return'd ?

Liv So lively and so cheerful ! a good sign that
[*Aside*

Moth You have not seen all since, sure ?

Bian That have I, mother,
The monument and all I'm so beholding
To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman,
You'd little think it, mother, show'd me all,
Had me from place to place so fashionably,
The kindness of some people, how 't exceeds ! 460
Faith, I've seen that I little thought to see
I' the morning when I rose

Moth Nay, so I told you
Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight —
I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,
And all your kindness towards her

Guar O, good widow,
 Much good may ['t] do her '—forty weeks hence, i' faith
[*Aside*]

Re-enter Servant

Liv Now, sir ?

Ser May't please you, madam, to walk in,
 Supper's upon the table

Liv Yes, we come — [*Exit* Servant]
 Will't please you, gentlewoman ?

Bian Thanks, virtuous lady —
 You're a damn'd bawd [*Aside to LIVIA*]—I'll follow you,
 forsooth, 470
 Pray, take my mother in, —an old ass go with you '—
[*Aside*]

This gentleman and I vow not to part

Liv Then get you both before

Bian There lies his art

[*Exeunt* BIANCA and GUARDIANO]

Liv. Widow, I'll follow you [*Exit* Mother] Is't so ?
damn'd bawd !

Are you so bitter ? 'tis but want of use
 Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,
 Being not accustom'd to the breaking billow
 Of woman's wavering faith blown with temptations
 'Tis but a qualm of honour, 'twill away,
 A little bitter for the time, but lasts not 480
 Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,
 But drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after [*Exit*]

ACT III

SCENE I

*A Room in the House of LEANTIO'S Mother**Enter Mother*

Moth I would my son would either keep at home,
 Or I were in my grave ¹
 She was but one day abroad, but ever since
 She's grown so cutted,¹ there's no speaking to her
 Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's,
 And such mean fare at home, work discontent in her,
 I know not, but I'm sure she's strangely alter'd
 I'll ne'er keep daughter-in law i' th' house with me
 Again, if I had an hundred when I read I of any
 That agreed long together, but she and her mother 10
 Fell out in the first quarter ² nay, sometime
 A grudging or ² a scolding the first week, byrlady ¹
 So takes the new ³ disease, methinks, in my house

¹ Querulous² Old ed. "of"³ The *new disease* was the name of a malady that made its appearance in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Its symptoms are described in *Every Man in his Humour*, ii. 1. see Gifford's *Jonson*, 1875, i. 48

I'm weary of my part, there's nothing likes her,
I know not how to please her here a' late
And here she comes

Enter BIANCA

Bian. This is the strangest house
For all defects as ever gentlewoman
Made shift withal to pass away her love in
Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
Or some fair cut-work pinn'd up in my bed-chamber, 20
A silver and gilt casting-bottle¹ hung by't?—
Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you,
To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
Which one of my fashion looks for of duty,
She's never offer'd under where she sleeps

Moth She talks of things here my whole state's not
worth

Bian Never a green silk quilt is there i' th' house,
mother,
To cast upon my bed?

Moth No, by troth, is there,
Nor orange-tawny neither

Bian Here's a house
For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in! 30

Moth Yes, simple though you make it, there has been
three
Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,

¹ A bottle for sprinkling perfumes.

And all as sweet-fac'd children and as lovely
As you'll be mother of I will not spare you
What, cannot children be begot, think you,
Without gilt casting-bottles? yes, and as sweet ones
The miller's daughter brings forth as white¹ boys
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-flour^{1 2}
'Tis an old saying, One may keep good cheer
In a mean house, so may true love affect 40
After the rate of princes in a cottage

Bian Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old
house here,
'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,
To ask you blessing Must I live in want
Because my fortune match'd me with your son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands
To the end to be quite cast away, they look
To be the better us'd and tender'd rather,
Higher respected, and maintain'd the richer, 50
They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband I I ask less now
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,
And at my father's house, kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have, nay, and will—
Will, mother, if she be not a fool born,
And report went of me, that I could wangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old

¹ *White boy* was a term of endearment for a favourite son

² Cf. *The Old Law*, II 2, l. 12 (vol. II p. 157)

And, by that copy, this land still I hold

You hear me, mother

[*Exit*

Moth Ay, too plain, methinks ,

60

And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,

'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness

'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,

And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore

Was puzzled to find out I know no cause for't , but

She's no more like the gentlewoman at first,

Than I'm like her that never lay with man yet,—

And she's a very young thing, where'er she be

When she first lighted here, I told her then

How mean she should find all things, she was pleas'd,
forsooth,

70

None better I laid open all defects to her,

She was contented still , but the devil's in her,

Nothing contents her now To-night my son

Promis'd to be at home , would he were come once,

For I am weary of my charge, and life too !

She'd be serv'd all in silver, by her good will,

By night and day , she hates the name of pewterer

More than sick men the noise, or discas'd bones

That quake at fall o' th' hammer, seeming to have

A fellow-feeling with't at every blow

80

What course shall I think on ? she frets me so ! [*Exit*

Enter LEANTIO

Lean How near am I now to a happiness

That earth exceeds not ! not another like it

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !
The violet-bed's not sweeter Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden, 90
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours , when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side
When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet,
Sparkling in beauty and destruction too,
Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
Her beautified body to a goodly temple
That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting ,
And so, by little and little, I shrink back again, 100
And quench desire with a cool meditation ,
And I'm as well, methinks Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man ,
A kiss now, that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long , after a five-days' fast
She'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,
I take care how I shall be rid of her
And here't begins

Re-enter BIANCA and Mother

Bian O sir, you're welcome home !

Moth O, is he come ? I'm glad on't

Lean Is that all?

110

Why, this is¹ dreadful now as sudden death
To some rich man, that flatters all his sins
With promise of repentance when he's old,
And dies in the midway before he comes to't — [*Aside*
Sure you're not well, Bianca, how dost, prithee?

Bian I have been better than I am at this time

Lean Alas, I thought so!

Bian Nay, I've been worse too
Than now you see me, sir

Lean I'm glad thou mend'st yet,
I feel my heart mend too how came it to thee?
Has anything dislik'd thee in my absence?

120

Bian No, certain, I have had the best content
That Florence can afford

Lean Thou mak'st the best on't —
Speak, mother, what's the cause? you must needs
know

Moth Troth, I know none, son, let her speak herself,
Unless it be the same gave Lucifer
A tumbling cast,—that's pride

Bian Methinks this house stands nothing to my
mind,

I'd have some pleasant lodging i' th' high street, sir,
Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much better
'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman

130

To stand in a bay-window and see gallants

Lean Now I've another temper, a mere stranger

¹ Old ed. "as"

To that of yours, it seems , I should delight
To see none but yourself

Bian I praise not that ,
Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish
I would not have a husband of that proneness
To kiss me before company for a world ,
Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
Be it the best that ever heart affected ,
Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you
know, 140

To bring me from my friends, I'd not stand thus
And gaze upon you always, troth, I could not, sir ,
As good be blind and have no use of sight,
As look on one thing still what's the eye's treasure
But change of objects ? you are learnèd, sir,
And know I speak not ill 'tis¹ full as virtuous
For woman's eye to look on several men,
As for her heart, sir, to be fix'd on one

Lean Now thou com'st home to me , a kiss for that
word

Bian No matter for a kiss, sir , let it pass , 150
'Tis but a toy, we'll not so much as mind it ,
Let's talk of other business, and forget it
What news now of the pirates ? any stirring ?
Prithce, discourse a little

Moth I'm glad he's here yet,
To see her ticks himself , I had lied monstrously
If I had told 'em first [Aside

¹ Old ed "till "

Lean Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
You make your lip so strange? this was not wont

Bian Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife,
Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship, 160
And be still billing? 'tis the idlest fondness
That ever was invented, and 'tis pity

It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen,
There's many a disease kiss'd in a year by't,
And a French cur[t]sy made to't alas, sir!
Think of the world, how we shall live, grow serious,
We have been married a whole fortnight now

Lean How? a whole fortnight! why, is that so long?

Bian 'Tis time to leave off dalliance, 'tis a doctrine
Of your own teaching, if you be remember'd, 170
And I was bound to obey it

Moth Here's one fits him,
This was well catch'd, I faith, son, like a fellow
That bids another country of a plague,
And brings it home with him to his own house

[*Aside — Knocking within*]

Who knocks?

Lean Who's there now?—Withdraw you, Bianca

Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
Howe'er thou['t] pleas'd now to look dull on me—

[*Exit BIANCA*]

Enter Messenger

You're welcome, sir, to whom your business, pray?

Mess. To one I see not here now

Lean Who should that be, sir?

Mess A young gentlewoman I was sent to

Lean A young gentlewoman? 180

Mess Ay, sir, about sixteen why look you wildly, sir?

Lean At your strange error, you've mistook the house,
sir?

There's none such here, I assure you

Mess I assure you too

The man that sent me cannot be mistook

Lean Why, who is't sent you, sir?

Mess The Duke

Lean The Duke?

Mess Yes, he entreats her company at a banquet
At lady Livia's house

Lean Troth, shall I tell you, sir,

It is the most erroneous business

That e'er your honest pains was abus'd with,

I pray, forgive me if I smile a little, 190

I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an error

So comical as this,—I mean no harm though

His grace has been most wondrous ill inform'd

Pray, so return it, sir What should her name be?

Mess That I shall tell you straight too—Bianca
Capello¹

Lean How, sir? Bianca? what do you call th' other?

Mess Capello Sir, it seems you know no such then?

Lean Who should this be? I never heard o' the name

Mess Then 'tis a sure mistake

Lean What if you inquir'd

¹ Old ed. "Biancha Capello" see note p. 326

Bian I'll not seek the way, sir,
Do you think you've married me to mew me up,
Not to be seen? what would you make of me? 220

Lean A good wife, nothing else

Bian Why, so are some
That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em

Lean No more, then, I believe all virtuous in
thee,

Without an argument, 'twas but thy hard chance
To be seen somewhere, there lies all the mischief
But I've devis'd a riddance

Moth Now I can tell you, son,
The time and place

Lean When? where?

Moth What wits have I!
When you last took your leave, if you remember,
You left us both at window

Lean Right, I know that

Moth And not the third part of an hour after, 230
The Duke pass'd by, in a great solemnity,
To St Mark's temple, and, to my apprehension,
He look'd up twice to the window

Lean O, there quicken'd
The mischief of this hour!

Bian If you call't mischief,
It is a thing I fear I am conceiv'd with [Aside

Lean Look'd he up twice, and could you take no
warning?

Moth Why, once may do as much harm, son, as a
thousand,

Do not you know one spark has fir'd an house
As well as a whole furnace ?

Lean My heart flames for't

Yet let's be wise, and keep all smother'd closely , 240
I have bethought a means is the door fast ?

Moth I lock'd it myself after him

Lean You know, mother,

At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
So artificially contriv'd for a conveyance,
No search could ever find it , when my father
Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary ,
There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
Bianca

Bian Would you keep me closer yet ?

Have you the conscience ? you're best e'en choke me
up, sir

You make me fearful of your health and wits, 250
You cleave to such wild courses , what's the matter ?

Lean Why, are you so insensible of your danger
To ask that now ? the Duke himself has sent for you
To lady Livia's to a banquet, forsooth

Bian Now I beshrew you heartily, has he so ?
And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
To tell me on't till now ? you show your loyalty
And honesty at once , and so farewell, sir

Lean Bianca, whither now ?

Bian Why, to the Duke, sir ,
You say he sent for me

Lean But thou dost not mean 260
To go, I hope ?

SCENE I] *Women Beware Women*

Bian No? I shall prove unmannerly,
Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you!¹—
Come, mother, come, follow his humour no longer,
We shall be all executed for treason shortly

Moth Not I, r'faith, I'll first obey the Duke,
And taste of a good banquet, I'm of thy mind
I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs
To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee

[*Exit*

Bian Why, here's an old wench would trot into a
bawd now
For some dry sucket,¹ or a colt in march-pane² 270

[*Aside, and exit*

Lean O thou, the ripe time of man's misery,
wedlock,
When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies!¹
O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
After 'tis knit to marriage!¹ it begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show colour Blessèd powers,
Whence comes this alteration? the distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings, are numberless,
And yet the cause I know not What a peace 280
Has he that never marries!¹ if he knew
The benefit he enjoy'd, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then

¹ Sweetmeat

² See note 2, vol v p 377

Th' infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
The greatness of his treasure by my loss
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine
That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman
Than at the time of lust, but walks away,
And if he find her dead at his return, 290
His pity is soon done,—he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs and troubles,
And still renew'd cares of a marriage-bed,
Live in the issue, when the wife is dead

Re-enter Messenger

Mess A good perfection to your thoughts !

Lean The news, sir ?

Mess Though you were pleas'd of late to pin an error
on me,

You must not shift another in your stead too
The Duke has sent me for you.

Lean How ! for me, sir ?—

I see then 'tis my theft, we're both betray'd 300

Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid,

My countrymen have us'd it [*Aside*]—I'll along with
you, sir [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

*An Apartment in LIVIA'S House a Banquet set out**Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward*

Guar Take you especial note of such a gentle-
woman,

She's here on purpose, I've invited her,
Her father, and her uncle, to this banquet,
Mark her behaviour well, it does concern you,
And what her good parts are, as far as time
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your understanding
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle,
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,
And I'll express it here

Ward Faith, I should know her 10

Now by her mark among a thousand women,
A little pretty deft and tidy thing, you say?

Guar Right

Ward With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair?

Guar Thou goest the right way still, take one mark
more,—

Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him,
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer
Than theirs to one another, he that weds her,
Marries her uncle's heart too

Ward Say you so, sir ?

Then I'll be ask'd i' the church to both of them 20

[*Cornets within*]

Guar Fall back , here comes the Duke

Ward He brings a gentlewoman,

I should fall forward rather

*Enter the DUKE leading in BIANCA, FABRICIO, HIPPO-
LITO, LIVIA, Mother, ISABELLA, Gentlemen, and
Attendants*

Duke Come, Bianca,

Of purpose sent into the world to show

Perfection once in woman , I'll believe

Henceforward they have every one a soul too,

'Gainst all the uncourteous opinions

That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em

Glory of Florence, light into mine arms !

Bian Yon comes a grudging man will chide you,

sir ,

Enter LEANTIO

The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer, 30

And fall here, if it durst , it pours down yonder

Duke If that be he, the weather shall soon
clear ,

List, and I'll tell thee how

[*Whispers* BIANCA

Lean A kissing too !

I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery 'bolder'd ,

What will it prove anon, when 'tis stuff'd full
Of wine and sweetmeats being so impudent fasting ?

[*Aside*

Duke We've heard of your good parts, sir, which we
honour

With our embrace and love —Is not the captainship
Of Rouans' ¹ citadel, since the late deceas'd,
Suppli[ed] by any yet ?

Gentleman By none, my lord

40

Duke Take it, the place is yours then, and as faith-
fulness

And desert grows, our favour shall grow with 't

[*LEANTIO kneels*

Rise now, the captain of our fort at Rouans

Lean [*rising*] The service of whole life give your
grace thanks !

Duke Come, sit, Bianca

[*DUKE, BLANCA, &c, seat themselves*

Lean This is some good yet,

And more than e'er I look'd for, a fine bit
To stay a cuckold's stomach all preferment
That springs from sin and lust it shoots up quickly,
As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds,
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of,
Half merry and half mad, much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite,

50

¹ " A misprint, I presume, but qy for what ?"—*Dyce*

And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country,
 Or rather like the barren, harden'd ass,
 That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again,
 And such is the condition of my misery [Aside]

Liv Is that your son, widow?

Moth Yes, did your ladyship
 Never know that till now?

Liv No, trust me, did I,— 60
 Nor ever truly felt the power of love
 And pity to a man, till now I knew him
 I have enough to buy me my desires,
 And yet to spare, that's one good comfort [Aside]—

Hark you,
 Pray, let me speak with you, sir, before you go
Lean With me, lady? you shall, I'm at your
 service —

What will she say now, trow? ¹ more goodness yet? [Aside]

Ward I see her now, I'm sure, the ape's so little,
 I shall scarce feel her, I have seen almost
 As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence 70
 See how she simpers it, as if marmalade
 Would not melt in her mouth! she might have the
 kindness, I'faith,
 To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,
 A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling
 These women, when they come to sweet things
 once,

¹ i.e. think you?

They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy,
Nay, oftentimes their husbands

Duke Here's a health now, gallants,
To the best beauty at this day in Florence

Bian Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledg'd,

SIR

Duke Nay, you're excus'd for this

Bian Who, I, my lord? 80

Duke Yes, by the law of Bacchus, plead your benefit
You are not bound to pledge your own health, lady

Bian That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry

Duke Nay, then, I'll not offend Venus so much,
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court,
Here's to thyself, Bianca [DUKE and others drink

Bian Nothing comes
More welcome to that name than your grace

Lean So, so,
Here stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure
And he's not thought on Ours is near kin now
To a twin-misery born into the world, 90
First the hard-conscienc'd worldling, he hoards wealth
up,

Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't,
One's damn'd for getting, th' other for spending on't
O equal justice, thou hast met my sin

With a full weight! I'm rightly now oppress,
All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast [Aside.

Duke Methinks there is no spirit 'mongst us, gallants,
But what divinely sparkles from the eyes
Of bright Bianca, we sat all in darkness

But for that splendour Who was't told us lately 100
Of a match-making right, a marriage-tender ?

Guar 'Twas I, my lord

Duke 'Twas you indeed Where is she ?

Guar This is the gentlewoman

Fab My lord, my daughter

Duke Why, here's some stirring yet

Fab She's a dear child to me

Duke That must needs be, you say she is your
daughter

Fab Nay, my good lord, dear to my purse, I mean,
Beside my person, I ne'er reckon'd that
Sh'as the full qualities of a gentlewoman,
I've brought her up to music, dancing, what not,
That may commend her sex, and stir her husband 110

Duke And which is he now ?

Guar This young heir, my lord

Duke What is he brought up to ?

Hip To cat and trap [*Aside*

Guar My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple,
His parts consist in acres

Duke O, wise-acres

Guar You've spoke him in a word, sir

Bian 'Las, poor gentlewoman !

She's ill-bestead, unless sh'as dealt the wiselier,
And laid in more provision for her youth,
Fools will not keep in summer

Lean No, nor such wives

From whores in winter

Duke Yea, the voice too, sir ?

[*Aside*

Fab Ay, and a sweet breast¹ too, my lord I hope, 120
Or I have cast away my money wisely,
She took her prick-song² earlier, my lord,
Than any of her kindred ever did,
A rare child, though I say't but I'd not have
The baggage hear so much, 'twould make her swell
straight,

And maids of all things must not be puff'd up

Duke Let's turn us to a better banquet, then,
For music bids the soul of³ man to a feast,
And that's indeed a noble entertainment,
Worthy Bianca's self you shall perceive, beauty, 130
Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly

Bian They're wiser of themselves it seems, my lord,
And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em

Lean True, and damnation has taught you that
wisdom, [Music

You can take gifts too O, that music mocks me!

[Aside

Liv I am as dumb to any language now
But love's, as one that never learn'd to speak
I am not yet so old but he may think of me,
My own fault, I've been idle a long time,
But I'll begin the week, and paint to-morrow, 140

¹ Voice

² "Harmony written or pricked down, in opposition to plain-song, where the descant rested with the will of the singer"—Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1 51

³ Old ed "of a

So follow my true labour day by day,
I never thriv'd so well as when I us'd it [Aside
Isa [sings]

*What harder chance can fall to woman,
Who was born to cleave to some man,
Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty,
Life's observance, honour, duty,
On a thing for no use good
But to make physic work, or blood
Force fresh in an old lady's cheek?
She that would be* 150
Mother of fools, let her compound with me

Ward. Here's a tune indeed! pish,
I had rather hear one ballad sung 'r' the nose now
Of the lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen,
Than all these simpering tunes play'd upon cat's-guts,
And sung by little kitlings [Aside

Fab How like you her breast now, my lord?

Bian Her breast?

He talks as if his daughter had given suck
Before she were married, as her betters have,
The next he praises sure will be her nipples [Aside 160

Duke Methinks now such a voice to such a husband
Is like a jewel of unvalu'd¹ worth
Hung at a fool's ear [Aside to BIANCA

Fab May it please your grace
To give her leave to show another quality?

¹ Invaluable

Duke Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir ,
The more the better welcome

Lean But the less
The better practis'd that soul's black indeed
That cannot commend virtue , but who keeps it ?
Th' extortioner will say to a sick beggar,
Heaven comfort thee ! though he give none himself, 170
This good is common [*Aside*

Fab Will it please you now, sir,
To entreat your Ward to take her by the hand,
And lead her in a dance before the Duke ?

Guar That will I, sir, 'tis needful—Hark you,
nephew [*Whispers Ward*

Fab Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've for
your money,
Without fraud or imposture

Ward Dance with her ?
Not I, sweet guardianer, do not urge my heart to't,
'Tis clean against my blood , dance with a stranger ?
Let who s' will do't, I'll not begin first with her

Hip No, fear't not, fool , sh'as took a better order 180
[*Aside*

Guar Why, who shall take her then ?

Ward Some other gentleman
Look, there's her uncle, a fine-timber'd reveller,
Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too ,
I'll have him do't before me—I've sworn, guardianer—
Then may I learn the better

Guar Thou'lt be an ass still !

Ward Ay, all that, uncle, shall not fool me out
Pish, I stick closer to myself than so

Guar I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece
And dance with her, my Ward's a little wilful,
He'd have you show him the way

Hip Me, sir? he shall

190

Command it at all hours, pray, tell him so

Guar I thank you for him, he has not wit himself,
sir

Hip Come, my life's peace—I've a strange office on't
here

'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom, but my fortune
To set 'em out now for another's liking,
Like the mad misery of necessitous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself need must be obey'd
In every action, it mars man and maid [*Aside* 200

[*Music* HIPPOLITO and ISABELLA dance, making
obeisance to the DUKE, and to each other, both
before and after the dance

Duke Signor Fabricio, you're a happy father,
Your cares and pains are fortunate you see,
Your cost bears noble fruits—Hippolito, thanks

Fab Here's some amends for all my charges yet,
She wins both prick and praise¹ where'er she comes

Duke How lik'st, Bianca?

Bian All things well, my lord,

¹ "Prick and praise"—See note 3, vol. III p. 36

But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the worst

Duke There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find leisure
To make that good enough, he's rich and simple

Bian She has the better hope o' th' upper hand,
indeed, 210

Which women strive for most

Guar Do't when I bid you, sir

Ward I'll venture but a hornpipe with her, guardianer,
Or some such married man's dance

Guar Well, venture something, sir

Ward I have rhyme for what I do

Guar But little reason, I think

Ward Plain men dance the measures,¹ the sin-
quapace² the gay,

Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance the
hay,³

Your soldiers dance the round,⁴ and maidens that grow
big,

You[r] drunkards, the canaries,⁵ you[r] whore and bawd,
the jig

Here's your eight kind of dancers, he that finds

The ninth let him pay the minstrels

220

¹ A grave, stately dance

² *Cinque-pace* (or *galliard*), a lively French dance Dyce seems to take the word "gay" as the name of a dance, but "the gay" are surely contrasted with "plain men," the meaning being—"Staid people dance the solemn measures, gay people prefer the lively galliard"

³ A rustic dance

⁴ See note 3, vol III p 99

⁵ A quick and lively dance

Duke O, here he appears once in his own person,
I thought he would have married her by attorney,
And lain with her so too

Bian Nay, my kind lord,
There's very seldom any found so foolish
To give away his part there

Lean Bitter scoff!
Yet I must do't! with what a cruel pride
The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions! [*Aside*
[*The Ward and ISABELLA dance, he ridiculously*
imitating HIPPOLITO

Duke This thing will make shift, sirs, to make a
husband,
For aught I see in him —How think'st, Bianca?

Bian Faith, an ill-favour'd shift, my lord, me
thinks, 230

If he would take some voyage when he's married,
Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen
Once in nine year together, a wife then
Might make indifferent shift to be content with him

Duke A kiss [*kisses her*], that wit deserves to be
made much on —

Come, our caroch!

Guar Stands ready for your grace.

Duke My thanks to all your loves —Come, fair
Bianca,

We have took special care of you, and provided
Your lodging near us now

Bian Your love is great, my lord

Duke. Once more, our thanks to all

Omnes All blest honours guard you ! 240

[*Cornets flourishing, exeunt all but LEANTIO and LIVIA*

Lean O hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly ?
Bianca, now I miss thee ! O, return,
And save the faith of woman ! I ne'er felt
The loss of thee till now, 'tis an affliction
Of greater weight than youth was made to bear,
As if a punishment of after-life
Were faln upon man here, so new it is
To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable,
A torment even mistook, as if a body
Whose death were drowning, must needs therefore
suffer it 250

In scalding oil [Aside

Liv Sweet sir——

Lean As long as mine eye saw thee,
I half enjoy'd thee [Aside

Liv Sir——

Lean Canst thou forget
The dear pains my love took ? how it has watch'd
Whole nights together, in all weathers, for thee,
Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempest
That sung about mine ears,—like dangerous flatterers,
That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes,—
And then receiv'd thee, from thy father's window,
Into these arms at midnight when we embrac'd
As if we had been statues only made for't, 260
To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,
And kiss'd as if our lips had grown together ? [Aside

Liv This makes me madder to enjoy him now

[*Aside*]

Lean Canst thou forget all this, and better joys
That we met after this, which then new kisses
Took pride to praise?

[*Aside*]

Liv I shall grow madder yet [*Aside*]*—Sir—*

Lean This cannot be but of some close bawd's
working —

[*Aside*]

Cry mercy, lady¹ what would you say to me?

My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,

So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you 270

Liv Nothing, but even, in pity to that passion,¹
Would give your grief good counsel

Lean Marry, and welcome, lady,
It never could come better

Liv Then first, sir,
To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
Know most assuredly she is a strumpet

Lean Ha¹ *most assuredly*² speak not a thing
So vild² so certainly, leave it more doubtful

Liv Then I must leave all truth, and spare my
knowledge

A sin which I too lately found and wept for

Lean Found you it?

Liv Ay, with wet eyes

Lean O perjurious friendship¹ 280

Liv You miss'd your fortunes when you met with her,
sir

¹ Sorrow

² Vile

Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,
They love not wisely, such a marriage rather
Proves the destruction of affection,
It brings on want, and want 's the key of whoredom
I think y'had small means with her?

Lean O, not any, lady

Liv Alas, poor gentleman! what meant'st thou, sir,
Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
Thou art too good and pitiful to woman
Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune, 290
That rids the summer of thy youth so well
From many beggars, that had lain a-sunning
In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
The whole days of thy life in heat and labour
What would you say now to a creature found
As pitiful to you, and, as it were,
Even sent on purpose from the whole sex general,
To requite all that kindness you have shown to't?

Lean What's that, madam?

Liv Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able
To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience
to't 300

Couldst thou love such a one, that, blow all fortunes,
Would never see thee want?

Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemy's envy,
And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought,
Nor break a sleep? unless love's music wak'd thee,
No storm of fortune should look upon me,
And know that woman

Lean O my life's wealth, Bianca!

Liv Still with her name? will nothing wear it out?

[*Aside*

That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir

Lean It can go for no other that loves me 310

Liv He's vex'd in mind I came too soon to him,

Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgment?

I'm cunning in all arts but my own love

'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now

So soon, as [for] a widow to be courted

Following her husband's corse, or to make bargain

By the grave-side, and take a young man there

Her strange departure stands like a hearse¹ yet

Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly

[*Aside, and exit*

Lean Is she my wife till death, yet no more mine? 320

That's a hard measure then what's marriage good for?

Methinks, by right I should not now be living,

And then 'twere all well What a happiness

Had I been made of, had I never seen her!

For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him

But knowledge of the worth of what he loses,

For what he never had, he never misses

She's gone for ever, utterly, there is

As much redemption of a soul from hell,

As a fair woman's body from his palace

330

Why should my love last longer than her truth?

¹ "' In imitation of which [cenotaph] our *hearses* here in England are set up in churches, during the continuance of a *yeare*, or the space of certaine monthes' Weever—cited in Todd's Johnson's *Dict v Hears* "
—*Dyce*

What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her so has left her ?
I cannot love her now, but I must like
Her sin and my own shame too, and be guilty
Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing ,
All which were monstrous then my safest course,
For health of mind and body, is to turn
My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her ,
I have no other way those virtuous powers, 340
Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths,
Can witness she breaks first And I'm rewarded
With captainship o' the fort , a place of credit,
I must confess, but poor , my factorship
Shall not exchange means with't he that died last in't,
He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar
For all his thrift besides, the place not fits me ,
It suits my resolution, not my breeding

Re-enter LIVIA

Liv I've tried all ways I can, and have not power
To keep from sight of him [*Aside*]—How are you now,
sir ? 350

Lean I feel a better ease, madam

Liv Thanks to blessedness !

You will do well, I warrant you, fear't not, sir,
Join but your own good will to't he's not wise
That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond
Of a disease whose property is to vex him,
And spitefully drink his blood up out upon't, sir !

Youth knows no greater loss I pray, let's walk, sir,
You never saw the beauty of my house yet,
Nor how abundantly fortune has blest me
In worldly treasure, trust me, I've enough, sir, 360
To make my friend a rich man in my life,
A great man at my death, yourself will say so
If you want anything, and spare to speak,
Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir

Lean Why, sure,
This can be but the flattery of some dream

Liv Now, by this kiss, my love, my soul, and riches,
'Tis all true substance ' [Kisses him
Come, you shall see my wealth, take what you list,
The gallanter you go, the more you please me 370
I will allow you too your page and footman,
Your race-horses, or any various pleasure
Exercis'd youth delights in, but to me
Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff,
Do but you love enough, I'll give enough

Lean Troth, then, I'll love enough, and take enough

Liv Then we are both pleas'd enough [Exeunt

SCENE III

A Room in FABRICIO'S House

*Enter on one side GUARDIANO and ISABELLA, on the
other the Ward and SORDIDO*

Guar Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again
Ward Mass, here she's come again ' mark her now,
Sordido

Guar This is the maid my love and care has chose
Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you ,
Yourself has been eye-witness of some qualities
That speak a courtly breeding, and are costly
I bring you both to talk together now ,
'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues,
To-morrow you join hands, and one ring ties you,
And one bed holds you , if you like the choice, 10
Her father and her friends are i' the next room,
And stay to see the contract ere they part
Therefore, despatch, good Ward, be sweet and short ,
Like her, or like her not, there's but two ways,
And one your body, th' other your purse pays

Ward I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all
day thrumming,
But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming

Guar Well said good fortune to your birding then '
[*Exit*

Ward I never miss'd mark yet

Sor Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known,

You never shot at any but the kitchen wench, 21
And that was a she-woodcock,¹ a mere innocent,²
That was oft lost and cried³ at eight-and-twenty

Ward No more of that meat, Sordido, here's eggs o'
the spit now,

We must turn gingerly draw out the catalogue
Of all the faults of women

Sor How? all the faults? have you so little reason
to think so much paper will lie in my breeches, why,
ten carts will not carry it, if you set down but the bawds
All the faults? pray, let's be content with a few of 'em,
and if they were less, you would find 'em enough, I
warrant you look you, sir 32

Isa But that I have th' advantage of the fool,
As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,
What an infernal torment 'twere to be
Thus bought and sold, and turn'd and pry'd into,
When, alas,

The worst bit's too good for him¹ and the comfort is,
Has but a cater's⁴ place on't, and provides
All for another's table yet how curious 40
The ass is¹ like some nice professor on't,
That buys up all the daintiest food i' the markets,
And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't [*Aside*

Sor Now to her, now you've scann'd all her parts over

Ward But at [which] end shall I begin now, Sor-
dido?

¹ Simpleton

³ *z e* by the public crier

² Fool

⁴ Caterer's

Sor O, ever at a woman's lip, while you live, sir do you ask that question ?

Ward Methinks, Sordido, sh'as but a crabbed face to begin with

Sor A crabbed face ? that will save money 50

Ward How ? save money, Sordido ?

Sor Ay, sir, for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice¹ with her mutton, 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir

Ward Nay, and your jests begin to be saucy once, I'll make you eat your meat without mustard

Sor And that in some kind is a punishment

Ward Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband, and thereupon thus I first enter upon you [*Kisses her*]—O most delicious scent ! methinks it tasted as if a man had stepped into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by, all the while I kissed her —It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me, if you have me not 65

Isa I should be in great danger of my wits, sir,
For being so forward —Should this ass kick backward
now ! [*Aside*

Ward Alas, poor soul ! and is that hair your own ?

Isa Mine own ? yes, sure, sir, I owe nothing for't

Ward 'Tis a good hearing, I shall have the less to pay when I have married you —Look, does her eyes stand well ? 72

¹ "Crabbed face verjuice"—Verjuice was made of crushed crab-apples

Sor They cannot stand better than in her head, I think where would you have them? and for her nose, 'tis of a very good last

Ward I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though

Sor That's in the using of a thing, will not any strong bridge fall down in time, if we do nothing but beat at the bottom? a nose of buff would not last always, sir, especially if it came into the camp once 81

Ward But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? for I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into the bargain

Sor Why, do but you fall in talk with her, you cannot choose but, one time or other, make her laugh, sir

Ward It shall go hard but I will — Pray what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? can you play at shuttlecock, forsooth?

Isa Ay, and at stool-ball¹ too, sir, I've great luck at
it 90

Ward Why, can you catch a ball well?

Isa I have catch'd two in my lap at one game

Ward What¹ have you, woman? I must have you learn

To play at trap too, then you're full and whole

Isa Anything that you please to bring me up to, I shall take pains to practise

¹ An old game at ball, usually played by women Strutt gives a description of it Herrick has a pretty copy of verses challenging Lucia to play with him at stool-ball "for sugar cakes and wine"

Ward 'Twill not do, Sordido,
We shall ne'er get her mouth open'd wide enough
Sor No, sir? that's strange then here's a trick for
your learning

[*SORDIDO yawns, ISABELLA yawns also, but covers
her mouth with a handkerchief*

Look now, look now! quick, quick there!

Ward Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with hand-
kerchief! 100

It hinder'd me a little, but I'm satisfied
When a fair woman gapes, and stops her mouth so,
It shows like a cloth-stopple in a cream-pot
I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido

Sor Why, then, you've all well, sir, for aught I see,
She's right and straight enough now as she stands,
They'll commonly lie crooked, that's no matter,
Wise gamesters

Never find fault with that, let 'em lie still so 109

Ward I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have
all, for of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed
woman, she's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning,
her heels keep together so, as if she were beginning an
Irish dance still, and [t]he wriggling of her bum playing
the tune to't but I have bethought a cleanly shift to
find it, dab down as you see me, and peep of one side
when her back's toward you—I'll show you the way

Sor And you shall find me apt enough to peeping,
I have been one of them has seen mad sights
Under your scaffolds

Ward Will't please you walk, forsooth!, 120

A turn or two by yourself? you're so pleasing to me,
I take delight to view you on both sides

Isa I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love, sir,
'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir,—
Which I had need have to fall to such coarse victuals

[*Aside*

[*ISABELLA walks while the Ward and SORDIDO
stoop down to look at her*

Ward Now go thy ways for a clean-treading wench,
As ever man in modesty peep'd under ¹

Sor I see the sweetest sight to please my master ¹
Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes,
Than she on Florentine rushes

Ward 'Tis enough, forsooth

130

Isa And how do you like me now, sir?

Ward Faith, so well,

I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart,
Under some sixteen children, and all boys

Isa You'll be at simple pains, if you prove kind,
And breed 'em all in your teeth ¹

Ward Nay, by my faith,
What serves your belly for? 'twould make my cheeks
Look like blown bagpipes

Re-enter GUARDIANO

Guar How now, ward and nephew,
Gentlewoman and niece ¹ speak, is it so or not?

¹ "In allusion to a superstitious idea, that an affectionate husband had the toothache while his wife was breeding — Editor of 1816

Ward 'Tis so, we're both agreed, sir

Guar In to your kindred then,

There's friends, and wine, and music waits to welcome
you

140

Ward Then I'll be drunk for joy

Sor And I for company,

I cannot break my nose in a better action [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

BIANCA'S *Lodging at Court*

Enter BIANCA, attended by two Ladies

Bian How goes your watches, ladies? what's a'clock
now?

First L By mine, full nine

Sec L By mine, a quarter past

First L I set mine by St Mark's

Sec L St Anthony's, they say,

Goes truer

First L That's but your opinion, madam,
Because you love a gentleman o' the name

Sec L He's a true gentleman then

First L So may he be

That comes to me to-night, for aught you know

Bian I'll end this strife straight I set mine by the
sun,

I love to set by the best, one shall not then
Be troubled to set often

Sec. L You do wisely in't

Bian If I should set my watch, as some guls do,
By every clock i' the town, 'twould ne'er go true,
And too much turning of the dial's point,
Or tampering with the spring, might in small time
Spoil the whole work too, here it wants of nine now

First L It does indeed, forsooth, mine's nearest truth
yet

Sec L Yet I've found her lying with an advocate,
which show'd
Like two false clocks together in one parish

Bian So now I thank you, ladies, I desire
Awhile to be alone

First L And I am nobody, 20
Methinks, unless I've one or other with me —
Faith, my desire and hers will ne'er be sisters.

[*Aside — Exeunt Ladies*

Bian How strangely woman's fortune comes about !
This was the farthest way to come to me,
All would have judg'd that knew me born in Venice,
And there with many jealous eyes brought up,
That never thought they had me sure enough
But when they were upon me, yet my hap
To meet it here, so far off from my birth-place,
My friends, or kindred ! 'tis not good, in sadness,¹ 30
To keep a maid so strict in her young days,
Restraint
Breeds wandering thoughts, as many fasting days
A great desire to see flesh stirring again

¹ "In sadness" = seriously

I'll ne'er use any girl of mine so strictly ,
Howe'er they're kept, their fortunes find 'em out ,
I see't in me if they be got in court,
I'll ne'er forbid 'em the country , nor the court,
Though they be born i' the country they will come to't,
And fetch their falls a thousand mile about, 40
Where one would little think on't

Enter LEANTIO, richly dressed

Lean I long to see how my despiser looks
Now she's come here to court these are her lodgings ,
She's simply now advanc'd I took her out
Of no such window, I remember, first ,
That was a great deal lower, and less carv'd [*Aside*

Bian How now ¹ what silkworm's this, i' the name of
pride?

What, is it he?

Lean A bow i' th' ham to your greatness ;
You must have now three legs ¹ I take it, must you not?

Bian Then I must take another, I shall want else 50
The service I should have , you have but two there

Lean You're richly plac'd

Bian Methinks you're wondrous brave,² sir

Lean A sumptuous lodging

Bian You've an excellent suit there

Lean A chair of velvet

Bian Is your cloak lin'd through, sir?

¹ Three bows

² Finely dressed

Lean You're very stately here

Bian Faith, something proud, sir

Lean Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver slippers

Bian Who's your shoemaker? has made you a neat
boot

Lean Will you have a pair? the Duke will lend you
spurs

Bian Yes, when I ride

Lean 'Tis a brave life you lead

Bian I could ne'er see you in such good clothes 60
In my time

Lean In your time?

Bian Sure I think, sir,
We both thrive best asunder

Lean You're a whore!

Bian Fear nothing, sir

Lean An impudent, spiteful strumpet!

Bian O, sir, you give me thanks for your captainship!
I thought you had forgot all your good manners

Lean And, to spite thee as much, look there, there
read, [Giving letter

Vex, gnaw, thou shalt find there I'm not love-starv'd
The world was never yet so cold or pitiless,
But there was ever still more charity found out
Than at one proud fool's door, and 'twere hard, faith, 70
If I could not pass that Read to thy shame there,
A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor too,
As e'er erected the good works of love

Bian Lady Livia!
Is't possible? her worship was my pandress,

She dote, and send, and give, and all to him !
Why, here's a bawd plagu'd home ! [*Aside*]—You're
 simply happy, sir ,
Yet I'll not envy you

Lean No, court-saint, not thou !
You keep some friend of a new fashion
There's no harm in your devil, he's a suckling, 80
But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not ?

Bian Take heed you play not then too long with him

Lean Yes, and the great one too I shall find time
To play a hot religious bout with some of you,
And, perhaps, drive you and your course of sins
To their eternal kennels I speak softly now,
'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,
And I well know¹ all my degrees of duty .
But come I to your everlasting parting once,
Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest 90

Bian 'Twas said last week there would be change of
 weather,

When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it

Lean Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a conscience
 put to't,—

A monster with all forehead and no eyes !
Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,
That art as dark as death² and as much madness
To set light before thee, as to lead blind folks
To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon
As they behold,—marry, oftentimes their heads,

¹ Old ed "knew "

For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em , 100
So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,
That canst not see it now , and it may fall
At such an hour when thou least seest of all
So, to an ignorance darker than thy womb
I leave thy perjur'd soul , a plague will come ! [*Exit*
Bian Get you gone first, and then I fear no greater,
Nor thee will I fear long , I'll have this sauciness
Soon banish'd from these lodgings, and the rooms
Perfum'd well after the corrupt air it leaves
His breath has made me almost sick, in troth , 110
A poor, base start-up ! life, because has got
Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail and show 'em !

Enter the DUKE

Duke Who's that ?

Bian Cry you mercy, sir !

Duke Prithce, who's that ?

Bian The former thing, my lord, to whom you
gave

The captainship, he eats his meat with grudging still

Duke Still ?

Bian He comes vaunting here of his new love,
And the new clothes she gave him, lady Livia ,
Who but she now his mistress !

Duke Lady Livia ?

Be sure of what you say

Bian He show'd me her name, sir,
In perfum'd paper, her vows, her letter,

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With an intent to spite me , so his heart said,
And his threats made it good , they were as spiteful
As ever malice utter'd, and as dangerous,
Should his hand follow the copy

Duke But that must not

Do not you vex your mind , prithee, to bed, go ,
All shall be well and quiet

Bian I love peace, sir

Duke And so do all that love , take you no care for't,
It shall be still provided to your hand —

[*Exit* BIANCA]

Who's near us there?

Enter Servant

Ser My lord?

Duke Seek out Hippolito,
Brother to lady Livia, with all speed 130

Ser He was the last man I saw, my lord

Duke Make haste.— [*Exit* Servant]

He is a blood soon stirr'd , and as he's quick
To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden
In bringing forth a ruin I know, likewise,
The reputation of his sister's honour's
As dear to him as life-blood to his heart ,
Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her,—
Which I now thought on, but ne'er meant to practise,
Because I know her base,—and that wind drives him
The ulcerous reputation feels the poise 140
Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vex'd with flies
He comes —

Enter HIPPOLITO

Hippolito, welcome

Hip My lov'd lord !

Duke How does that lusty widow, thy kind sister ?
Is she not sped yet of a second husband ?
A bed-fellow she has, I ask not that,
I know she's sped of him

Hip Of him, my lord ?

Duke Yes, of a bed-fellow is the news so strange to
you ?

Hip I hope 'tis so to all

Duke I wish it were, sir,
But 'tis confess'd too fast, her ignorant pleasures,
Only by lust instructed, have receiv'd 150
Into their services an impudent boaster,
One that does raise his glory from her shame,
And tells the mid-day sun what's done in darkness,
Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,
Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate
Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour
Nothing sads me so much, as that, in love
To thee and to thy blood, I had pick'd out
A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,
High in our favour and in all men's thoughts 160

Hip O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,
Unsated blood ! Know you the name, my lord,
Of her abuser ?

Duke One Leantio

Hip He's a factor

Duke He ne'er made so brave a voyage
By his own talk

Hip The poor old widow's son
I humbly take my leave

Duke I see 'tis done — [Aside
Give her good counsel, make her see her error,
I know she'll hearken to you

Hip Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course
Which she shall never know till it be acted, 170
And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank me
for't

I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who, ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part,
So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost,
Then she'll commend the cure [Exit

Duke The great cure's¹ past,
I count this done already, his wrath's sure,
And speaks an injury deep farewell, Leantio,
This place will never hear thee murmur more — 180

Enter the Cardinal and Servants

Our noble brother, welcome !

Car Set those lights down
Depart till you be call'd [Exeunt Servants

¹ "Qy 'care's'?"—*Dyce* But *cure* and *care* were used indiscriminately (as *Dyce* elsewhere notes see his *Beaumont and Fletcher*, xi 56)

Duke There's serious business
Fix'd in his look, nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment — [*Aside*
Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak, you seem lost

Car The thing I look on seems so,
To my eyes lost for ever

Duke You look on me

Car What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother, 190
And all this certainly damn'd¹

Duke How

Car 'Tis no wonder,
If your great sin can do't dare you look up
For thinking of a vengeance? dare you sleep
For fear of never waking but to death?
And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health?
Here you stand now, can you assure your pleasures
You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
Alas, you cannot! what a misery 'tis then,
To be more certain of eternal death 200
Than of a next embrace! nay, shall I show you
How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the low,¹ private man all his offences,
Like enclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds,

¹ Old ed "love"

And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charg'd than with himself,
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness but, great man,
Every sin thou committ'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about, 210
And, with a big wind made of popular breath,
The sparkles fly through cities, here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders, but remember still,
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane
The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
Of an unperfect bill, but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all 220
And this your reason grants, if men of good lives,
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death,
As sin must needs confess, what may they feel
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But sets a light up to show men to hell?

Duke If you have done, I have, no more, sweet
brother! 229

Car I know time spent in goodness is too tedious,
This had not been a moment's space in lust now
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talk'd of

Which you so strive to suffer O, my brother
What were you, if [that] you were taken now¹
My heart weeps blood to think on't, 'tis a work
Of infinite mercy, you can never merit,
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet,
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not 240
Have time enough allow'd you to repent in
There's but this wall [*pointing to his body*] betwixt you
and destruction,

When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay
Think upon't, brother, can you come so near it
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,
And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? does the worm shun her grave? 250
If not, as your soul knows it, why should lust
Bring man to lasting pain for rotten dust?

Duke Brother of spotless honour, let me weep
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,
And show the blest fruits of a thankful spirit
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,
May I want penitence at my greatest need!
And wise men know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace

Car Why, here's a conversion is at this time, brother,
Sung for a hymn in heaven,¹ and at this instant 261

¹ "It is needless to say that our poet here alludes to a passage in the 15th chapter of St. Luke" —Editor of 1816

The powers of darkness groan, makes all hell sorry
First I praise heaven, then in my work I glory
Who's there attends without ?

Re-enter Servants

First Ser My lord ?

Car Take up those lights , there was a thicker darkness

When they came first —The peace of a fair soul
Keep with my noble brother !

Duke Joys be with you, sir !

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Servants*

She lies alone to-night for't, and must still,
Though it be hard to conquer , but I've vow'd
Never to know her as a strumpet more,
And I must save my oath if fury fail not,
Hei husband dies to-night, or, at the most,
Lives not to see the morning spent to-morrow ,
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
Without this sin and horror Now I'm chidden,
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden ,
And I'll not freeze in stoves 'tis but a while ,
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh

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[*Exit*

SCENE II

*A Hall in LIVIA'S House**Enter HIPPOLITO*

Hip The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness
So impudent ! see if the very sun
Do not blush at him !
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive ?
Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself
Monstrously guilty, there's a blind time made for't,
He might use only that,—'twere conscionable,
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness,
Are fit for such a business, but there's no pity
To be bestow'd on an apparent sinner, 10
An impudent daylight lecher The great zeal
I bear to her advancement in this match
With lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it,
To the perpetual honour of our house,
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far,
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune
I love her good so dearly, that no brother
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory
Than I for her preferment

*Enter LEANTIO and a Page**Lean* Once again

I'll see that glistening whore, shines like a serpent

Now the court sun's upon her [Aside]—Page

Page Anon, sir

Lean I'll go in state too [Aside]—See the coach
be ready [Exit Page]

I'll hurry away presently

Hip Yes, you shall hurry,

And the devil after you take that at setting forth

[Strikes him]

Now, and you'll draw, we're upon equal terms, sir

Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour

Upon my sister, I ne'er saw the stroke

Come, till I found my reputation bleeding

And therefore count it I no sin to valour 30

To serve thy lust so now we're of even hand,

Take your best course against me You must die

Lean How close sticks envy to man's happiness!

When I was poor, and little car'd for life,

I had no such means offer'd me to die,

No man's wrath minded me —Slave, I turn this to thee,

[Draws]

To call thee to account for a wound lately

Of a base stamp upon me

Hip 'Twas most fit

For a base metal come and fetch one now

More noble then, for I will use thee fairer 40

Than thou hast done thine [own] soul, or our honour,

[They fight]

And there I think 'tis for thee

[LEANTIO falls]

[Voices within] Help, help! O, part 'em!

Lean False wife, I feel now thou'st pray'd heartily
for me

Rise, strumpet, by my fall ! thy lust may reign now
My heart-string and the marriage-knot that tied thee,
Breaks both together [Dies

Hip There I heard the sound on't,
And never lik'd string better

Enter GUARDIANO, LIVIA, ISABELLA, the Ward, and
SORDIDO

Liv 'Tis my brother !
Are you hurt, sir ?

Hip Not anything

Liv Blest fortune !
Shift for thyself what is he thou hast kill'd ?

Hip Our honour's enemy

Guar Know you this man, lady ? 50

Liv Leantio ! my love's joy !—Wounds stick upon
thee

As deadly as thy sins ! art thou not hurt—
The devil take that fortune !—and he dead ?
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret and fearful !—Run for officers,
Let him be apprehended with all speed
For fear he 'scape away, lay hands on him,
We cannot be too sure, 'tis wilful murder
You do heaven's vengeance and the law just service
You know him not as I do, he's a villain 60
As monstrous as a prodigy and as dreadful

Hyp Will you but entertain a noble patience
Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister ?

Liv The reason ! that's a jest hell falls a-laughing at
Is there a reason found for the destruction
Of our more lawful loves, and was there none
To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee,
That has kept close so long ?

Guar How's that, good madam ?

Liv Too true, sir, there she stands, let her deny't
The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms, 70
Unless the parents' sins strike it still-born,
And if you be not deaf and ignorant,
You'll hear strange notes ere long — Look upon me,
wench,

'Twas I betray'd thy honour subtly to him,
Under a false tale, it lights upon me now —
His arm has paid me home upon thy breast,
My sweet, belov'd Leantio !

Guar Was my judgment
And care in choice so devilishly abus'd,
So beyond shamefully ? all the world will grin at me

Ward O Sordido, Sordido, I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd !

Sor Damn'd ? why, sir ? 81

Ward One of the wicked, dost not see't ? a cuckold,
a plain reprobate cuckold !

Sor Nay, and you be damned for that, be of good
cheer, sir, you've gallant company of all professions,
I'll have a wife next Sunday too, because I'll along with
you myself

Ward That will be some comfort yet

Liv You, sir, that bear your load of injuries,
As I of sorrows, lend me your griev'd strength 90
To this sad burden [*pointing to the body of LEANTIO*],
who in life wore actions,

Flames were not nimbler we will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together

Guar I'll list to nothing but revenge and anger,
Whose counsels I will follow

[*Exeunt LIVIA and GUARDIANO, with the body of*
LEANTIO]

Sor A wife, quoth 'a ?
Here's a sweet plum-tree of your guardianer's grafting !

Ward Nay, there's a worse name belongs to this fruit
yet, and you could hit on't, a more open one, for he
that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his
lifetime to a medlar-tree, and that's good stuff, 'tis no
sooner ripe but it looks rotten, and so do some queans
at nineteen A pox on't ! I thought there was some
knavery a-broach, for something stirred in her belly the
first night I lay with her 104

Sor What, what, sir ?

Ward This is she brought up so courtly, can sing,
and dance !—and tumble too, methinks I'll never marry
wife again that has so many qualities

Sor Indeed, they are seldom good, master, for likely
when they are taught so many, they will have one trick
more of their own finding out Well, give me a wench
but with one good quality, to lie with none but her
husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman
breathing 114

Ward This was the fault when she was tendered to me, you never looked to this

Sor Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a mill-stone, or in the going, to see what's done i' the bottom

Ward Her father praised her breast,¹ sh'ad the voice, forsooth! I marvelled she sung so small indeed, being no maid now I perceive there's a young quirister in her belly, this breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure

Sor 'Tis but the tune of your wife's sinquapace² danced in a feather-bed faith, go lie down, master, but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillow-beers³—I would not batter brows with him for a hog's-head of angels, he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sand-box

129

[*Aside*—*Exeunt Ward and SORDIDO*]

Isa Was ever maid so cruelly beguil'd,
To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,
All of one woman's murdering! I'd fain bring
Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,
And 'tis too much of that O, shame and horror!
In that small distance from yon man to me
Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish—

[*Aside*]

'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight

¹ Voice

² Cinquapace (or galliard),—a lively French dance

³ Pillow-cases It is an old word, Chaucer uses it in the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, l. 694 —

“For in his male he hadde a *pillweber*”

Of one another, nothing can be worse
To hurt repentance, for our very eyes
Are far more poisonous to religion 140
Than basilisks to them if any goodness
Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgments,
My request is, I ne'er may see you more,
And so I turn me from you everlastingly,
So is my hope to miss you but for her
That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous,
And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,
If the least means but favour my revenge,
That I may practise the like cruel cunning
Upon her life as she has on mine honour, 150
I'll act it without pity

Hip Here's a care

Of reputation and a sister's fortune
Sweetly rewarded by her! would a silence,
As great as that which keeps among the graves,
Had everlastingly chain'd up her tongue!
My love to her has made mine miserable

Re-enter GUARDIANO and LIVIA

Guar If you can but dissemble your heart's griefs
now,—

Be but a woman so far

Liv Peace, I'll strive, sir

Guar As I can wear my injuries in a smile
Here's an occasion offer'd, that gives anger 160
Both liberty and safety to perform

Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
 Of danger or of law, for mischiefs acted
 Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph,
 At the Duke's hasty nuptials, will be thought
 Things merely accidental, all's ¹ by chance,
 Not got of their own natures

Liv I conceive you, sir,
 Even to a longing for performance on't,
 And here behold some fruits — [*Kneels to HIPPOLITO and*
ISABELLA] Forgive me both
 What I am now, return'd to sense and judgment, 170
 Is not the same rage and distraction
 Presented lately to you,—that rude form
 Is gone for ever, I am now myself,
 That speaks all peace and friendship, and these tears
 Are the true springs of hearty, penitent sorrow
 For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury
 Slander'd your virtues with this gentleman
 Is well resolv'd ² now

Guar I was never otherways,
 I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,
 And I ne'er thought on't more
Hip [*raising LIVIA*] Pray, rise, good sister 180
Isa Here's even as sweet amends made for a wrong
 now,

As one that gives a wound, and pays the surgeon,
 All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,

¹ A contraction for "all as"

² Satisfied

Or time of lundrance well, I had a mother,
I can dissemble too [*Aside*]—What wrongs have slipt
Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart forgives

Guar Why, thus¹ tuneful now¹

Hip And what I did, sister,
Was all for honour's cause, which time to come
Will approve to you

Liv Being awak'd to goodness,
I understand so much, sir, and praise now 190
The fortune of your arm and of your safety,
For by his death you've rid me of a sin
As costly as e'er woman doated on
'T has pleas'd the Duke so well too, that, behold, sir,
[*Giving paper*]

Has sent you here your pardon, which I kiss'd
With most affectionate comfort when 'twas brought,
Then was my fit just past, it came so well, methought
To glad my heart

Hip I see his grace thinks on me

Liv There's no talk now but of the preparation
For the great marriage

Hip Does he marry her, then? 200

Liv With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost
Can be laid on with many thousand hands
This gentleman and I had once a purpose
To have honour'd the first marriage of the Duke
With an invention of his own, 'twas ready,
The pains well past, most of the charge bestow'd on't,

¹ Perhaps we should read with the editor of 1816 "that's"
VOL VI Z

Then came the death of your good mother, niece,
And turn'd the glory of it all to black
'Tis a device would fit these times so well too,
Art's treasury not better if you'll join, 210
It shall be done, the cost shall all be mine

Hip You've my voice first, 'twill well approve my
thankfulness

For the Duke's love and favour

Liv What say you, niece ?

Isa I am content to make one

Guar The plot's full then ,

Your pages, madam, will make shift for Cupids

Liv That will they, sir

Guar You'll play your old part still

Liv What is it ? good troth, I have even forgot it

Guar Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage-goddess

Liv 'Tis right indeed

Guar And you shall play the Nymph,

That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath 220

Isa Sacrifice, good sir ?

Liv Must I be pleas'd then ?

Guar That's as you list yourself, as you see cause

Liv Methinks 'twould show the more state in her
deity

To be incens'd

Isa 'Twould , but my sacrifice

Shall take a course to appease you ,—or I'll fail in't,
And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess

[*Aside, and exit*]

Guar For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir

Please you, walk in and see the project drawn
Then take your choice

Hip I weigh not, so I have one

[*Exeunt* GUARDIANO and HIPPOLITO

Lw How much ado have I to restrain fury 230
From breaking into curses ! O, how painful 'tis
To keep great sorrow smother'd ! sure, I think
'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love
Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,
Which nothing but destruction can suffice [*Exit*

SCENE III

Before the DUKE's Palace

Hautboys *Enter the DUKE and BIANCA richly attired,*
attended by Lords, Cardinals, Ladies, and others as
they are passing in great state over the stage, enter the
Cardinal meeting them

Car Cease, cease ! religious honours done to sin
Disparage virtue's reverence, and will pull
Heaven's thunder upon Florence holy ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful
Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother ?
Better it had been you had never sorrow'd,
Than to abuse the benefit, and return
To worse than where sin left you
Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,
And are you now so swift in your desires

To knit your honours and your life fast to her ?
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't ¹ worse ,
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness ? Is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust ? what is it otherwise
Than worship done to devils ? Is this the best
Amends that sin can make after her riots ? 20
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar

Duke Here you're bitter

Without cause, brother, what I vow'd I keep,
As safe as you your conscience, and this needs not,
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,
And envy more than goodness the path now
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love,
Which virtue in her strictness would not check 30
I vow'd no more to keep a sensual woman,
'Tis done, I mean to make a lawful wife of her

Car He that taught you that craft,
Call him not master long, he will undo you,
Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother
Is it enough to use adulterous thefts,
And then take sanctuary in marriage ?
I grant, so long as an offender keeps
Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe,

But if he ever venture to come out 40
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't
So now you're safe, but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth,
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows endure
When lust usurps the bed that should be pure
Bian Sir, I have read you over all this while
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you
And severe learning, yet, 'mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call 50
The first-born of religion, and I wonder
I cannot see't in yours believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,
Or later welcom'd, it begins the rest,
And sets 'em all in order ¹ heaven and angels
Take great delight in a converted sinner,
Why should you then, a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If every woman
That commits evil should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue 60
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,
He never misses it, but to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spite
Pray, whether is religion better serv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honest,

¹ "Brancha [Bianca] here evidently alludes to the 13th chapter of St Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians"—Editor of 1816

Than when they still run through a sinful blood ?
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface ,
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace !

Duke I kiss thee for that spirit , thou'st prais'd thy
wit 70

A modest way — On, on, there !

[*Hautboys Exeunt all except the Cardinal*

Car Lust is bold,

And will have vengeance speak ere't be controll'd

[*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I

A great Hall in the DUKE'S Palace

Enter GUARDIANO and the Ward

Guar Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse ?
Dost thou know what wrong's done thee ?

Ward I were an ass else ,
I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't

Guar Here, take this caltrop¹ then [*giving caltrop*]
convey it secretly

Into the place I show'd you look you, sir,
This is the trap-door to't

Ward I know't of old, uncle, since the last triumph,²
here rose up a devil with one eye, I remember, with a
company of fireworks at's tail

Guar Prithee, leave squibbing now , mark me, and
fail not ,

10

¹ “ A Caltrop , or iron engine of warre, made with foure pricks, or sharp points, whereof one, howsoever it is cast, euer stands upward
—Cotgrave's *Dict* in v *Chaussetrape* —*Dice*

² Show, spectacle

But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't,
The villain's caught then

Ward If I miss you, hang me I love to catch a
villain, and your stamp¹ shall go current I warrant you
But how shall I rise up and let him down too all at one
hole? that will be a horrible puzzle You know I have
a part in't, I play Slander

Guar True, but never make you ready for't

Ward No? my clothes are bought and all, and a
foul fiend's head, with a long, contumelious tongue i'
the chaps on't, a very fit shape for Slander i' th' out-
parishes

22

Guar It shall not come so far, thou understand'st
it not

Ward O, O!

Guar He shall lie deep enough ere that time,
And stick first upon those

Ward Now I conceive you, guardianer

Guar Away!

List to the privy stamp, that's all thy part

Ward Stamp my horns in a mortar, if I miss you,
and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds, a
very present remedy for the headache

[Exit 30

Guar If this should any way miscarry now—
As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain—
The pages, that present the swift-wing'd Cupids,
Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love,
Fitting his part, which I have cunningly poison'd

¹ See note, vol v p 151

He cannot 'scape my fury, and those ills
Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills,
That's all the sport on't for who will imagine
That, at the celebration of this night,
Any mischance that haps can flow from spite ? [*Exit* 40

Flourish Enter above DUKE, BIANCA, Lord Cardinal,
FABRICIO, other Cardinals, and Lords and Ladies in
state

Duke Now, our fair duchess, your delight shall witness

How you're belov'd and honour'd, all the glories
Bestow'd upon the gladness of this night
Are done for your bright sake

Bian I am the more
In debt, my lord, to love and courtesies
That offer up themselves so bounteously
To do me honour'd grace, without my merit

Duke A goodness set in greatness, how it sparkles
Afar off, like pure diamonds set in gold !
How perfect my desires were, might I witness 50
But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits !
The reconcilment would be more sweet to me
Than longer life to him that fears to die —
Good sir—

Car I profess peace, and am content

Duke I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm

Car You shall have all you wish [*Kisses* BIANCA

Duke I've all indeed now

Bian But I've made surer work , this shall not blind
me ,

He that begins so early to reprove,
Quickly rid him, or look for little love
Beware a brother's envy , he's next heir too 60
Cardinal, you die this night , the plot's laid surely
In time of sports death may steal in securely,
Then 'tis least thought on ,

For he that's most religious, holy friend,
Does not at all hours think upon his end ,
He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
Their transportations too through flesh and blood,
For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
As well as we, poor soul, that sin by night [Aside

Duke [looking at a paper] What's this, Fabricio ?

Fab Marry, my lord, the model 70
Of what's presented

Duke O, we thank their loves —

Sweet duchess, take your seat , list to the argument

[Reads

There is a Nymph that haunts the woods and springs,

In love-with two at once, and they with her ,

Equal it runs , but, to decide these things,

The cause to mighty Juno they refer,

She being the marriage-goddess the two lovers

They offer sighs, the Nymph a sacrifice,

All to please Juno, who by signs discovers

How the event shall be , so that strife does 80

Then springs a second , for the man refus'd

Grows discontent, and, out of love abus'd,

*He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,
To disgrace th' other, which pays him i' th' end*

Bian In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,
And fits th' occasion well envy and slander
Are things soon rais'd against two faithful lovers,
But comfort is, they're not long uniewarded [*Music*

Duke This music shows they're upon entrance now

Bian Then enter all my wishes [*Aside* 90

*Enter HYMEN in a yellow robe,¹ GANYMEDE in a blue robe
powdered with stars, and HEBE in a white robe with
golden stars, each bearing a covered cup they dance a
short dance, and then make obeisance to the DUKE, &c*

Hym To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up
Of nuptial joys thus the celestial cup,
Taste it, and thou shalt ever find
Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind

Bian We'll taste you, sure, 'twere pity to disgrace
So pretty a beginning

[*Takes cup from HYMEN, and drinks*

Duke 'Twas spoke nobly

Gan Two cups of nectar have we begg'd from Jove,
Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love

¹ In masques and pageants it was usual for Hymen to appear 'n a saffron coloured robe Cf *L Allegro*—

“ There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe ”

*Take heed of stumbling more, look to your way,
Remember still the Via Lactea*

100

[GANYMEDE and HEBE respectively offer their cups
to the DUKE and Cardinal, who drink

Hebe Well, Ganymede, you've more faults, though not
so known,

I spul'd one cup, but you've filch'd many a one

Hym No more, forbear for Hymen's sake

In love we met, and so let's part¹

[*Exeunt* HYMEN, GANYMEDE, and HEBE

Duke But, soft, here's no such persons in the argu-
ment

As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede,

The actors that this model here discovers

Are only four,—Juno, a Nymph, two lovers

Bian This is some antimasque² belike, my
lord,

To entertain time —Now my peace is perfect,

110

Let sports come on apace [*Aside*]—Now is there time,
my lord

[*Music*

Hark you! you hear from 'em

Duke The Nymph indeed!

Enter two Nymphs, bearing tapers lighted, then ISABELLA
as a Nymph, dressed with flowers and garlands,
carrying a censer with fire in it they set the censer

¹ By reading "leave take" for let's part," we should procure a rhyme

² A ridiculous interlude introduced during the masque See Bacon's essay on Masques

*and tapers on JUNO'S altar with much reverence,
singing this ditty in parts*

*Juno, nuptial goddess,
Thou that rul'st o'er coupl'd bodies,
Tiest man to woman, never to forsake her,
Thou only powerful marriage-maker,
Pity this amaz'd affection !*

*I love both, and both love me,
Nor know I where to give rejection,
My heart likes so equally,
Till thou sett'st right my peace of life,
And with thy power conclude this strife*

I 20

Isa Now, with my thanks, depart you to the springs,
I to these wells of love [*Exeunt the two Nymphs*].—

*Thou sacred goddess
And queen of nuptials, daughter to great Saturn,
Sister and wife to Jove, imperial Juno,
Pity this passionate conflict in my breast,
This tedious war 'twixt two affections,
Crown me with victory, and my heart's at peace!*

Enter HIPPOLITO *and* GUARDIANO *as* Shepherds

Hip Make me that happy man, thou mighty goddess!
Guar But I live most in hope, if truest love
Merit the greatest comfort

134

Isa I love both
With such an even and fair affection,
I know not which to speak for, which to wish for,

*Til thou, great arbitress 'twixt lovers' hearts,
By thy auspicious grace design the man,
Which pity I implore !*

*Hyd }
Guar }* *We all implore it !*

*Isa And after sighs—contrition's truest odours—
I offer to thy powerful deity
This precious incense [waving the censer], may it ascend
peacefully !—* 140

*And if it keep true touch, my good aunt Juno,
'Twill try your immortality ere't be long
I fear you'll ne'er get so nigh heaven again,
When you're once down* [Aside

[LIVIA descends as JUNO, attended by Pages as
Cupids

*Liv Though you and your affections
Seem all as dark to our illustrious brightness
As night's inheritance, hell, we pity you,
And your requests are granted You ask signs,
They shall be given you, we'll be gracious to you
He of those twain which we determine for you,
Love's arrows shall wound twice, the latter wound 150
Betokens love in age, for so are all
Whose love continues firmly all their lifetime
Twice wounded at their marriage, else affection
Dies when youth ends—This savour overcomes me !*

[Aside

*Now, for a sign of wealth and golden days,
Bright-ey'd prosperity—which all couples love,*

*Ay, and makes love—take that, ¹ our brother Jove
Never demes us of his burning treasure
To express bounty* [ISABELLA falls down and dies

Duke She falls down upon't,
What's the conceit of that?

Fab As o'erjoy'd belike 160
Too much prosperity o'erjoys us all,
And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord

Duke This swerves a little from the argument though
Look you, my lords [Showing paper

Guar All's fast now comes my part to tole him
hither,

Then, with a stamp given, he's despatch'd as cunningly
[Aside

Hip [raising the body of ISA] Stark dead! O
treachery! cruelly made away!

[GUARDIANO stamps, and falls through a trap-door
How's that?

Fab Look, there's one of the lovers dropt away too!

Duke Why, sure, this plot's drawn false, here's no
such thing 170

Liv O, I am sick to the death! let me down quickly,
This fume is deadly, O, 't has poison'd me!

My subtlety is sped, her art has quitted me,

My own ambition pulls me down to ruin

[Falls down and dies

¹ "The editor of 1816 follows the pointing of the old ed., 'Av and makes love take that,' remarking, in a note, 'I confess I have no very clear understanding of this passage.' The difficulty lies in knowing what 'that' is by which Livia destroys Isabella.—Dyce

Hip Nay, then, I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud
This thy revenge in death [*Kisses the body of ISABELIA*

Fab Look, Juno's down too !

[*Cupids shoot at HIPPOLITO*

What makes she there ? her pride should keep aloft
She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows ,
Methinks her peacocks' feathers are much pull'd

Hip O, death runs through my blood, in a wild
flame too ! 180

Plague of those Cupids ! some lay hold on 'em,
Let 'em not scape , they've spoil'd me, the shaft's deadly

Duke I've lost myself in this quite

Hip My great lords,

We're all confounded

Duke How ?

Hip Dead , and I worse

Fab Dead ! my girl dead ? I hope

My sister Juno has not serv'd me so

Hip Lust and forgetfulness has been amongst us,
And we are brought to nothing some blest charity
Lend me the speeding pity of his sword,
To quench this fire in blood ! Leantio's death 190
Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—
And made us lay plots to confound each other ,
Th' event so proves it , and man's understanding
Is riper at his fall than all his lifetime
She, in a madness for her lover's death,
Reveal'd a fearful lust in our near bloods,
For which I'm punish'd dreadfully and unlook'd for ,
Prov'd her own ruin too , vengeance met vengeance,

Like a set match, as if the plague[s] of sin
Had been agreed to meet here altogether 200
But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,
Unless caught by some springe of his own setting,—
For, on my pain, he never dream'd of dying,
The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
Enough to save himself but 'tis the property
Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward
Therefore the wonder ceases O, this torment!
Duke Our guard below there!

Enter a Lord with a Guard

Lord My lord?
Hip Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain! [*Runs on a sword and dies*
Lord Behold, my lord,
Has run his breast upon a weapon's point! 210
Duke Upon the first night of our nuptial honours
Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs
Mask in expected pleasures! 'tis prodigious!
They're things most fearfully ominous, I like 'em not —
Remove these ruin'd bodies from our eyes

[*The Guard removes the bodies of ISABELLA,
LIVIA, and HIPPOLITO*

Bian Not yet, no change? when falls he to the
earth? [*Aside*

Lord Please but your excellence to peruse that paper,
[*Giving paper to the DUKE*

Which is a brief confession from the heart

Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed ,
And there the darkness of these deeds speaks
plainly, 220

'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent
His ward, that ignorantly let him down,
Fear put to present flight at the voice of him

Bian Not yet ? [*Aside*

Duke Read, read, for I am lost in sight and strength !
[*Falls*

Car My noble brother !

Bian O, the curse of wretchedness !

My deadly hand is faln upon my lord
Destruction, take me to thee ! give me way ,
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him
That hinders me a moment ! 230

Duke My heart swells bigger yet , help here, break't
ope !

My breast flies open next [*Dies*

Bian O, with the poison

That was prepar'd for thee ! thee, Cardinal,
'Twas meant for thee

Car Poor prince !

Bian Accursèd error !

Give me thy last breath, thou infected bosom,
And wrap two spirits in one poison'd vapour !
Thus, thus, reward thy murderer, and turn death

[*Kisses the dead body of the DUKE*

Into a parting kiss ! my soul stands ready at my lips,
Even vex'd to stay one minute after thee

Car The greatest sorrow and astonishment 240

That ever struck the general peace of Florence
Dwells in this hour

Bian So, my desires are satisfied,
I feel death's power within me
Thou hast prevail'd in something, cursed poison !
Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's bosom ,
But my deformity in spirit's more foul,
A blemish'd face best fits a leprous soul
What make I here ? these are all strangers to me,
Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone,
Nor do I seek their pities

[*Drinks from the poisoned cup*

Car O restrain 250

Her ignorant, wilful hand !

Bian Now do , 'tis done
Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage
At my heart-breaking O, the deadly snares
That women set for women, without pity
Either to soul or honour ! learn by me
To know your foes in this belief I die,—
Like our own sex we have no enemy¹

Lord See, my lord,
What shift sh'as made to be her own destruction !

Bian Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth,
ambition, 260

You must all down together, there's no help for't
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove
Tasting the same death in a cup of love

[*Dies*

¹ Old ed "no Enemy, no Enemy"

Car Sin, what thou art, these ruins show too piteously
Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,
But one must needs down, for his title's wrong ,
So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long

[*Exeunt omnes*]

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES
WOMEN.

More Dissemblers Besides Women A Comedy By Tho Middleton, Gent London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley, 1657 This play was issued together with *Women Beware Women*, in an 8vo volume (see p 233)

In Sir Henry Heibert's Diary (see Chalmers' *Supplem Apol*, p 215) is the entry —“ 17 October [1623] For the King's Company, *An Old Play, called, More Dissemblers besides Women* allowed by Sir George Bucke, and being free from alterations was allowed by me, for a new play, called *The Devil of Dowgate, or Usury put to use* Written by Fletcher ” *Old play* merely means a play that had been previously licensed for acting Sir George Buc resigned the post of Master of the Revels in May, 1622

More Dissemblers is included in vol iv of *A Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays*, 1816

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Lord Cardinal of Milan

LACTANTIO, *his nephew*

ANDRUGIO, *general of Milan*

Father to Aurelia

Governor of the Fort

DONDOLO, *servant to Lactantio*

CROTCHET, *a singing-master*

SINQUAPACE, *a dancing master*

NICHOLAS, *his usher*

Captain of the Gipsies

Lords, Gipsies, Servants, and Guards

Duchess of Milan

CELIA, *her waiting woman*

AURELIA

Page, Lactantio's mistress in disguise

SCENE MILAN and the neighbourhood

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES
WOMEN



ACT I

SCENE I

A Street

Enter LACTANTIO, AURELIA, and Servant

Song within

*To be chaste is woman's glory,
'Tis her fame and honour's story
Here sits she in funeral weeds,
Only bright in virtuous deeds,
Come and read her life and praise,
That singing weeps, and sighing plays*

Lac Welcome, soul's music ! I've been listening here
To melancholy strains from the duchess' lodgings,
That strange great widow, that has vow'd so stiffly
Ne'er to know love's heat in a second husband

Though he look scurvily, I'll think hereafter
That honesty may walk with fire in's nose,
As well as brave desert in broken clothes
But for thy further safety, I've provided 40
A shape, that at first sight will start thy modesty,
And make thee blush perhaps, but 'twill away
After a qualm or two Virginity
Has been put often to those shifts before thee
Upon extremities, a little boldness
Cannot be call'd immodesty, especially
When there's no means without it for our safeties
Thou know'st my uncle, the lord cardinal,
Wears so severe an eye, so strict and holy,
It not endures the sight of womankind 50
About his lodgings
Hardly a matron of fourscore's admitted,
Though she be worn to gums, she comes not there
To mumble matins, all his admiration
Is plac'd upon the duchess, he likes her,
Because she keeps her vow and likes not any,
So does he love that man above his book
That loves no woman for my fortune's sake then,
For I am like to be his only heir,
I must dissemble, and appear as fair 60
To his opinion as the brow of piety,
As void of all impureness as an altar
Thine ear [*whispers*], that, and we're safe
Aur You make me blush, sir
Lac 'Tis but a star shot from a beauteous cheek,
It blazes beauty's bounty, and hunts nothing

Aur The power of love commands me

Lac I shall wither

In comforts, till I see thee [Exeunt severally]

SCENE II

The Cardinal's Closet

Enter Cardinal and Lords

Car My lords, I've work for you when you have
hours

Free from the cares of state, bestow your eyes
Upon those abstracts of the duchess' virtues,
My study's ornaments I make her constancy
The holy mistress of my contemplation,
Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
Of her eternal vow I have no power
To suffer virtue to go thinly clad
I that have ever been in youth an old man
To pleasures and to women, and could never 10
Love, but pity 'em,
And all their momentary frantic follies,
Here I stand up in admiration,
And bow to the chaste health of our great duchess
Kissing her constant name O my fair lords,
When we find grace confirm'd, especially
In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
We're spirit-ravish'd, men of our probation
Feel the sphere's music playing in their souls

So long, unto th' eternising of her sex, 20
Sh'as kept her vow so strictly, and as chaste
As everlasting life is kept for virtue,
Even from the sight of men , to make her oath
As uncorrupt as th' honour of a virgin,
That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
Like one of frailty's ruins, shrinks to dust
No longer she's a virgin than she's just

First Lord Chaste, sir? the truth and justice of her
vow

To her deceas'd lord's able to make poor
Man's treasury of praises But, methinks, 30
She that has no temptation set before her,
Her virtue has no conquest then would her constancy
Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory,
If she would give admittance, see and be seen,
And yet resist, and conquer there were argument
For angels , 'twould outreach the life of praise
Set in mortality's shortness I speak this
Not for religion, but for love of her,
Whom I wish less religious, and more loving
But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault , 40
But 'tis so rare, few of her sex are took with't,
And that makes some amends

Car You've put my zeal into a way, my lord,
I shall not be at peace till I make perfect
I'll make her victory harder , 'tis my crown
When I bring grace to great'st perfection ,
And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
None but her vow and she I know she wears

A constancy will not deceive my praises,
 A faith so noble, she that once knows heaven 50
 Need put in no security for her truth,
 I dare believe her Face,¹ use all the art,
 Temptation, witcheries, slights,² and subtleties,
 You temporal lords and all your means can practise——

Sec Lord My lord, not any we

Car Her resolute goodness
 Shall as a rock stand firm, and send the sin
 That beat[s] against it
 Into the bosom of the owners weeping

Thurd Lord. We wish ³ her virtues so

Car O give me pardon!
 I've lost myself in her upon my friends 60
 Your charitable censures ⁴ I beseech
 So dear her white fame is to my soul's love,
 'Tis an affliction but to hear it question'd,
 She's my religious triumph
 If you desire a belief rightly to her,
 Think she can never waver, then you're sure
 She has a fixed heart, it cannot err,
 He kills my hopes of woman that doubts her

First Lord No more, my lord, 'tis fix'd

Car Believe my judgment,
 I never praise in vain, nor ever spent 70

¹ "Was altered by the editor of 1816 to '*I dare believe her faith*
 Compare Shakespeare, *First P. of Henry VI*, act v sc 3 —

'That Suffolk doth not flatter, *face*, or feign' — *Dyce*

² Tricks

³ Old ed "with"

⁴ Judgments

Opinion idly, or lost hopes of any
Where I once plac'd it, welcome as my joys,
Now you all part believers of her virtue !

Lords We are the same most firmly

Car Good opinion

In others reward you and all your actions !

[*Exeunt* Lords

Who's near us ?

Enter Servant

Ser My lord ?

Car Call our nephew [*Exit* Servant]—There's a
work too

That for blood's sake I labour to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy. He's but a youth, 80
To speak of years, yet I dare venture him
To old men's goodnesses and gravities
For his strict manners, and win glory by him,
And for the chasteness of his continence,
Which is a rare grace in the spring of man,
He does excel the youth of all our time,
Which gift of his, more than affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him
The company of a woman's as fearful to him
As death to guilty men, I've seen him blush 90
When but a maid was nam'd I'm proud of him,
Heaven be not angry for't ! he's near of kin
In disposition to me I shall do much for him
In life-time, but in death I shall do all,
There he will find my love he's yet too young

In years to rise in state, but his good parts
Will bring him in the sooner Here he comes

Enter LACTANTIO with a book

What, at thy meditation ? half in heaven ?

Lac The better half, my lord, my mind's there still,
And when the heart's above, the body walks here 100
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming

Car What man in age could bring forth graver
thoughts ?

Lac He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend, when death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen agen
I wonder at the young men of our days,
That they can doat on pleasure, or what 'tis
They give that title to, unless in mockage
There's nothing I can find upon the earth 110
Worthy the name of pleasure, unless 't be
To laugh at folly, which indeed good charity
Should rather pity, but of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood, O reverend uncle,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women,
There's no excuse for that, 'tis such a madness,
There is no cure set down for't, no physician
Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd
'Twas all in vain when they first lov'd themselves,
And never since durst practise, cry *Heu mihi* 1 120

¹ "*Heu mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis,*" Ovid, *Met*
523

That's all the help they've for't I had rather meet
 A witch far north, than a fine fool in love,
 The sight would less afflict me but for modesty,
 And your grave presence that learns men respect,
 I should fall foul in words upon fond man,
 That can forget his excellence and honour,
 His serious meditations, being the end
 Of his creation to learn well to die,
 And live a prisoner to a woman's eye
 Can there be greater thralldom, greater folly? 130

Car In making him my heir, I make good works,
 And they give wealth a blessing, where,¹ on the contrary,
 What curses does he heap upon his soul
 That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,
 To be consum'd on surfeits, pride, and harlots!¹
 Peace be upon that spirit, whose life provides
 A quiet rest for mine!¹ [*Aside*]

*Enter Page*²

Lac How now? the news?

Page A letter, sir [*gives letter to LACTANTIO*], brought
 by a gentleman
 That lately came from Rome
Lac That's she, she's come,
 I fear not to admit her in his presence, 140
 There is the like already I'm writ chaste
 In my grave uncle's thoughts, and nonest meanings

¹ Whereas

² Lactantio's mistress disguised as a page

Think all men's like then own [Aside]—Thou look'st
so pale !

What ail'st thou here a' late ?

Page I doubt I've cause, sir

Lac Why, what's the news ?

Page I fear, sir, I'm with child

Lac With child ? peace, peace , speak low

Page 'Twill prove, I fear, so

Lac Beshrew my heart for that !—Desire the gentleman

To walk a turn or two

Car What gentleman ?

Lac One lately come from Rome, my lord, in credit
With Lord Vincentio , so the letter speaks him 150

Car Admit him, my kind boy [Exit Page]—The
prettiest servant

That ever man was bless'd with ! 'tis so meek,
So good and gentle , 'twas the best alm's-deed
That e'er you did to keep him I've oft took him
Weeping alone, poor boy, at the remembrance
Of his lost friends, which, as he says, the sea
Swallow'd, with all their substance

Lac 'Tis a truth, sir,
Has cost the poor boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company in such pity 159
I always spend my part Here comes the gentleman

Enter AURELIA, disguised as a man

Car Welcome to Milan, sir how is the health
Of Lord Vincentio ?

Aur May it please your grace,
I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same bless'd fortune keeps it

Car I hear you're near him

Aur One of his chamber, my lord

Lac I'd ne'er wish one of her condition nearer
Than to be one of mine [*Aside*]

Car Your news is pleasing
Whilst you remain in Milan, I request you
To know the welcome of no house but ours

Aur Thanks to your grace

Car I'll leave you to confer , 170
I'll to the duchess, and labour her perfection [*Exit*]

Lac Then thus begins our conference I arrest thee
In Cupid's name , deliver up your weapon,
[*Takes her sword*]

It is not for your wearing, Venus knows it
Here's a fit thing indeed ¹ nay, hangers ¹ and all ,
Away with 'em, out upon 'em ¹ things of trouble,
And out of use with you Now you're my prisoner ,
And till you swear you love me, all and only,
You part not from mine arms

Aur I swear it willingly

Lac And that you do renounce the general's love, 180
That heretofore laid claim to you

Aur My heart bids me,
You need not teach me that , my eye ne'er knew
A perfect choice till it stood bless'd with you

¹ See note 4, vol III p 138

There's yet a rival whom you little dream of,
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too I hate him ,
I'll thrust 'em both together in one oath,
And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women,
To solder up their credits

Lac Prithee, what's he ?

Another yet ? for laughter' sake, discover him

Aur The governor of the fort

Lac That old dried neat's tongue !

190

Aur A gentleman after my father's relish

Enter AURELIA's Father and Governor

Fath By your kind favours, gentlemen

Aur O, my father !

We're both betray'd

Lac Peace, you may prove too fearful —

To whom your business, sir ?

Fath To the Lord Cardinal,

If it would please yourself, or that young gentleman

To grace me with admittance

Lac I will see, sir ,

The gentleman's a stranger, new come o'er ,

He understands you not —

Loff tro veen, tantumbro, hoff tufftee locumber shaw 199

Aur *Quisquimken, sapadlaman, fool-urchin old astrata*

Fath Nay, and that be the language, we can speak it
too

*Strumpettukin, bold harlottum, queaninisma, whore-
mongeria !*

Shame to thy sex, and sorrow to thy father !

Is this a shape for reputation
And modesty to masque in ? Thou too cunning
For credulous goodness,
Did not a reverent respect and honour,
That's due unto the sanctimonious peace
Of this lord's house, restrain my voice and anger, 210
And teach it soft humility, I would lift
Both your disgraces to the height of grief
That you have rais'd in me , but to shame you
I will not cast a blemish upon virtue
Call that your happiness, and the dearest too
That such a bold attempt could ever boast of
We'll see if a strong fort can hold you now —
Take her, sir, to you

Gov How have I deserv'd
The strangeness of this hour ?

Fath Talk not so tamely —
For you, sir, thank the reverence of this place, 220
Or your hypocrisy I'd put out of grace,
I had, i'faith , if ever I can fit you,
Expect to hear from me

[*Exeunt* Father, Governor, and AURELIA

Lac I thank you, sir ,
The cough o' th' lungs requite you ! I could curse him
Into diseases by whole dozens now ,
But one's enough to beggar him, if he light
Upon a wise physician Tis a labour
To keep those little wits I have about me
Still did I dream that villain would betray her
I'll never trust slave with a parboil'd nose again 230

I must devise some trick t' excuse her absence
Now to my uncle too, there is no mischief
But brings one villain[y] or other still
Even close at heels on't I am pain'd at heart,
If ever there were hope of me to die
For love, 'tis now, I never felt such gripings
If I can 'scape this climacterical year,
Women ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear
Kept with him in the fort? why, there's no hope
Of ever meeting now, my way's not thither, 240
Love bless us with some means to get together,
And I'll pay all the old reckonings [Exit

SCENE III

*Street before the Duchess's House**Enter on a balcony Duchess and CELIA*

Duch What a contented rest rewards my mind
For faithfulness! I give it constancy,
And it returns me peace How happily
Might woman live, methinks, confin'd within
The knowledge of one husband!
What comes of more rather proclaims desire
Prince of affections than religious love,
Brings frailty and our weakness into question
'Mongst our male enemies, makes widows' tears
Rather the cup of laughter than of pity 10
What credit can our sorrows have with men,

When in some months' space they turn light agen,
Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow
Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,
Or make a faith as perfect to myself
In resolution, as a vow would come to,
And do as much right so to constancy
As strictness could require, for 'tis our goodness
And not our strength that does it I am arm'd now
'Gainst all deserts in man, be't valour, wisdom, 20
Courtesy, comeliness, nay, truth itself,
Which seldom keeps him company I commend
The virtues highly, as I do an instrument
When the case hangs by th' wall, but man himself
Never comes near my heart

Enter Cardinal above

Car The blessing of perfection to your thoughts,
lady!
For I'm resolv'd they're good ones
Duch Honour of greatness,
Friend to my vow, and father to my fame,
Welcome as peace to temples!
Car I bring war
Duch How, sir?
Car A harder fight if now you conquer, 30
You crown my praises double
Duch What's your aim, sir?
Car To astonish sin and all her tempting evils,
And make your goodness shine more glorious
When your fair noble vow show'd you the way

To excellence in virtue, to keep back
 The fears that might discourage you at first,
 Pitying your strength, it show'd you not the worst
 Tis not enough for tapers to burn bright,
 But to be seen, so to lend others light,
 Yet not impair themselves, their flame as pure 40
 As when it shin'd in secret, so t' abide
 Temptations is the soul's flame truly tried
 I've an ambition, but a virtuous one,
 I'd have nothing want to your perfection

Duch Is there a doubt found yet ? is it so hard
 For woman to recover, with all diligence,
 And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
 What many of her sex has so long lost ?
 Can you believe that any sight of man,
 Held he the worth of millions in one spirit, 50
 Had power to alter me ?

Car No, there's my hope,
 My credit, and my triumph

Duch I'll no more
 Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
 Is but a virtue question'd, I'll come forth
 And show myself to all, the world shall witness,
 That, like the sun, my constancy can look
 On earth's corruptions, and shine clear itself

Car Hold conquest now, and I have all my wishes
 [*Cornets, and a shout within*]

Duch The meaning of that sudden shout, my lord ?

Car Signor Andrugio, general of the field, 60
 Successful in his fortunes, is arriv'd,

And met by all the gallant hopes of Milan,
 Welcom'd with laurel-wreaths and hymns of praises
 Vouchsafe but you to give him the first grace, madam,
 Of your so long-hid presence, he has then
 All honours that can bless victorious man

Duch You shall prevail, grave sir

[*Exit Cardinal above*

*Enter ANDRUGIO, attended by the nobility, senators,
 and masquers*

Song

Laurel is a victor's due,

I give it you,

I give it you,

70

Thy name with praise,

Thy brow with bays

We circle round

All men rejoice

With cheerful voice,

To see thee like a conqueror crown'd

[*A Cupid descending, sings*

I am a little conqueror too,

For wreaths of bays

*There's arms of cross*¹

¹ "Arms of cross" = arms crossed on the breast (the attitude of a moody lover) Cf *Love's Labour Lost*, III 1,—

"Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms"

Philaster II 3,—

'If it be love

To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day

And that's my due 80
I gve the flaming heart,
It is my crest,
And by the mother's side,
The weeping eye,
The sighing breast
It is not power in you, fair beauties ,
If I command love, 'tis your duties [Ascends
 [During the preceding songs ANDRUGIO
peruses a letter delivered to him by a
Lord the masque then closes with the
following

Song

Welcome, welcome, son of fame,
Honour triumphs in thy name !

[Exeunt all except Lord

Lord Alas, poor gentleman ! I brought him news 90
 That like a cloud spread over all his glories
 When he miss'd her whom his eye greedily sought for,
 His welcome seem'd so poor, he took no joy in't,
 But when he found her by her father forc'd
 To the old governor's love, and kept so strictly,
 A coldness strook his heart There is no state
 So firmly happy but feels envy's might
 I know Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
 Hates him as deeply as a rich man death ,
 And yet his welcome show'd as fair and friendly 100
 As his that wore the truest love to him ,

When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food [Exit

Celia Madam! madam!

Duch Beshrew thy heart, dost thou not see me busy?
You show your manners!

Celia In the name of goodness,
What ails my lady?

Duch I confess I'm mortal,
There's no defending on't, 'tis cruel flattery
To make a lady believe otherwise
Is not this flesh? can you drive heat from fire? 110
So may you love from this, for love and death
Are brothers in this kingdom, only death
Comes by the mother's side, and that's the surest
That general is wondrous fortunate,
Has won another field since, and a victory
That credits all the rest, he may more boast on't
Than of a thousand conquests I am lost,
Utterly lost! where are my women now?
Alas, what help's in them, what strength have they?
I call to a weak guard when I call them, 120
In rescuing me they'd be themselves o'ercome
When I, that profess'd war, am overthrown,
What hope's in them, then, that ne'er stirr'd from home?
My faith is gone for ever,
My reputation with the cardinal,
My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace,
Chang'd for a restless passion O hard spite,
To lose my seven years' victory at one sight! [Exeunt

SCENE IV

LACTANTIO'S *Lodging in the Cardinal's Mansion**Enter DONDOLO, and Page¹ carrying a shirt*

Page I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt and au it a little against my master rises, I had rather do anything than do't, i'faith

Don O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable¹ are not you big enough to air a shirt² were it a smock now, you liquorish page, you'd be hanged ere you'd part from't If thou dost not prove as arrant a smell-smock² as any the town affords in a term-time, I'll lose my judgment in wenching

Page Pish, here, Dondolo, prithee, take it 10

Don It's no more but up and ride³ with you then¹ all my generation were beadies and officers, and do you think I'm so easily entreated² you shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get anything from my hands, I will not disgenerate so much from the nature of my kindred, you must bribe me one way or other, if you look to have anything done, or else you may do't yourself 'twas just my father's humour when

¹ Lactantio's mistress

² "*Brigaille*, a notable *smelsmocke* or muttonmungar, a cunning solicitor of a wench"—*Cotgrave*

³ Cf vol iv p 67 —

"*Mis G* Then *up and ride*, i'faith¹

¹ *Gal* *Up and ride*² nay, my pretty Pru, that's far from my thought, duck why, mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something¹

he bore office You know my mind, page, the song ' the song ' I must either have the song you sung to my master last night when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you from one week's end to the other As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, nay, pull off strait boots, although in the tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks, I'll take no more pity of your marrow-bones than a butcher's dog of a rump of beef, nay, ka me, ka thee, ¹ if you will ease the melancholy of my mind with singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of boots-haling 30

Page Alas, you know I cannot sing '

Don Take heed, you may speak at such an hour that your voice may be clean taken away from you I have known many a good gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and have presently gone to bed and lay speechless 'tis not good to jest, as old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet Cannot you sing, say you ? O that a boy should so keep cut with ² his mother, and be given to dissembling '

Page Faith, to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well, 40

But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill

Don A pox of skill ' give me plain simple cunning why should not singing be as well got without skill as

¹ An old proverbial expression, equivalent to *One good turn deserves another* See Nares' *Glossary*

² "ze follow the example of The word is used by Sterne, in the same sense, in the fifth vol. of his *Tristram Shandy* —Editor of 1816

the getting of children? You shall have the arrantest fool do as much there as the wisest coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of doctors put to 'em, both the directions of physicians, and the erections of pothecaries, you shall have a plam hobnailed country fellow, marrying some dairy-wench, tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, byrlady, as the crop falls out, and your nice paling physicking gentlefolks some one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one as it should be, the wanting of some apricock or something loses a member on him, or quite spoils it. Come, will you sing, that I may warm the shirt? by this light, he shall put it on cold for me else 56

Page A song or two I learnt with hearing gentlewomen practise themselves

Don Come, you are so modest now, 'tis pity that thou wast ever bred to be thrust through a pair of canons,¹ thou wouldst have made a pretty foolish waiting-woman but for one thing. Wilt sing?

Page As well as I can, Dondolo

Don Give me the shirt then, I'll warn't as well['s] I can too

Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock!

Page No, 'tis my master's shirt

Don Why, that's true too,

Who knows not that? why, 'tis the fashion, fool,
All your young gallants here of late wear smocks,
Those without beards especially

¹ Rolls of stuff at the bottom of the breeches below the knee

Page Why, what's the reason, sir ?

Don Marry, very great reason in't a young gallant lying a-bed with his wench, if the constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for sisters, and I hope a constable dare go no further, and as for the knowing of their heads, that's well enough too, for I know many young gentlemen wear longer hair than their mistresses

Page 'Tis a hot world the whilst 78

Don Nay, that's most certain, and a most witty age of a bald one, for all languages, you've many daughters so well brought up, they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turned to the Spanish and Italian half a year after

Page That's like learning the grammar first, and the accidence after, they go backward so

Don The fitter for th' Italian thou'st no wit, boy, Hadst had a tutor, he'd have taught thee that Come, come, that I may be gone, boy !

Page [*sings*]

*Cupid*¹ is *Venus*' only joy,
But he is a wanton boy, 90
A very, very wanton boy,
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,
He is the cause of most men's crests,
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible, but horrid,

¹ This song (with the omission of ll 96-7) forms part of a song in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* see vol v pp 80-1

*Of the short velvet mask he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husbands ne'er the wiser,
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play*

Don O rich, ravishing, rare, and enticing¹ Well, go
thy ways for as sweet a breasted¹ page as ever lay at
his master's feet in a truckle-bed² 102

Page You'll hie you in straight, Dondolo?

Don I'll not miss you [Exit Page
This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toast Let me see what's a'clock
I must to th' castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook my master storming
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning [Exit

¹ See note 1, p. 350

² A small bed fitted with castors, so that it could be wheeled under the chief or *standing* bed. At night it was drawn out to the foot of the larger bed. In the truckle-bed slept the master's attendant

ACT II

SCENE I

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess

Enter Duchess and CELIA

Duch Seek out the lightest colours can be got,
The youthfull'st dressings , tawny is too sad,
I am not thirty yet , I've wrong'd my time
To go so long in black, like a petitioner
See that the powder that I use about me
Be rich in cassia

Celia Here's a sudden change ! [*Aside*

Duch O, I'm undone in faith ! Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal, was present
In the late entertainment of the general ?

Celia Upon my reputation with your excellence, 10
These eyes beheld him he came foremost, madam ,
'Twas he in black and yellow

Duch Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself
Or for the affection of his colours,
So you be sure he was there

Celia As sure as sight
Can discern man from man, madam

Duch It suffices [Exit CELIA
O, an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, ay, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame ! A faith once lost
Requires great cunning ere't be entertain'd 20
Into the breast of a belief again
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow, she breaks with heaven

Enter Cardinal

Car Increase of health and a redoubled courage
To chastity's great soldier ! what, so sad, madam ?—
The memory of her seven-years-deceas'd lord
Springs yet into her eyes as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue !— [Aside 30
Too much t' afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength requir'd,
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam,
You need no weightier task

Duch Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord

Car Which I shall ne'er forget

Duch May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think awhile I stand in presence
Of my departing husband

Car What's your meaning 40
In this, most virtuous madam ?

Duch 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially,
Urge it no further yet, as it proves to me,
You shall hear from me, only I desire it
Effectually from you, sir, that's my request

Car I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther —
[*Aside*

You shall have your desire

Duch I thank you, sir,
A blessing come along with't !

Car You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,
Rightly defin'd in me, uncertain breath, 50
A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
To most not half the time beware ambition
Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submission
And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
Good purposes begun, be what you seem,
Steadfast and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
Your goodness simple, without gain¹ or art,
And not in vesture holier than in heart
But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death,
To think that we must part, fellow² of life 60
Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess,
Death had no sting but for our separation,
It would come more calm than an evening's peace
That brings on rest to labours thou'rt so precious,
I should depart in everlasting envy

¹ " 'Qy guile? '—*Dyce*

² Old ed "fellows"

*Unto the man that ever should enjoy thee
O, a new torment strikes his force into me
When I but think on't¹ I am rack'd and torn,
Pity me in thy virtues*

*Duch My lov'd lord,
Let you[r] confirm'd opinion of my life,
My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
To draw my affections to a second liking*

*Car 'T has ever been thy¹ promise, and the spring
Of my great love to thee For once to marry
Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh,
But second marriage shows desire in flesh,
Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows,
But she's part virgin who but one man knows
I here expect a work of thy great faith
At my last parting, I can crave no more,
And with thy vow I rest myself for ever,
My soul and it shall fly to heaven together
Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
And I go hence in peace*

Duch Then here I vow never —

Car Why, madam!

Duch I can go no further

*Car What,
Have you forgot your vow?*

¹ Old ed "the "

Duch I have, too certainly

Car Your vow ? that cannot be , it follows now 90
Just where I left

Duch My frailty gets before it ,
Nothing prevails but ill

Car What ail you, madam ?

Duch Sir, I'm in love

Car O, all you powers of chastity,
Look to this woman ! let her not faint now,
For honour of yourselves ! If she be lost,
I know not where to seek my hope in woman
Madam, O madam !

Duch My desires are sicken'd
Beyond recovery of good counsel, sn

Car What mischief ow'd a malice to the sex,
To work this spiteful ill ! better the man 100

Had never known creation, than to live
Th' unlucky ruin of so fair a temple
Yet think upon your vow, revive in faith,
Those are eternal things what are all pleasures,
Flatteries of men, and follies upon earth,
To your most excellent goodness ? O she's dead,
Stark cold to any virtuous claim within her !
What now is heat is sin's Have I approv'd
Your constancy for this, call'd your faith noble,
Writ volumes of your victories and virtues ? 110

I have undone my judgment, lost my praises,
Blemish'd the truth of my opinion
Give me the man, that I may pour him out
To all contempt and curses

Duch The man's innocent
Full of desert and grace, his name Lactantio

Car How?

Duch Your nephew

Car My nephew?

Duch Beshrew the sight of him! he lives not, sir,
That could have conquer'd me, himself excepted

Car He that I lov'd so dearly, does he wear
Such killing poison in his eye to sanctity? 120
He has undone himself for ever by't,
Has lost a friend of me, and a more sure one
Farewell all natural pity! though my affection
Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,
I'll lose him now eternally, and strive
To live without him, he shall straight to Rome

Duch Not if you love my health or life, my lord

Car This day he shall set forth

Duch Despatch me rather

Car I'll send him far enough

Duch Send me to death first

Car No basilisk, that strikes dead pure affection 130
With venomous eye, lives under my protection [*Exit*

Duch Now my condition's worse than e'er 'twas
yet,

My cunning takes not with him, has broke through
The net that with all art was set for him,
And left the snarer here herself entangled
With her own toils O, what are we poor souls,
When our dissembling fails us? surely creatures
As full of want as any nation can be,

That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em
Had this but took effect, what a fair way 140
Had I made for my love to th' general,
And cut off all suspect, all reprehension !
My hopes are kill'd i' th' blossom [Exit

SCENE II

*The Cardinal's closet**Enter Cardinal*

Car Let me think upon't ,
Set holy anger by awhile There's time
Allow'd for natural argument 'tis she
That loves my nephew , she that loves, loves first ,
What cause have I to lay a blame on him then ?
He's in no fault in this say 'twas his fortune,
At the free entertainment of the general,
'Mongst others the deserts and hopes of Milan,
To come into her sight, where's the offence yet ?
What sin was that in him ? Man's sight and presence
Are free to public view ! she might as well 11
Have fix'd her heart's love then upon some other ,
I would 't had lighted anywhere but there !
Yet I may err to wish 't, since it appears
The hand of heaven, that only pick'd him out
To reward virtue in him by this fortune ,
And through affection I'm half conquer'd now ,

I love his good as dearly as her vow,
 Yet there my credit lives in works and praises
 I never found a harder fight within me, 20
 Since zeal first taught me war, say I should labour
 To quench this love, and so quench life and all,
 As by all likelihood it would prove her death,
 For it must needs be granted she affects him
 As dearly as the power of love can force,
 Since her vow awes her not, that was her saint,
 What right could that be to religion,
 To be her end, and dispossess my kinsman?
 No, I will bear in pity to her heart,
 The rest commend to fortune and my art [Exit 30

SCENE III

An Apartment in the Castle

Enter AURELIA's Father, Governor, AURELIA, and
ANDRUGIO disguised

Gov I like him passing well

Fath He's a tall fellow

And A couple of tall¹ wits [*Aside*]—I've seen
 some service, sir

Gov Nay, so it seems by thy discourse, good fellow

And Good fellow?² calls me thief familiarly — [*Aside*
 I could show many marks of resolution,

¹ Fine, great

² *Good fellow* was a cant term for a thief Cf vol II p 268, l 20

But modesty could wish 'em rather hidden
I fetch'd home three-and-twenty wounds together
In one set battle, where I was defeated
At the same time of the third part of my nose ,
But meeting with a skilful surgeon, 10
Took order for my snuffling

Gov And a nose

Well heal'd is counted a good cure in these days ,
It saves many a man's honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspicion
This night shall bring you acquainted with your
charge ,

In the meantime you and your valour's welcome
Would w'had more store of you, although they
come

With fewer marks about 'em !

Fath So wish I, sir [*Exeunt Father and Governor*]

And I was about to call her, and she stays
Of her own gift, as if she knew my mind , 20
Certain she knows me not, not possible [*Aside*]

Aur What if I left my token and my letter
With this strange fellow, so to be convey'd
Without suspicion to Lactantio's servant ?
Not so, I'll trust no freshman with such secrets ,
His ignorance may mistake, and give't to one
That may belong to th' general, for I know
He sets some spies about me , but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains I would Lactantio
Would seek some means to free me from this place , 30
'Tis prisonment enough to be a maid

But to be mew'd up too, that case is hard,
As if a toy were kept by a double guard

[*Aside, and going*

And Away she steals again, not minding me
'Twas not at me she offer'd [*Aside*]—Hark you, gentle-
woman

Aur With me, sir?

And I could call you by your name,
But gentle's the best attribute to woman

Aur Andrugio? O, as welcome to my lips
As morning dew to roses! my first love!

And Why, have you more then?

Aur What a word was there!

40

More than thyself what woman could desire,
If reason had a part of her creation?
For loving you, you see, sir, I'm a prisoner,
There's all the cause they have against me, sir,
A happy persecution I so count on't
If anything be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me

And Are you not abus'd,
Either through force or by your own consent?
Hold you your honour perfect and unstan'd?
Are you the same still that at my departure
My honest thoughts maintain'd you to my heart?

50

Aur The same most just

And Swear't

Aur By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage!

And I am confirm'd , and in requital on't,
Ere long expect your freedom

Aur O, you flatter me !

It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction ,
Beshrew me, if I be not sick upon't !
'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast
My freedom, said you ?

And Does't o'ercome you so ?

60

Aur Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly than this sweet news my heart
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't

And Violence I will not use , I come a friend ,
'Twere madness to force that which wit can end

Aur Most virtuously deliver'd !

And Thou'rt in raptures

Aur My love, my love !

And Most virtuously deliver'd !

Spoke like the sister of a puritan midwife !
Will you embrace the means that I have thought on
With all the speed you can ?

Aur Sir, anything ,

70

You cannot name 't too dangerous or too homely

And Fie, [fie], you overact your happiness ,
You drive slight things to wonders

Aur Blame me not, sir ,
You know not my affection

And Will you hear me ?

There are a sect of pilfering, juggling people
The vulgar tongue call gipsies

Aur True, the same, sir ,
I saw the like this morning Say no more, sir ,
I apprehend you fully

And What, you do not ?

Aur No ? hark you, sir [*Whispers*

And Now by this light 'tis true !

Sure if you prove as quick as your conceit, 80
You'll be an excellent breeder

Aur I should do reason by the mother's side, sir,
If fortune do her part in a good getter

And That's not to do now, sweet, the man stands
near thee

Aur Long may he stand most fortunately, sir,
Whom her kind goodness has appointed for me

And Awhile I'll take my leave t' avoid suspicion

Aur I do commend your course good sir, forget me
not

And All comforts sooner

Aur Liberty is sweet, sir

And I know there's nothing sweeter, next to love, 90
But health itself, which is the prince of life

Aur Your knowledge raise you, sir !

And Farewell till evening [*Exit*

Aur And after that, farewell, sweet sir, for ever.

A good kind gentleman to serve our turn with,
But not for lasting , I have chose a stuff
Will wear out two of him, and one finer too
I like not him that has two mistresses,
War and his sweetheart, he can ne'er please both
And war's a soaker, she's no friend to us ,

Turns a man home sometimes to his mistress 100
Some forty ounces poorer than he went,
All his discourse out of the Book of Surgery,
Cere-cloth and salve, and lies you all in tents,¹
Like your camp-vict'lers out upon't! I smile
To think how I have fitted him with an office
His love takes pains to bring our loves together,
Much like your man that labours to get treasure,
To keep his wife high for another's pleasure [*Exit*]

¹ Rolls of lint, or other material, used in dressing wounds Webster has the same pun in *The Duchess of Malfi*, 11 — "She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of Israel, all in tents

ACT III

SCENE I

LACTANTIO'S *Lodgings in the Cardinal's Mansion*

Enter LACTANTIO and Page

Page Think of your shame and mine

Lac I prithee, peace

Thou art th' unfortunat'st piece of taking business
That ever man repented when day peep'd ,
I'll ne'er keep such a piece of touchwood again,
And I were rid of thee once Well fare those
That never sham'd their master ! I've had such,
And I may live to see the time again ,
I do not doubt on't

Page If my too much kindness

Receive your anger only for reward,
The harder is my fortune I must tell you, sir, 10
To stir your care up to prevention,
(Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings,)
When I left all my friends in Mantua,
For your love's sake alone, then, with strange oaths
You promis'd present marriage.

Lac With strange oaths, quoth 'a?
 They're not so strange to me , I've sworn the same things
 I'm sure forty times over, not so little ,
 I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing

Page You see 'tis high time now, sir

Lac Yes, yes, yes,
 Marriage is nothing with you , a toy¹ till death 20
 If I should marry all those I have promis'd,
 'Twould make one vicar hoarse ere he could despatch
 us —

I must devise some shift when she grows big,
 Those masculine hose will shortly prove too little
 What if she were convey'd to nurse's house ?
 A good sure old wench , and she'd love the child well,
 Because she suckled the father no ill course,
 By my mortality , I may hit worse — [*Aside*

Enter DONDOLO

Now, Dondolo, the news ?

Don The news ?

Lac How does she ? 29

Don Soft, soft, sir , you think 'tis nothing to get news
 Out o' th' castle I was there

Lac Well, sir

Don As you know,
 A merry fellow may pass anywhere

Lac So, sir

¹ Trifle

Don Never in better fooling in my life

Lac What's this to th' purpose ?

Don Nay, 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's certain

Lac How wretched this slave makes me ! Didst not see her ?

Don I saw her

Lac Well, what said she then ?

Don Not a word, sir

Lac How, not a word ?

Don Proves her the better maid, 40

For virgins should be seen more than they're heard

Lac Exceeding good, sir, you are no ¹ sweet villain !

Don No, faith, sir, for you keep me in foul linen

Lac Turn'd scurvy rhymers, are you ?

Don Not scurvy neither,

Though I be somewhat itchy in the profession

If you could hear me out with patience, I know

Her mind as well as if I were in her belly

Lac Thou saidst even now she never spake a word

Don But she gave certain signs, and that's as good

Lac Canst thou conceive by signs ?

Don O, passing well, sir, 50

Even from an infant ! did you ne'er know that ?

I was the happiest child in all our country,

I was born of a dumb woman

Lac How ?

Don Stark dumb, sir

My father had a rare bargain of her, a rich pennyworth,

¹ Ironical

There would have been but too much money given for
her

A justice of peace was about her, but my father,
Being then constable, carried her before him

Lac Well, since we're enter'd into these dumb shows,
What were the signs she gave you?

Don Many and good, sir

Imprimis, she first gap'd, but that I guess'd 60
Was done for want of air, 'cause she's kept close,
But had she been abroad and gap'd as much,
'T had been another case then cast she up
Her pretty eye and wink'd, the word methought was
then,

Come not till twitterlight ¹

Next, thus her fingers went, as who should say,
I'd fain have a hole broke to 'scape away,
Then look'd upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
As who should say, the hour will come, sweetheart,
That I shall make two noddies of my keepers 70

Lac A third of thee Is this your mother-tongue?
My hopes are much the wiser for this language
There's no such curse in love to ² an arrant ass!

Don O yes, sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worse
You never lin ³

Railing on me from one week's end to another,
But you can keep a little tit-mouse page there,
That's good for nothing but to carry toothpicks

¹ Twilight See note 1, vol III p 230

² In comparison with

³ Cease

Put up your pipe or so, that's all he's good for
 He cannot make him ready¹ as he should do, 80
 I am fain to truss his points² every morning,
 Yet the proud, scornful ape, when all the lodgings
 Were taken up with strangers th' other night,
 He would not suffer me to come to bed to him,
 But kick'd and prick'd and pinch'd me like an urchin,³
 There's no good quality in him o' my conscience,
 I think he scarce knows how to stride a horse,
 I saw him with a little hunting nag
 But thus high t'other day, and he was fain
 To lead him to a high rail, and get up like a butter-
 wench 90
 There's no good fellowship in this dandiprat,⁴
 This dive-dapper,⁵ as is in other pages
 They'd go a-swimming with me familiarly
 I' th' heat of summer, and clap what-you-call-'ems,
 But I could never get that little monkey yet
 To put off his breeches
 A tender, puling, nice, chitty-fac'd squall⁶ 'tis
Lac Is this the good you do me? his love's wretched,
 And most distress'd, that must make use of fools
Don Fool to my face still¹ that's unreasonable, 100
 I will be a knave one day for this trick

¹ "Make him ready" = dress himself

² "Truss his points" = tie the tags of his breeches

³ (1) Hedgehog, (2) sprite — In the present passage the word seems to have both meanings

⁴ See note 1, vol 1 p 28

⁵ Didapper, dab chick

⁶ The term was usually applied to girls see note, vol 1 p 267

Or't shall cost me a fall, though it be from a gibbet
It has been many a proper man's last leap
Nay, sure I'll be quite out of the precincts
Of a fool if I live but two days to an end ,
I will turn gipsy presently,
And that's the highway to the daintiest knave
That ever mother's son took journey to
O those dear gipsies !
They live the merriest lives, eat sweet stoln hens, 110
Pluck'd over pales or hedges by a twitch ,
They're ne'er without a plump and lovely goose,
Or beautiful sow-pig ,
Those things I saw with mine own eyes to-day
They call those vanities and trifling pilfries ,
But if a privy search were made amongst 'em,
They should find other manner of ware about 'em,
Cups, rings, and silver spoons, byrlady ! bracelets,
Pearl necklaces, and chains of gold sometimes
They are the wittiest thieves ! I'll stay no longer, 120
But even go look what I can steal now presently,
And so begin to bring myself acquainted with 'em

[Aside, and exit

Lac Nothing I fear so much, as in this time
Of my dull absence, her first love, the general,
Will wind himself into her affection
By secret gifts and letters , there's the mischief !
I have no enemy like him , though my policy
Dissembled him a welcome, no man's hate
Can stick more close unto a loath'd disease
Than mine to him

Enter Cardinal

Car What ails this pretty boy to weep so often?—
Tell me the cause, child,—how his eyes stand full!—
Beshrew you, nephew, you're too bitter to him!
He is so soft, th' unkindness of a word
Melts him into a woman—'Las, poor boy,
Thou shalt not serve him longer, 'twere great pity
That thou shouldst wait upon an angry master
I've promis'd thee to one will make much of thee,
And hold thy weak youth in most dear respect

Page O, I beseech your grace that I may serve 140
No master else!

Car Thou shalt not mine's a mistress,
The greatest mistress in all Milan, boy,
The duchess' self

Page Nor her, nor any

Car Cease, boy!
Thou know'st not thine own happiness, through
fondness,¹

And therefore must be learnt go, dry thine eyes

Page This rather is the way to make 'em moister

[*Aside, and exit*]

Car Now, nephew! nephew!

Lac O, you've snatch'd my spirit, sir,
From the divinest meditation
That ever made soul happy!

Car I'm afraid
I shall have as much toil to bring him on now, 150

¹ Foolishness

As I had pains to keep her off from him [Aside
I've thought it fit, nephew, considering
The present barrenness of our name and house,
The only famine of succeeding honour,
To move the ripeness of your time to marriage

Lac How, sir, to marriage ?

Car Yes, to a fruitful life

We must not all be strict , so generation
Would lose her right thou'rt young , 'tis my desire
To see thee bestow'd happily in my lifetime

Lac Does your grace well remember who I am, 160
When you speak this ?

Car Yes, very perfectly ,
You're a young man, full in the grace of life,
And made to do love credit , proper, handsome,
And for affection pregnant

Lac I beseech you, sir,
Take off your praises rather than bestow 'em
Upon so frail a use Alas, you know, sir,
I know not what love is, or what you speak of !
If woman be amongst it, I shall swoon ,
Take her away, for contemplation's sake
Most serious uncle, name no such thing to me 170

Car Come, come, you're fond
Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
And you are well to pass There's honest love
Allow'd you now for recreation ,
The years will come when all delights must leave you
Stick close to virtue then , in the meantime
There's honourable joys to keep youth company ,

And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
You're out of his eternal reach , defy him
List hither , come to me, and with great thankfulness 180
Welcome thy fortunes , 'tis the duchess loves thee !

Lac The duchess ?

Car Doats on thee , will die for thee,
Unless she may enjoy thee.

Lac She must die then

Car How ?

Lac 'Las, do you think she ever means to do't, sir ?
I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks
Than that she'll die for love she has a vow, my lord,
That will keep life in her

Car Believe me, then,
That should have bounteous interest in thy faith,
She's thine, and not her vow's

Lac The¹ more my sorrow, 190
My toil, and my destruction —My blood dances !

[*Aside*

Car. And though that bashful maiden virtue in thee,
That never held familiar league with woman,
Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee,
Let me prevail, my counsel stands up to thee,
Embrace it as the fulness of thy fortunes,
As if all blessings upon earth were clos'd
Within one happiness, for such another
Whole life could never meet with go and present

¹ "The more destruction" These words form part of the Cardinal's speech in the old ed

Your service and your love, but, on your hopes, 200
Do it religiously What need I doubt him
Whom chastity locks up?

Lac O envy,

Hadst thou no other means to come by virtue
But by such treachery? the duchess love!¹
Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough,
Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else —

[*Aside*

Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil,
I'll teach my heart in all t' obey your will

Car A thing you shall not lose by Here come the
lords

Enter Lords

Go, follow you the course that I advis'd you, 210
The comfort of thy presence is expected
Away with speed to court, she languishes
For one dear sight of thee. for life's sake, haste,
You lose my favour if you let her perish

Lac And art thou come, brave fortune, the reward
Of neat[st] hypocrisy that ever book'd it,¹
Or turn'd up transitory white o' th' eye
After the feminine rapture? Duchess and I
Were a fit match, can be denied of no man,
The best dissembler lights on the best woman, 220
'Twere sin to part us. [*Aside, and exit*

¹ "I pretended to be devoted to books Compare [p 384] '—
Dyce

Car You lights of state, truth's friends, much-honour'd lords,
Faithful admirers of our duchess' virtues,
And firm believers, it appears as plain
As knowledge to the eyes of industry,
That neither private motion, which holds counsel
Often with woman's frailty and her blood,
Nor public sight, the lightning of temptations,
Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom,
And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise 230
A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life,
And gives that cherishing means ,she's the same still,
And seems so seriously employ'd in soul,
As if she could not 'tend to cast an eye
Upon deserts so low as those in man
It merits famous memory I confess ,
Yet many times when I behold her youth,
And think upon the lost hopes of posterity,
Succession, and the royal fruits of beauty,
All by the rashness of one vow made desperate, 240
It goes so near my heart, I feel it painful,
And wakes me into pity oftentimes,
When others sleep unmov'd

First Lord I speak it faithfully,
For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease,
Your grace has not endur'd that pain alone,
'T has been a grief of mine , but where's the remedy ?

Car True, there your lordship spake enough in little
'There's nothing to be hop'd for but repulses ,
She's not to seek for armour against love

That has bid battle to his powers so long , 250
He that should try her now had need come strong,
And with more force than his own arguments,
Or he may part disgrac'd, being put to flight ,
That soldier's tough has been in seven years' fight
Her vow's invincible , for you must grant this,—
If those desires, train'd up in flesh and blood
To war continually 'gainst good intents,
Prove all too weak for her, having advantage
Both of her sex and her unskilfulness
At a spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge 260
To manage resolution, and yet win,
What force can a poor argument bring in ?
The books that I have publish'd in her praise
Commend her constancy, and that's fame-worthy,
But if you read me o'er with eyes of enemies,
You cannot justly and with honour tax me
That I dissuade her life from marriage there
Now heaven and fruitfulness forbid, not I !
She maybe constant there, and the hard war
Of chastity is held a virtuous strife, 270
As rare in marriage as in single life ,
Nay, by some writers rarer , hear their reasons,
And you'll approve 'em fairly She that's single,
Either in maid or widow, oftentimes
The fear of shame, more than the fear of heaven,
Keeps chaste and constant , when the tempest comes,
She knows she has no shelter for her sin,
It must endure the weathers of all censure ,
Nothing but sea and air that poor bark feels

When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel 280
 That lies at anchor, come what weathers can,
 She has her harbour, at her great¹ unlading,
 Much may be stoln, and little waste,² the master
 Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
 And holds content by that How think you now, lords?
 If she that might offend safe does not err,
 What's chaste in others is most rare in her

Sec Lord What wisdom but approves it?

First Lord But, my lord,
 This should be told to her it concerns most,
 Pity such good things should be spoke and lost 290

Car That were the way to lose 'em utterly,
 You quite forget her vow yet, now I think on't,
 What is that vow? 'twas but a thing enforc'd,
 Was it not, lords?

First Lord Merely compell'd indeed

Car Only to please the duke, and forcèd virtue
 Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepar'd for't
 What have we done, my lords? I fear we've sinn'd
 In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
 In cherishing her will, for woman's goodness
 Takes counsel of that first, and then determines, 300
 She cannot truly be call'd constant now,
 If she persèver, rather obstinate,
 The vow appearing forcèd, as it proves,
 Tried by our purer thoughts, the grace and triumph

¹ I can hardly resist reading "at her *freights unlading*

² Altered by the editor of 1816 to "miss'd," which seems to be an improvement

Of all her victories are but idle glories,
She wilful, and we enemies to succession
I will not take rest till I tell her soul
As freely as I talk to those I keep

Lords And we'll all second you, my lord

Car Agreed

We'll knit such knots of arguments so fast, 310
All wit in her shall not undo in haste

Sec Lord Nay, sure, I think all we shall be too hard
for her,

Else she's a huge, wild creature

First Lord If we win,

And she yield marriage, then will I strike in [*Aside*
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess

Enter Duchess and CELIA

Duch Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely,
Lactantio, nephew to the cardinal,
The general's secret enemy?

Celia Most true, madam,
I had it from a gentleman, my kinsman,
That knows the best part of Lactantio's bosom

Duch It happens passing fortunately to save
Employment in another, he will 'come now
A necessary property, he may thank

The need and use we have of him for his welcome 10
[*Knocking within*]

Now, who's that knocks?

Celia [*after going out and re-entering*] Madam, 'tis
he, with speed

I thought he had brought his horse to th' chamber-door,
He made such haste and noise

Duch Admit him, prithee,
And have a care your heart be true and secret

Celia Take life away from't when it fails you, madam

Duch Enough, I know thee wise — [*Exit CELIA*]
He comes with haste indeed

Enter LACTANTIO

Are you come now, sir?

You should have stay'd yet longer, and have found me
Dead, to requite your haste

Lac Love bless you better, madam!

Duch Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me, 20
The cause of my vow's breach, my honour's enemy,
One that does all the mischief to my fame,
And mocks my seven years' conquest with his name?
This is a force of love was never felt,
But I'll not grudge at fortune, I will take
Captivity cheerfully here, seize upon me,
And if thy heart can be so pitiless
To chain me up for ever in those arms,
I'll take it mildly, ay, and thank my stars,
For we're all subject to the chance of wars

Lac We are so , yet take comfort, vanquish'd duchess,
I'll use you like an honourable prisoner,
You shall be [well] entreated , day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me ,
That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine ,
And for your fare 't shall be no worse than mine

Duch Nay, then, I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that owes no malice, and that's well, sir
You cannot say so much for your part, can you ?

Lac Faith, all that I owe is to one man, madam, 40
And so can few men say marry, that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it, 'tis a stinger

Duch What is he that shall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendship, if he be a servant
And subject to our law ?

Lac Yes, trust me, madam,
Of a vild¹ fellow I hold him a true subject ,
There's many arrant knaves that are good subjects,
Some for their living's sakes, some for their lives,
That will unseen eat men, and drink their wives

Duch They are as much in fault that know such
people, 50

And yet conceal 'em from the whips of justice
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further , I will order him
To your heart's wishes, load him with disgraces,
That your revenge shall rather pity him
Than wish more weight upon him

Lac Say you so, madam ?—

Here's a bless'd hour, that feeds both love and hate ,
Then take thy time, brave malice [*Aside*]—Virtuous
princess,

The only enemy that my vengeance points to
Lives in Andrugio

Duch What, the general ? 60

Lac That's the man, madam

Duch Are you serious, sir ?

Lac As at my prayers

Duch We meet happily then

In both our wishes , he's the only man
My will has had a longing to disgrace, '
For divers capital contempts , my memory
Shall call 'em all together now , nay, sir,
I'll bring his faith in war now into question,
And his late conference with the enemy

Lac Byrlady, a shrewd business and a dangerous !
Signor, your neck's a-cracking

Duch Stay, stay, sir , 70
Take pen and ink

Lac Here's both, and paper, madam

Duch I'll take him in a fine trap

Lac That were excellent

Duch A letter so writ would abuse him strangely

Lac Good madam, let me understand your mind,
And then take you no care for his abusing ,
I serve for nothing else I can write fast and
fair,
Most true orthography, and observe my stops

Duch Stay, stay awhile,
You do not know his hand

Lac A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own, I could go near it, madam 80

Duch Marry, and shall

Lac We were once great together,
And writ Spanish epistles one to another,
To exercise the language

Duch Did you so?
It shall be a bold letter of temptation,
With his name to't, as writ and sent to me

Lac Can be no better, lady, stick there, madam,
And ne'er seek further

Duch Begin thus *Fair duchess*, say,
We must use flattery if we imitate man,
'Twill ne'er be thought his pen else

Lac *Most fair duchess* [Writing.

Duch What need you have put in *most*? yet since
'tis in, 90
Let 't even go on, few women would find fault
with't,

We all love to be best, but seldom mend.

Go on, sir

Lac *Most fair duchess*! here's an admiration-point

[Writing
Duch The report of your vow shall not fear¹ me——

Lac Fear me, two stops at fear me [Writing

Duch I know you're but a woman——

¹ Frighten

Lac But a woman a comma at woman [Writing]

Duch And what a woman is, a wise man knows 99

Lac Wise man knows, a full prick there [Writing]

Duch Perhaps my conuition¹ may seem blunt to you—

Lac Blunt to you, a comma here again [Writing]

Duch But no man's love can be more sharp set—

Lac Sharp set, there a colon, for colon² is sharp set oftentimes [Writing]

Duch And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon

Lac Skill at that weapon, a full prick here at weapon [Writing 109]

Duch So, that will be enough, subscribe it thus now, One that vows service to your affections, signor such a one

Lac Signor Andrugio, G, that stands for general

[Writing]
Duch And you shall stand for goose-cap [Aside]—

Give me that [Taking litter]

Betake you to your business speedily, sir,
We give you full authority from our person,
In right of reputation, truth, and honour,
To take a strong guard, and attach his body
That done, to bring him presently before us,
Then we know what to do

Lac My hate finds wings,
Man's spirit flies swift to all revengeful things 120
[Aside and exit]

¹ Disposition

² The largest of the intestines See note 1, vol. v p 38

Duch Why, here's the happiness of my desires ,
The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought ,
His state is like the world's condition right,
Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth ,
And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth [*Exit*

ACT IV.

SCENE I

The Encampment of the Gipsies, near Milan

Enter ANDRUGIO

And Now, fortune, show thyself the friend of love,
Make her way plain and safe, cast all their eyes
That guard the castle
Into a thicker blindness than thine own,
Darker than ignorance or idolatry,
That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
And by her freedom set my comforts free
This is the place appointed for our meeting,
Yet comes she [not], I'm covetous of her sight,
That gipsy-habit alters her so far
From knowledge, that our purpose cannot err,
She might have been here now by this time largely,
And much to spare. I would not miss her now
In this plight for the loss of a year's joy
She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where
Or which way to bestow herself through fear

10

Enter LACTANTIO with a Guard

Lac Close with him, gentlemen — In the duchess's
name

We do attach your body

And How, my body?

What means this rudeness?

Lac. You add to your offences,
Calling that rudeness that is fair command, 20
Immaculate justice, and the duchess' pleasure

And Signor Lactantio! O, are you the speaker?

Lac I am what I am made

And Show me my crime

Lac I fear you'll have too many shown you, sir

And The father of untruths possesses thy spirit,
As he commands thy tongue I defy fear
But in my love, it only settles there

Lac Bring him along

And Let law's severest brow
Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
A shame to thee and all my enemies 30

Lac You're much the happier man

And O, my hard crosses!

Grant me the third part of one hour's stay

Lac Sir, not a minute

And O, she's lost!

Lac Away! [Exeunt

Enter AURELIA, disguised as a Gipsy

Aur I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me,

This shape's too cunning for 'em , all the sport was,
 The porter would needs know his fortune of me
 As I pass'd by him 'twas such a plunge¹ to me,
 I knew not how to bear myself , at last
 I did resolve of somewhat, look'd in's hand,
 Then shook my head, bade him make much on's eyes,
 He'd lose his sight clean long before he dies, 41
 And so away went I , he lost the sight of me quickly
 I told him his fortune truer for nothing than some
 Of my complexion that would have cozen'd him of his
 money

This is the place of meeting , where's this man now
 That has took all this care and pains for nothing ?
 The use of him is at the last cast now,
 Shall only bring me to my former face again,
 And see me somewhat cleaner at his cost,
 And then farewell, Andrugio , when I'm handsome, 50
 I'm for another straight I wonder, troth,
 That he would miss me thus , I could have took
 Many occasions besides this to have left him ,
 I'm not in want, he need not give me any ,
 A woman's will has still enough to spare
 To help her friends, and² need be What, not yet ?
 What will become of me in this shape then ?
 If I know where to go, I'm no dissembler ,
 And I'll not lose my part in woman³ so
 For such a trifle, to forswear myself 60
 But comes he not indeed ?

¹ Difficulty, perplexity
² If³ Old ed "one woman "

Enter DONDOLO

Don O excellent¹ by this light here's one of them¹
 I thank my stars I learnt that phrase in the Half-moon
 tavern [*Aside*]—By your leave, good gipsy,
 I pray how far off is your company?

Aur O happiness¹ this is the merry fellow
 My love, signor Lactantio, takes delight in,
 I'll send him away speedily with the news
 Of my so strange and fortunate escape,
 And he'll provide my safety at an instant [*Aside* 70
 My friend, thou serv'st signor Lactantio?

Don Who, I serve? gipsy, I scorn your motion,¹ and
 if the rest of your company give me no better words, I
 will hinder 'em the stealing of more pullen² than fifty
 poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to
 all their pig-booties, they shall travel like Jews, that hate
 swine's flesh, and never get a sow by th' ear all their
 lifetime I serve Lactantio! I scorn to serve anybody,
 I am more gipsy-minded than so though my face look
 of a Christian colour, if my belly were ripped up, you
 shall find my heart as black as any patch about you
 The truth is, I am as arrant a thief as the proudest of
 your company, I'll except none I am run away from
 my master in the state of a fool, and till I be a perfect
 knave I never mean to return again 85

Aur I'm ne'er the happier for this fortune now,
 It did but mock me [*Aside*.

Don Here they come, here they come!

¹ See note 1, vol. II p. 59

² Poultry.—Old ed. "pully"

Enter Gipsy Captain with a company of Gipsies, male and female, carrying booties of hens and ducks, &c., and singing

G Cap Come, my dainty doxies,
 My dells,¹ my dells most dear ,
 We have neither house nor land, 90
 Yet never want good cheer

Chorus We never want good cheer

G Cap We take no care for candle rents

Sec Gip We lie

Th Gip We snort

G Cap We sport in tents,
 Then rouse betimes and steal our dinners
 Our store is never taken
 Without pigs, hens, or bacon,
 And that's good meat for sinners
 At wakes and fairs we cozen
 Poor country folks by dozen, 100
 If one have money, he disburses ,
 Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses ,
 Rather than be out of use,
 We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes,
 Boots, or spurs with ginglyng rowels,
 Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels
 Come live with us, come live with us,
 All you that love your eases ,

¹ See note 3, vol 17 p 127

He that's a gipsy

May be drunk or tipsy

110

At what hour he pleases

Chorus We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle,

We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle

Don O sweet! they deserve to be hanged for ravishing
of me

Aur What will become of me? if I seem fearful now,
Or offer sudden flight, then I betray myself,
I must do neither

[*Aside*

G Cap *Ousabel, camcheteroon, puscateleon,*

Hows-drows

Sec Gip *Rumbos stragadelion*

Alla piskutch in sows clows

120

Oh, oh!

Don *Piskutch in howse-clout!* I shall never keep a
good tongue in my head till I get this language

G Cap *Umbra fill kevolliden, magropye*

Don He calls her magot-o'-pie¹

Aur I love your language well, but understand it not

G Cap Hah!

Aur I am but lately turn'd to your profession,

Yet from my youth I ever lov'd it dearly,

But never could attain to't steal I can,

130

It was a thing I ever was brought up to,

My father was a miller,² and my mother

A tailor's widow

¹ i.e. magpie

² Millers and tailors bore no high character for honesty Cf vol v

Don She's a thief on both sides.

G Cap Give me thy hand, thou art no bastard born,
We have not a more true-bred thief amongst us

Gipsies Not any, captain

Don I pray, take me into some grace amongst you too, for though I claim no goodness from my parents to help me forward into your society, I had two uncles that were both hanged for robberies, if that will serve your turn, and a brave cut-purse to my cousin-german if kindred will be taken, I am as near akin to a thief as any of you that had fathers and mothers 143

G Cap What is it thou requirest, noble cousin?

Don Cousin? nay, and we be so near akin already, now we are sober, we shall be sworn brothers when we are drunk the naked truth is, sir, I would be made a gipsy as fast as you could devise

G Cap A gipsy?

Don Ay, with all the speed you can, sir, the very sight of those stolen hens eggs me forward horribly 151

G Cap Here's dainty ducks too, boy

Don I see 'em but too well, I would they were all rotten roasted and stuffed with onions

G Cap Lov'st thou the common food of Egypt,
onions?

Don Ay, and garlic too, I have smelt out many a knave by't, but I could never smell mine own breath yet, and that's many a man's fault, he can smell out a knave in another sometimes three yards off, yet his nose standing so nigh his mouth, he can never smell out himself 161

G Cap A pregnant gipsy !

Gipsies A most witty sinner !

G Cap Stretch forth thy hand, coz art thou fortunate ?

Don. How ? fortunate ? nay, I cannot tell that myself, wherefore do I come to you but to learn that ? I have sometimes found money¹ in old shoes, but if I had not stolen more than I have found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheeked fortune on't

G Cap [*taking DONDOLO's hand*] Here's a fair table

Don Ay, so has many a man that has given over housekeeping, a fair table, when there's neither cloth nor meat upon't

173

G Cap What a brave line of life's here, look you, gipsies.

Don I have known as brave a line² end in a halter

G Cap But thou art born to precious fortune.

Don The devil I am !

G Cap *Bette bucketto*

Don How, to beat bucks ?

G Cap *Stealee bacono*

180

Don O, to steal bacon, that's the better fortune o' th' two indeed

G Cap Thou wilt be shortly captain of the gipsies

Don I would you'd make me corporal !³ th' meantime, Or standard-bearer to the women's regiment

¹ "This is an allusion to a popular superstition, that the fairies, from their love of cleanliness, used at night to drop money into the shoes of good servants as a reward"—Editor of 1816

² The palin of the hand

³ Old ed. "live"

G Cap Much may be done for love

Don Nay, here's some money ,
I know an office comes not all for love

[Feels in his pockets]

A pox of your lime-twigs ! you have't all already

G Cap It lies but here in cash for thine own use,
boy 189

Don Nay, an't lie there once, I shall hardly come to
the fingering on't in haste , yet make me an apt scholar,
and I care not teach me but so much gipsy, to steal as
much more from another, and the devil do you good of
that

G Cap Thou shalt have all thy heart requires
First, here's a girl for thy desires ,
This doxy fresh, this new-come dell,¹
Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell
Get me gipsies brave and tawny,
With cheek full plump and hip full brawny , 200
Look you prove industrious dealers,
To serve the commonwealth with stealers,
That th' unhous'd race of fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat town-dwellers,
Or, to our universal grief,
Leave country fairs without a thief
This is all you have to do,
Save every hour a filch or two
Be it money, cloth, or pullen ²
When the evening's brow looks sullen, 210

¹ See note 3, vol iv p 127

² Poultry

Lose no time, for then 'tis precious ,
 Let your slights¹ be fine, facetious
 Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee,
 With rusty bacon thus I gipsify thee

[*Rubs his face with bacon*

Don Do you use to do't with bacon ?

G Cap Evermore

Don By this light, the rats will take me now for some hog's cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep, I shall have never a bit left by to-morrow morning ; and lying open mouthed as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon 220

G Cap Why, here's a face like thine so done,
 Only grain'd in by the sun ,
 And this, and these

Don Faith, then, there's a company of bacon-faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number we are a kind of conscionable people, and 'twere well thought upon, for to steal bacon, and black our faces with't, 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead

G Cap Wit, whither wilt thou ?² 230

Don Marry, to the next pocket I can come at and if it be a gentleman's, I wish a whole quarter's rent in't Is this my in dock, out nettle ?³ What's gipsy for her ?

¹ Tricks

² "Wit, whither wilt thou ?" A common proverbial expression, it occurs in *As You Like It*, iv 1

³ "The words 'in dock, out nettle,' allude, I believe, to a practice

Gov Lo you there, sir¹ all my loss, at first word too
There is no cunning in these gipsies now?

Fath Sure I'll hear more of this

Gov Here's silver for you [Gives money]

Aur Now attend your fortune's story
You lov'd a maid

Gov Right

Aur She ne'er lov'd you
You shall find my words are true

Gov Mass, I am afraid so

Aur You were about

To keep her in, but could not do't
Alas the while, she would not stay, 280
The cough o' th' lungs¹ blew her away!
And, which is worse, you'll be so crost,
You'll never find the thing that's lost,
Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her,
She'll be near you, and yet you ne'er the nearer
Let her go, and be the gladder,
She'd but shame you, if you had her
Ten counsellors could never school her,
She is so wild, you could not rule her

Gov In troth I'm of thy mind, yet I'd fain find her

Aur Soonest then when you least mind her, 291
But if you mean to take her tripping,

Make but haste, she's now a-shipping

Gov I ever dream'd so much

¹ z e "the symptoms of age and infirmity in the lover proposed by the father"—Editor of 1816

Fath. Hie to the key —

We'll mar your voyage, you shall brook no sea.

[*Exeunt Father and Governor*]

G Cap Cheteroon, high gulleroon

Don Filcheroon, purse-fulleroon I can say somewhat too

Gipsies Excellent gipsy ! witty, rare doxy !

Don I would not change my dell for a dozen of black bell-wethers

301

Song

G Cap Our wealth swells high, my boys

Don Our wealth swells high, my boys

G Cap Let every gipsy

Dance with his doxy,

And then drink, drink for joy

Don Let every gipsy

Dance with his doxy,

And then drink, drink for joy

Chorus And then drink, drink for joy

310

[*Exeunt with a strange wild-fashioned dance to the hautboys or cornets*]

SCENE II

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess

Enter Duchess, Cardinal, Lords, and CELIA

Car That which is merely call'd a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a virtue

Duch O good sir, spare me !

Car Spare yourself, good madam ,
Extremest justice is not so severe
To great offenders, as your own forc'd strictness
To beauty, youth, and time , you'll answer for't

Duch Sir, settle your own peace , let me make mine

Car But here's a heart must pity it, when it thinks
on't,

I find compassion, though the smart be yours

First Lord None here but does the like

Sec Lord Believe it, madam,

10

You have much wrong'd your time

First Lord Nay, let your grace

But think upon the barrenness of succession

Sec Lord Nay, more, a vow enforc'd

Duch What, do you all

Forsake me then, and take part with yon man ?

Not one friend have I left ? do they all fight

Under th' inglorious banner of his censure,¹

Serve under his opinion ?

Car So will all, madam,

Whose judgments can but taste a rightful cause ,

I look for more force yet , nay, your own women

Will shortly rise against you, when they know

20

The war to be so just and honourable

As marriage is, you cannot name that woman

Will not come ready arm'd for such a cause

Can chastity be any whit impair'd

¹ Judgment

By that which makes it perfect ? answer, madam ,
Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone ?
How can that hold ? you're constant then to none ,
That's a dead virtue , goodness must have practice,
Or else it ceases , then is woman said
To be love-chaste, knowing but one man's bed , 30
A mighty virtue ! beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex ,
And the true use of wedlock's time and space
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace

Duch O, what have you done, my lord !

Car Laid the way plain

To knowledge of yourself and your creation ,
Unbound a forcèd vow, that was but knit
By the strange jealousy of your dying lord,
Sinful i' th' fastening

Duch All the powers of constancy
Will curse you for this deed !

Car You speak in pain, madam, 40
And so I take your words, like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend I know a change
Of disposition has a violent working
In all of us , 'tis fit it should have time
And counsel with itself . may you be fruitful,
madam,

In all the blessings of an honour'd love !

First Lord In all your wishes fortunate,—and I
The chief of 'em, myself ! [Aside

Car Peace be at your heart, lady !

First Lord And love, say I [Aside

Car We'll leave good thoughts now to bring in themselves
[*Exit with Lords* 50

Duch O, there's no art like a religious cunning,
It carries away all things smooth before it !
How subtly has his wit dealt with the lords,
To fetch in their persuasions to a business
That stands in need of none, yields of itself,
As most we women do, when we seem farthest
But little thinks the cardinal he's requited
After the same proportion of deceit
As he sets down for others

Enter Page

O, here's the pretty boy he preferr'd to me , 60
I never saw a meeker, gentler youth,
Yet made for man's beginning , how unfit
Was that poor fool to be Lactantio's page !
He would have spoil'd him quite , in one year utterly ,
There had been no hope of him —Come hither, child ,
I have forgot thy name

Page Antonio, madam

Duch Antonio ? so thou told'st me I must chide thee ,

Why didst thou weep when thou cam'st first to serve me ?

Page At the distrust of mine own merits, madam,
Knowing I was not born to those deserts 70
To please so great a mistress

Duch 'Las, poor boy,
That's nothing in thee but thy modest fear,

Which makes amends faster than thou canst err —
It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things — *Celia*

Celia Madam ?

Duch Has he bestow'd his hour to-day for music ?

Celia Yes, he has, madam.

Duch How do you find his voice ?

Celia A pretty, womanish, faint, sprawling voice,
madam,

But 'twill grow strong in time, if he take care
To keep it when he has it from fond¹ exercises 80

Duch Give order to the dancing-schoolmaster
Observe an hour with him

Celia It shall be done, lady
He is well made for dancing thick i' th' chest, madam,
He will turn long and strongly

Duch He shall not be behind a quality
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase,
And see he lose no time

Celia I'll take that order, madam

Page Singing and dancing¹ 'las, my case is worse !
I rather need a midwife and a nurse

[*Aside, and exit with CELIA*

Duch Lactantio, my procurer, not return'd yet? 90
His malice I have fitted with an office
Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigour
He comes, and with him my heart's conqueror,
My pleasing thralldom's near

¹ Foolish

Enter LACTANTIO with ANDRUGIO and Guard

And Not know the cause ?

Lac Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruin
Of your neck-part, or some nine years' imprisonment ;
You meet with mercy, and you 'scape with that ,
Beside your lands all begg'd and seiz'd upon ,
That's admirable favour Here's the duchess

Duch O sir, you're welcome !

Lac Marry, bless me still 100
From such a welcome !

Duch You are hard to come by,
It seems, sir, by the guilt of your long stay

And My guilt, good madam ?

Duch Sure y'had much ado
To take him, had you not ? speak truth, Lactantio,
And leave all favour , were you not in danger ?

Lac Faith, something near it, madam he grew head-
strong,
Furious and fierce , but 'tis not my condition ¹
To speak the worst things of mine enemy, madam,
Therein I hold mine honour but had fury
Burst into all the violent storms that ever 110
Play'd over anger in tempestuous man,
I would have brought him to your grace's presence,
Dead or alive

Duch You would not, sir ?

And What pride

¹ Disposition

Of pamp'rd blood has mounted up¹ this puck-foist²
If any way, uncounsell'd of my judgment,
My ignorance has stept into some error,
Which I could heartily curse, and so brought on me
Your great displeasure, let me feel my sin
In the full weight of justice, virtuous madam,
And let it wake me throughly but, chaste lady, 120
Out of the bounty of your grace, permit not
This perfum'd parcel of curl'd powder'd hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure³

Duch It shall not need, good sir, we are ourself
Of power sufficient to judge you, ne'er doubt it, sir
Withdraw, Lactantio, carefully place your guard
I' the next room

Lac You will but fare the worse,
You see your niceness spoils you, you'll go nigh now
To feel your sin indeed [*Exit LACTANTIO with Guard*]

And Hell-mouth be with thee!
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider 130
For man's misfortunes?

Duch First, sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny
What your own knowledge proves to you

And That were a sin, madam,
More gross than flattery spent upon a villain

Duch Your own confession dooms you, sir

¹ Old ed "up to"

² Fungus, puffball It was frequently used (especially by Ben Jonson) as a term of contempt for an empty braggart

³ Judgment

And Why, madam ?

Duch Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my lord's death, never to marry more ?

And That's a truth, madam, I'm a witness to

Duch Is't so, sir ? you'll be taken presently
This man needs no accuser Knowing so much, 140
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to solicit me, so strictly settled,
With tempting letters and loose lines of love ?

And Who ? I do't, madam ?

Duch Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walks and breath[es]

And Better destruction snatch me quick from sight
Of human eyes, than I should sin so boldly !

Duch 'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
For my truth's credit Look you, sir, read out,
You know the hand and name [*Gives letter*

And [*reads*] *Andrugio* ' 150

Duch And if such things be fit, the world shall judge

And Madam——

Duch Pish, that's not so, it begins otherwise,
Pray, look again, sir, how you'd slight your knowledge !

And By all the reputation I late won——

Duch Nay, and you dare not read, sir, I am gone

And Read ? [*reads*] *Most fair duchess*

Duch O, have you found it now ?
There's a sweet flattering phrase for a beginning !
You thought belike that would overcome me

And I, madam ?

Duch Nay, on, sir, you are slothful 160

And [reads] The report of your vow shall not fear me——

Duch No? are you so resolute? 'tis well for you, sir

And [reads] I know you're but a woman——

Duch Well, what then, sir?

And [reads] And what a woman is, a wise man knows

Duch Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us

And [reads] Perhaps my condition¹ may seem blunt to you——

Duch Well, we find no fault with your bluntness 170

And [reads] But no man's love can be more sharp set——

Duch Ay, there's good stuff now!

And [reads] And I know desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon

Duch Weapon?

You begin like a flatterer, and end like a fencer
Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?

And Now, by the honour of a man, his truth, madam,
My name's abus'd!

Duch Fie, fie, deny your hand? 180

I will not deny mine, here, take it freely, sir,
And with it, my true constant heart for ever
I never disgrac'd man that sought my favour

And What mean you, madam?

Duch To requite you, sir,
By courtesy I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it Sir in as plain truth

¹ Disposition, temper

As the old time walk'd in, when love was simple
And knew no art nor guile, I affect you ,
My heart has made her choice , I love you, sir,
Above my vow the frown that met you first 190
Wore not the livery of anger, sir,
But of deep policy , I made your enemy
The instrument for all , there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given

And Here's a strange language !
The constancy of love bless me from learning on't,
Although ambition would soon teach it others ! [*Aside*
Madam, the service of whole life is yours ,
But——

Duch Enough ! thou'rt mine for ever — Within, there !

Re-enter LACTANTIO with Guard

Lac Madam ?

Duch Lay hands upon him , bear him hence , 200
See he be kept close prisoner in our palace —
The time's not yet ripe for our nuptial solace

[*Aside, and exit*

Lac This you could clear yourself !

And There's a voice that wearies me
More than mine own distractions

Lac You are innocent !

And I've not a time idle enough from passion ¹
To give this devil an answer O, she's lost !

¹ Grief

Curs'd be that love by which a better's crost '
There my heart's settl'd

[*Aside*

Lac How is he disgrac'd,
And I advanc'd in love ' faith, he that can
Wish more to his enemy is a spiteful man,
And worthy to be punish'd.

210

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I

An Apartment in the House of the Duchess

Enter CELIA, Page, and CROTCHET

Celia Sir, I'm of that opinion, being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well

Crot [*sings*] *G, sol, re, ut*, you guess not right, i'faith
Mistress, you'll find you're in an error straight —
Come on, sir, lay the books down — You shall see now

Page Would I'd an honest caudle next my heart !
Let who¹ would *sol fa*, I'd give them my part
In troth methinks I've a great longing in me
To bite a piece of the musician's nose off,
But I'll rather
Lose my longing than spoil the poor man's singing
The very tip will serve my turn, methinks,
If I could get it, that he might well spare,
His nose is of the longest O, my back ! [*Aside.*

10

¹ Old ed 'whose'

Crot You shall hear that—Rehearse your gamut,
boy

Page Who'd be thus toil'd for love, and want the joy?
[*Aside*

Crot Why, when¹ begin, sir I must stay your
leisure?

Page Gamut [*sings*], *a, re, b, me*, &c

Crot [*sings*] *Ee la* aloft¹ above the clouds, my
boy!

Page It must be a better note than *ela*,² sir, 20
That brings musicians thither, they're too hasty,
The most part of 'em, to take such a journey,
And must needs fall by th' way

Crot How many cliffs be there?

Page One cliff, sir

Crot O intolerable heretic
To voice and music¹ do you know but one cliff?

Page No more, indeed, I, sir,—and at this time I
know too much of that³ [*Aside*

Crot How many notes be there?

Page Eight, sir—I fear me I shall find nine shortly,
To my great shame and sorrow O my stomach¹ 31
[*Aside*

Crot Will you repeat your notes then? I must *sol fa*
you,
Why, when, sir?

¹ A common exclamation of impatience

² The highest note in the gamut

³ The word *cliff* is often used equivocally Cf *Troilus and Cresida*,
v 2 "And any man can sing her, if he can take her *cliff* she's noted"

Page A large, a long,¹ a breve, a semibreve,
A minim, a crotchet, a quaver, a semiquaver

Crot O, have you found the way?

Page Never trust me

If I've not lost my wind with naming of 'em! [*Aside*

Crot Come, boy, your mind's upon some other thing
now,

Set to your song

Page Was ever wench so punish'd? [*Aside*

Crot [*sings*] *Ut*,—come, begin

Page [*sings*] *Ut, mi, re, fa, sol, la* 40

Crot Keep time, you foolish boy

[*Here they sing prick-song*²

How like you this, madonna?

Celia Pretty,

He will do well in time, being kept under

Crot I'll make his ears sore and his knuckles ache else

Celia And that's the way to bring a boy to goodness,
sir

Crot There's many now wax'd proper gentlemen
Whom I have nipp'd i' th' ear, wench, that's my comfort
—Come, sing me over the last song I taught you,
You're perfect in that sure, look you keep time well,

¹ "Characters in old music—one large contained two longs, one long two breves—The editor of 1816 observes that he does not remember to have seen the name of the first note anywhere else, it is not, however, a very uncommon word,

'But with a *large* and a *longe*,
To kepe iust playne-songe,
Our chaunters shalbe the Cuckoue,' &c

Skelton's *Phyllip Sparowe*—Dyce

² See note 2, p. 313

ing to his nature, *You trim gentleman on horseback, you've lost your fiddle, your worship's fiddle* ! seeing me upon my foot-cloth, the mannerly coxcomb could say no less , but away rid I, sir , put my horse to a coranto¹ pace, and left my fiddle behind me 76

Crot [*sings*] *De, la, sol, re*

Sing Ay, was't not a strange fortune? an excellent treble-viol ! by my troth, 'twas my master's when I was but a pumper, that is, a puller-on of gentlemen's pumps

Crot [*sings*] *C, c, sol, fa*,—I knew you then, sir

Sing But I make no question but I shall hear on't shortly at one broker's or another , for I know the barber will scourse² it away for some old cittern³

Crot [*sings*] *Ela, mi*,—my life for yours on that, sir I must to my other scholars, my hour calls me away , I leave you to your practice—*fa, sol, la* [*sings*],—fare you well, sir 87

Sing The lavoltas⁴ of a merry heart be with you, sir [*exit* CROTCHET], and a merry heart makes a good singing-man a man may love to hear himself talk when he carries pith in's mouth —

Metereza⁵ Celia

Celia Signor Squapace,
The welcom'st gentleman alive of a dancer !

¹ *Coranto* was the name of a quick and lively dance

² Exchange

³ The favourite musical instrument of barbers —See note 2, vol 11

p 61

⁴ See note 2, vol 1 p 44

⁵ "A mistress Probably meant as Italian , but only Frenchified Italian, made from *maîtresse*" —*Nares*

This is the youth , he can do little yet,
 His¹ prick-song very poorly , he is one
 Must have it put into him , somewhat dull, sir

Sing As you are all at first , you know 'twas long
 Ere you could learn your doubles

Celia Ay, that's true, sir ,
 But I can tickle't now *Fa, la, la, &c*

[*Sings and dances*

Lo, you, how like you me now, sir? 100

Sing Marry, pray for the founder, here he stands ,
 Long may he live to receive quarterages,²
 Go brave,³ and pay his mercer wondrous duly,
 Ay, and his jealous laundress,
 That for the love she bears him starches yellow ,⁴
 Poor soul ! my own flesh knows I wrong her not
 Come, metereza, once more shake your great hips and
 your little heels, since you begin to fall in of yourself,
 and dance over the end of the coranto I taught you last
 night 110

Celia The tune's clear out of my head, sir.

Sing A pox of my little usher ! how long he stays too
 with the second part of the former fiddle ! Come, I'll
sol fa it i' th' meantime *Fa, la, la, la, &c* [*he sings*
while CELIA dances] Perfectly excellent ! I will make
 you fit to dance with the best Christian gentleman in
 Europe, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give
 you over

¹ Old ed "'Tis "

³ Finely dressed

² Quarterly wages

⁴ See note 1, vol v p 215

Celia Nay, I know I shall do well, sir, and I am somewhat proud on't, but 'twas my mother's fault, when she danced with the duke of Florence 121

Sing Why, you will never dance well while you live,

If you be not proud I know that by myself,
I may teach my heart out, if you've not the grace
To follow me

Celia I warrant you for that, sir.

Sing Gentlewomen that are good scholars
Will come as near their masters as they can,
I've known some lie with 'em for their better under-
standing

I speak not this to draw you on, forsooth,
Use your pleasure, if you come, you're welcome, 130
You shall see a fine lodging, a dish of comfits,
Music, and sweet linen

Celia And trust me, sir,
No woman can wish more in this world,
Unless it be ten pound in th' chamber-window,
Laid ready in good gold against she rises

Sing Those things are got in a morning, wench, with me.

Celia Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting,

So says my sister, she's a lawyer's wife, sir,
And should know what belongs to cases best
A fitter time for this, I must not talk 140
Too long of women's matters before boys
He's very raw, you must take pains with him,

It is the duchess' mind it should be so,
She loves him well, I tell you

[*Exit*

Sing How, love him?

He's too little for any woman's love i' th' town
By three handfuls I wonder of a great woman
Sh'as no more wit, i'faith, one of my pitch¹
Were somewhat tolerable

Enter NICHOLAO with a viol

O, are you come?

Who would be thus plagu'd with a dandiprat usher!
How many kicks do you deserve in conscience? 150

Nic Your horse is safe, sir

Sing Now I talk'd of kicking,
'Twas well remember'd, is not the foot-cloth stoln yet?

Nic More by good hap than any cunning, sir,
Would any gentleman but you get a tailor's son to walk
his horse, in this dear time of black velvet?

Sing Troth, thou sayst true, thy care has got thy
pardon,

I'll venture so no more —Come, my young scholar,
I'm ready for you now

Page Alas, 'twill kill me!

I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear
How shall I do to hold up? [*Aside*]—Alas, sir, 160
I can dance nothing but ill-favouredly,
A strain or two of passa measures² galliard!

¹ Originally the height to which a falcon soared, then height in general

² A corruption of *passamezzo*, the Italian name of a fashionable dance

Sing Marry, you're forwarder than I conceiv'd you ,
 A toward stripling — Enter him, Nicholao ,
 For the fool's bashful, as they're all at first,
 Till they be once well enter'd

Nic Passa-measures, sir ?

Sing Ay, sir, I hope you hear me — Mark him now,
 boy —

[NICHOLAO *dances, while* SINGUAPACE *plays*
 Ha, well done ! excellent boy !¹ dainty, fine springal !²
 The glory of Dancers' Hall, if they had any !
 And of all professions they'd most need of one, 170
 For room to practise in, yet they have none
 O times ! O manners ! you have very little
 Why should the leaden-heel'd plumber have his hall,
 And the light footed dancer none at all ?
 But *fortuna della guerra*,³ things must be ,
 We're born to teach in back-houses and nooks,
 Garrets sometimes where't rains upon our books —
 Come on, sir, are you ready ? first, your honour⁴

Page I'll wish no foe a greater cross upon her

[*Aside—then makes a curtsy*

Sing Curtsy, heyday ! run to him, Nicholao , 180
 By this light, he'll shame me, he makes curtsy like a
 chambermaid

"As a galliard consists of five paces or bars in the first strain, and is therefore called a cinque-pace, the *passamezzo*, which is a diminutive of the galliard, is just half that number, and from that peculiarity takes its name"—Hawkins' *Hist of Music*, IV 386 See Nares' *Glossary*,
 s PASSY-MEASURE and PAVAN

¹ Old ed "boys"

² Youth —Old ed "springals"

³ Old ed "Fortune de la guardo"

⁴ *z e* make your obeisance

Nic Why, what do you mean, page? are you mad, did you ever see a boy begin a dance and make curtsy like a wench before?

Page Troth, I was thinking of another thing, And quite forgot myself, I pray, forgive me, sir

Sing Come, make amends then now with a good leg, And dance it sprightly [*Plays, while Page dances*] What a beastly leg 188

Has he made there now! it would vex one's heart out Now begin, boy —O, O, O, O! &c Open thy knees, wider, wider, wider, wider did you ever see a boy dance clenched up? he needs a pick-lock out upon thee for an arrant ass! an arrant ass! I shall lose my credit by thee, a pestilence on thee! —Here, boy, nold the viol [*gives the viol to NICHOLAO, who plays when Page proceeds to dance*], let me come to him I shall get more disgrace by this little monkey now than by all the ladies that ever I taught —Come on, sir, now, cast thy leg out from thee; lift it up aloft, boy a pox, his knees are soldered together, they're sewed together canst not stride? O, I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter! I shall never teach this boy without a screw, his knees must be opened with a vice, or there's no good to be done upon him. Who taught you to dance, boy? 205

Page It is but little, sir, that I can do

Sing No, I'll be sworn for you

Page And that signor Laurentio taught me, sir

Sing Signor Laurentio was an arrant coxcomb, And fit to teach none but white bakers' children 210

To knead their knees together You can turn above
ground, boy ?

Page Not I, sir, my turn's rather under ground

Sing We'll see what you can do, I love to try
What's in my scholars the first hour I teach them
Show him a close trick now, Nicholao

[NICHOLAO *dances while* SINGUAPACE *plays*

Ha, dainty stripling !—Come, boy

Page 'Las, not I, sir,

I'm not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not, sir

Sing How ? such another word, down goes your hose,
boy

Page Alas, 'tis time for me to do anything then !

[*Attempts to dance and falls down*

Sing Heyday, he's down !—Is this your lofty trick,
boy ?

220

Nic O master, the boy swoons, he's dead, I fear
me

Sing Dead ? I ne'er knew one die with a lofty trick
before —

Up, sirrah, up !

Page A midwife ! run for a midwife !

Sing A midwife ? by this light, the boy's with
child !

A miracle ! some woman is the father

The world's turn'd upside down sure if men breed,

Women must get, one never could do both yet —

No marvel you danc'd close-knee'd the sinquapace.—

Put up my fiddle, here's a stranger case

[*Exit* SINGUAPACE, *leading out* Page

Nic That 'tis, I'll swear, 'twill make the duchess
wonder 230

I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request,
And hinder our profession for a time
Your women that are closely got with child
Will put themselves clean out of exercise,
And will not venture now, for fear of meeting
Their shames in a coranto,¹ 'specially
If they be near their time Well, in my knowledge,
If that should happen, we are sure to lose
Many a good waiting-woman that's now o'er shoes ²
Alas the while ¹ [*Exit* 240

SCENE II

Another Apartment in the House of the Duchess

Enter Duchess and CELIA

Duch Thou tell'st me things are enemies to reason,
I cannot get my faith to entertain 'em,
And I hope never shall

Celia 'Tis too true, madam

Duch. I say 'tis false · 'twere better th'hadst been
dumb

Than spoke a truth so displeasing, thou shalt get

¹ See note 1, p. 462

² "O'er shoes"—a sort of proverbial expression Cf. Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, v. 22) —"That firm affiance, quoth I, had I in you before, or else I would never have gone so far over the shoes to pluck you out of the mire"

But little praise by't he whom we affect
To place his love upon so base a creature ¹

Celia Nay, ugliness itself, you'd say so, madam,
If you but saw her once, a strolling gipsy,
No Christian that is born a hind could love her, 10
She's the sun's masterpiece for tawinness,
Yet have I seen Andrugio's arms about her,
Perceiv'd his hollow whisperings in her ear,
His joys at meeting her

Duch What joy could that be?

Celia Such, madam, I have seldom seen it equal'd,
He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
As if her ¹ lips had been as red as yours,
I look'd still when he would be black in mouth,
Like boys with eating hedge-berries, nay, more, madam,
He brib'd one of his keepers with ten ducats 20
To find her out amongst a flight of gipsies

Duch I'll have that keeper hang'd, and you for malice,
She cannot be so bad as you report,
Whom he so firmly loves, you're false in much,
And I will have you tried go, fetch her to us

[*Exit CELIA*]

He cannot be himself, and appear guilty
Of such gross folly, has an eye of judgment,
And that will overlook him This wench fails
In understanding service, she must home,
Live at her house i' th' country, she decays 30
In beauty and discretion —

¹ Old ed "his."

Re-enter CELIA with AURELIA disguised as a Gipsy

Who hast brought there ?

Celia This is she, madam

Duch Youth and whiteness bless me !

It is not possible he talk'd sensibly

Within this hour, this cannot be how does he ?

I fear me my restraint has made him mad

Celia His health is perfect, madam

Duch You are perfect

In falsehood still, he's certainly distracted

Though I'd be loath to foul my words upon her,

She looks so beastly, yet I'll ask the question

Are you beloved, sweet face, of Andrugio? 40

Aur Yes, showrly, mistress, he done love me

'Bove all the girls that shine above me

Full often has he sweetly kiss'd me

And wept as often when he miss'd me,

Swore he was to marry none

But me alone

Duch Out on thee ! marry thee?—away with her,

Clear mine eyes of her,—

A curate that has got his place by simony

Is not half black enough to marry thee 50

[Exit AURELIA with CELIA, who presently returns

Surely the man's far spent, howe'er he carries it,

He's without question mad, but I ne'er knew

Man bear it better before company

The love of woman wears so thick a blindness,

It sees no fault, but only man's unkindness,

And that's so gross, it may be felt — Here, Celia,
Take this [*giving signet-ring*], with speed command
Andrugio to us,

And his guard from him

Celia It shall straight be done, madam [*Exit*

Duch I'll look into his carriage more judiciously

When I next get him A wrong done to beauty 60

Is greater than an injury done to love,

And we'll less pardon it, for had it been

A creature whose perfection had outshin'd me,

It had been honourable judgment in him,

And to my peace a noble satisfaction,

But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly

Look he be mad indeed, and throughly gone,

Or he pays dearly for it, it is not

The ordinary madness of a gentleman

That snall excuse him here, had better lose 70

His wits eternally than lose my grace

So strange is the condition of his fall,

He's safe in nothing but in loss of all

He comes

Enter ANDRUGIO with CELIA

Now by the fruits of all my hopes,

A man that has his wits cannot look better ¹

It likes ¹ me well enough, there's life in's eye,

And civil health in's cheek, he stands with judgment,

¹ Pleases

And bears his body well What ails this man ?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand ladies,
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs, which makes none laugh 80
But their own waiting-women, and they dare do no other-
wise [Aside

Come nearer, sir I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you

And What new trick's in this now ? [Aside

Duch How long have you been mad, sir ?

And Mad ? a great time, lady ,

Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sinn'd ,
That's now some thirty years, byrlady, upwards

Duch This man speaks reason wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudest soul good manners [Aside
You cannot be excus'd with lightness now,
Or frantic fits , you're able to instruct, sir, 90

And be a light to men If you have errors,
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seize on 'em Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart,
And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,
It in a moment clear'd up all to love,
To the abusing of thy spiteful enemy,
That sought to fix his malice upon thee ,
And couldst thou so requite me ?

And How, good madam ?

Duch To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely
Upon contempt itself, disdain and loathsomeness, 101
A thing whose face, through ugliness, frights children,
A straggling gipsy !

And See how you may err, madam
Through wrongful information, by my hopes
Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
Bestow'd upon a creature so unworthy

Duch No! then you cannot fly me — Fetch her back

[*Exit CELIA*]

And though the sight of her displease mine eye
Worse than th' offensiv'st object earth and nature
Can present to us, yet for truth's probation 110
We will endure't contentfully

Re-enter CELIA with AURELIA in her own dress

What now?

Art thou return'd without her?

And No, madam, this is she my peace dwells in
If here be either baseness of descent,
Rudeness of manners, or deformity
In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yield it,
Tax me severely, madam

Duch [*to CELIA*] How thou stand'st,
As dumb as the salt-pillar! where's this gipsy?

[*CELIA points to AURELIA*]

What, no? I cannot blame thee then for silence,
Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee 120

Aur Your pardon and your pity, virtuous madam

[*Kneels*]

Cruel restraint, join'd with the power of love,
Taught me that art, in that disguise I 'scap'd
The hardness of my fortunes, you that see
What love's force is, good madam, pity me!

And. Your grace has ever been the friend of truth,
And here 'tis set before you [Kneels]

Duch I confess

I have no wrong at all, she's younger, fairer,
He has not now dishonour'd me in choice,
I much commend his noble care and judgment, 130
'Twas a just cross led in by a temptation,
For offering but to part from my dear vow,
And I'll embrace it cheerfully [*Aside*]—Rise, both,
[ANDRUGIO and AURELIA rise]
The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls!
I will not part you

And Virtue's crown be yours, madam!

Enter LACTANTIO

Aur O, there appears the life of all my wishes!
[*Aside*]

Is your grace pleas'd, out of your bounteous goodness
To a poor virgin's comforts, I shall freely
Enjoy whom my heart loves?

Duch Our word is past,
Enjoy without disturbance

Aur There, Lactantio, 140
Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
That has wrought all this means to rest in thee

And Death of my joys! how's this?

Lac Prithce, away, fond fool, hast no shame in thee?
Thou'rt bold and ignorant, whate'er thou art

Aur Whate'er I am? do not you know me then?

Lac Yes, for some waiting-vessel, but the times
Are chang'd with me, if y'had the grace to know 'em,
I look'd for more respect, I am not spoke withal
After this rate, I tell you, learn hereafter 150
To know what belongs to me, you shall see
All the court teach you shortly Farewell, manners

Duch I'll mark the event of this [Aside]

Aur I have undone myself
Two ways at once, lost a great deal of time,
And now I'm like to lose more O my fortune!
I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vow'd
To have a child by twenty, if not twain
To see how maids are cross'd! but I'm plagu'd justly,
And she that makes a fool of her first love,
Let her ne'er look to prosper [Aside]—Sir——

[To ANDRUGIO]

And O falsehood! 160

Aur Have you forgiveness in you? there's more
hope of me

Than of a maid that never yet offended

And Make me your property?¹

Aur I'll promise you
I'll never make you worse, and, sir, you know
There are worse things for women to make men
But, by my hope of children, and all lawful,

¹ i.e. a person at your disposal, to be subjected to any treatment that you may think fit Cf *Julius Caesar*, iv 1 —

“Do not talk of him
But as a property”

I'll be as true for ever to your bed
As she in thought or deed that never err'd.

And I'll once believe a woman, be't but to strengthen
Weak faith in other men I have a love 170
That covers all thy faults

Enter Cardinal and Lords

Car Nephew, prepare thyself
With meekness and thanksgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune amongst all the lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee

Lac Alas, I'm not to learn to know that now !
Where could she make choice here, if I were missing ?
'Twould trouble the whole state, and puzzle 'em all,
To find out such another

Car 'Tis high time, madam,
If your grace please, to make election now
Behold, they're all assembled.

Duch What election ? 180
You speak things strange to me, sir

Car How, good madam ?

Duch Give me your meaning plainly, like a father,
You're too religious, sir, to deal in riddles

Car Is there a plainer way than leads to marriage,
madam,
And the man set before you ?

Duch O blasphemy
To sanctimonious faith ! comes it from you, sir ?
An ill example ! know you what you speak,

Or who you are? is not my vow in place?
How dare you be so bold, sir? Say a woman
Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently 190
Take all th' advantage on't?

Car Is this in earnest, madam?

Duch Heaven pardon you! if you do not think so,
sir,

You've much to answer for but I will leave you,
Return I humbly now from whence I fell
All you bless'd powers that register the vows
Of virgins and chaste matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy, seal forgiveness to me
By signs of inward peace! and to be surer
That I will never fail your good hopes of me
I bind myself more strictly, all my riches 200
I'll speedily commend to holy uses,
This temple¹ unto some religious sanctuary,
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts, so knit I up my vow

Lac This [t]is to hawk at eagles pox of pride!
It lays a man i' th' mire still, like a jade
That has too many tricks, and ne'er a good one
I must gape high! I'm in a sweet case now!

I was sure of one, and now I've lost her too [*Aside*]

Duch I know, my lord, all that great studious care
Is for your kinsman, he's provided for 211
According to his merits

¹ "Ev 'this temple' is meant her person the expression is taken from Scripture, but is rather too solemn for the occasion"—Editor of 1816

Car How's that, good madam ?

Duch Upon the firmness of my faith, it's true, sir

Enter Page in a female dress

See, here's the gentlewoman , the match was made
Near forty weeks ago he knows the time, sir,
Better than I can tell him, and the poor gentlewoman
Better than he ,

But being religious, sir, and fearing you,
He durst not own her for his wife till now ,
Only contracted with her in man's apparel, 220
For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
And never could endure the sight of woman,
For fear that you should see her this was he
Chose for my love, this page preferr'd to me

Lac I'm paid with mine own money [*Aside*

Car Dare hypocrisy,

For fear of vengeance, sit so close to virtue ?
Steal'st thou a holy vestment from religion
To clothe forbidden lust with ? th' open villain
Goes before thee to mercy, and his penitency
Is bless'd with a more sweet and quick return 230
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee ,
I'll sooner make a parricide my heir
Than such a monster —O, forgive me, madam !
The apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sin's weight at it I forget all chaunt
When I but think upon him

¹ Old ed " villainy

Duch. Nay, my lord,
At our request, since we are pleas'd to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors,
Which conscionable justice now sets right,
From you we expect patience, has had punishment 240
Enough in his false hopes, trust me he has, sir,
They have requited his dissembling largely
And to erect your falling goodness to him,
We'll begin first ourself, ten thousand ducats
The gentlewoman shall bring out of our treasure
To make her dowry

Car. None has the true way
Of overcoming anger with meek virtue,
Like your compassionate grace 248

Lac. Curse of this fortune! this 'tis to meddle with
taking stuff, whose belly cannot be confined in a waist-
band [*Aside*] — Pray, what have you done with the
breeches? we shall have need of 'em shortly, and we get
children so fast, they are too good to be cast away. My
son and heir need not scorn to wear what his mother has
left off. I had my fortune told me by a gipsy seven years
ago, she said then I should be the spoil of many a maid,
and at seven years' end marry a quean for my labour,
which falls out wicked and true

Duch. We all have faults, look not so much on his
Who lives i' th' world that never did amiss? — 260
For you, Aurelia, I commend your choice,
You've one after our heart, and though your father
Be not in presence we'll assure his voice,
Doubt not his liking, his o'erjoying rather —